

# METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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# METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1918

## THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE

ADAM CLARKE, that erudite Methodist commentator, refused to write a commentary on the book of Revelation, whereupon some humorless brain proceeded to do what the Irish keen wit had refrained from doing, and the result is printed in Clarke's Commentaries. A commentary is an attempted explanation, wherefore The Revelation, which is a conflagration, does not yield to the commentator's pen. This present writer, therefore, is in haste to remark that he attempts no comment on this wonderful book. He is ill in arithmetic, and so will not cipher on the number of the beast 666. Were he an arithmetician he would be dissuaded from the sum aforesaid in view of the sorry array of figures which those wise in numbers have inflicted upon us, though not to the getting a correct answer. Possibly it were better to let God do his own figuring. God can cipher. The solitary purpose of this writer is to stand, or kneel, and wonder and rejoice and worship. That is not mathematical: that is human, and discreet.

This is how The Revelation appeals to one body: if left in the hands of an untutored mind who dwelt on the edges or in the heart of the desert, or dwelt rimmed round by the unshored ocean, by perusal of this book of rapture he would become a poet laureate. I should hesitate to put this book of fire in my pocket lest it should compel immediate conflagration. The Parsees should love this book—and would, should they read it. It is the volume of the multi-suns. Fire burns on every promontory and blazes in every low-sagging valley. Sometimes a volcano is in eruption, giving out a wild flaunting banner of sullen flame, sometimes it is moon-

rise, and the sky is grown silvern with that shadow-light which God endowed when he thought out the moon, sometimes a starry radiancy of evening skies, sometimes a sun, or a galaxy of them—but light all-where, so that in this book there is no unlit room. Radiancy appears ubiquitous and promissory of being eternal. All dark spots shall in due time leap out into authoritative glory. This is the Glory-book. Shadows and darkness are to be burnt up. "Let there be light," it would seem, is the motto of this book God took in hand to write. He is banishing the dark; he is enspiring the dawn so that it may take an eternal sunrise for the soul.

The Revelation is a book of spirit. Spirit only counts. The world, whereby the race has set such uncommon store, is, in this book, on the way to extinction, like a too-old volcano crater. Like the leaves on a green tree, when the fire burns too near, the world's substance withers, shrinks, falls. All solid things, as man had reckoned, prove volatile; the spirit things bound out into the landscape of eternity as the real substantialities. In this book is the certain, authoritative change of the center of gravity. Cities, mountains, kingdoms, governments make exodus, while the impalpable human soul, sainthood, the Church, the Lamb of God—the Resurrection and the Life, the Beginning and the End—the Almighty God, eternal conscience, the authority of the soul, the fruits of patience, the glory of goodness, the perpetuity of holy influence, the inevanescence of love, the calm eternal preeminence of God, the subsiding, as in a bitter sea, of all earthly kingdoms and dominions, and from the dim swirl and wrath of that wide, wild water the emergence of the Kingdom, when the kingdom of this world shall become a Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ—these are some of the things which no diminution can overtake and no mutilation can maim. The things we, in history, had supposed were perishable, and which we feared for and trembled over with brooding heart, are shown to be the eternal, the eventual immortalities. The universe has swapped centers. Matter must make way for spirit. Not that matter is a myth, but that it is diseased, and is perishable, and that it makes its blinded way toward sepulture while spirit, open-eyed and mighty, strengthened,



makes way into everlastingness, where tears dim eyes no more nor sorrow waits to deck the brow with withered leaves.

The Revelation is eternity on fire. God has seen fit to put eternity in a bonfire to the end that man might see what could not be burned up in any fire. We need such illumination. We had long enough had our torch of rushlight blowing in the wind to see by. Behind us was lit in a poor fashion, but before us was a valley of the shadow of death and this side of it stood the mountain of the shadow of life. We were heading into shadow. The tender saying of an old-time singer was, "He lighteth my candle." And our need is for a lamp for our feet and a light to the path. When the stars are invisible, or their tremulous light not enough to walk by, what shall lamp that night? Then cometh Christ with that song of daylight, "I am the light of the world." Howbeit, himself passed on a sunny day through sunny skies into a sunlight behind the sunlight and our graves are with us .yet—ah, yet! And evil was raucous-voiced, and wickedness wore its bloody sword in its right hand and smote night and day, day and night, and history was like a beggar in the sun, who loitered rather than journeyed, and limped as always lamed, and begged with beggar's lips in beggar's humdrum iterance; and we plodded into a shadow afoot; and then God set eternity on fire that we might have the night-time of our darkness lit, and flung into the bold flaming outline of the serried mountain ranges of eternity the victory of righteousness to make us neighbors of heart's-ease rather than heart's-hurt, because we saw that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." So when God has lit his light we do well to watch the conflagration on the landscape.

"The Book-of-Vision-of-the-Landscape-of-the-Long-run"—that is the Revelation of Saint John the Divine. The Short-run, we know that landscape. There have we dwelt. It is an uncertain land, where tears mix with the sunlight and we can scarcely focus our sight on a scene ere it is drenched with a storm or lost in some sudden midnight. The peevish landscape of the Now and Near nags us, and ministers to constant perturbation. It unmans our spirit. We grow neurotic with its sudden and peevish changes.

We cannot keep our heads nor are we quite schooled to keep our hearts. We have inward fever. Our lips parch sometimes even when we come to pray. Sleet stings in the face and eyes so that we cannot see even when we look. Who knows how things are going to come out? We walk by faith. God says things will come out well, and bids us bide in peace. So we try to do, and so we do after our hectic fashion; but the way is long, and we are only tarrying a brief space, of a day or less, and we cannot command the landscape. While we look it shifts or vanishes. "How will things come out?" We weep, or pray sobbingly. Death stings us in the face, and by our tears our sight is blinded. "We touch God's right hand in the darkness and are lifted up and strengthened"—howbeit, we did not see; we could not see. The faces of our vanished beloved—we cannot quite set our eyes upon them. Where are our dear saints hid? Where do they stay while we are coming? Are they "kept by the power of God" for us near him? Soul, thou weepest so in thy praying, and thine eyes are too full of tears to see when the clouds rush apart for a moment, so that ere thou canst brush the tears away to look the vision is spent! Then God sets eternity on fire for us to see by and things invisible become apparent. Philosophy of History is a book we have read with less or more of information. Yet here in The Revelation is that philosophy of history set on fire, and we see it not as on a page, printed in black, but on a landscape of eternity written in fire. "Earth's holocaust" was what weird Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of. Eternal holocaust is what the patient God wrote of in the book of Revelation.

"We who are about to die salute you" (*morituri salutamus*) was what the broken blade, called gladiator, sang with his last refrain; and in the Revelation the things that are not about to die (*non-morituri salutamus*) salute you. The deathless things spring into the daylight and lift up their carol. The deathlessnesses are singing in the heavenly choir. This is the learning of the angels, the anthem of the immortals, the pæan of the blood-washed who constitute the unfettered company of the redeemed, the hymnody of those who dwell near God about the throne.

The sublimity of the Revelation of Saint John the Divine

is to be set against all literature. Only the book of Job and the Gospels, memorabilia of the Son of God, can be mentioned here without a lurch in the voice. Of earth's monographs, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Dante's *Trilogy* only can be spoken of. The Gospels give "the days of his flesh," The Revelation gives "the day of his spirit." The Gospels watch God at the cradle, the well, on the dusty way, in the anguish, in the grave, at the resurrection. And we watch while we kneel. His glory! "We beheld his glory in the holy mount, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," was what one disciple long after said. In The Revelation his glory is his every-day apparel.

And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

This is the first picture painted of the Son of God. John wrote a biography of Christ, our Lord, but not in all did he attempt a portrait. The family picture of the Saviour might well be omitted. The eternal picture of the Lord of Life and Glory we must possess. John the Beloved becomes the first painter of his Master. His portrait is a blaze of pure splendor, light—all light. I can scarcely watch, the glory blinds me so.

"Jove frowned and darkened half the sky," presumably is the sublimest conception Homer has of his god. Though when we set alongside of this that pure rush of light, the purple splendor and the sun-white splendor of The Revelation, we cannot see Olympic Jove. The light of The Revelation's splendor changes Homeric splendor to dim twilight. Watch and see:

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and

clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. . . . And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

Here is seen "a woman clothed with the sun"—what raiment!—and the moon was under her feet; and the revelator saw "an angel standing in the sun"—not touched with flame or fearful of it! Poet John Zebedee, preacher John Zebedee, beloved John Zebedee, further saw an angel "with one foot on the land and one foot on the sea"—and the angel stood as if his feet pressed on a granite floor! He saw:

And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. . . . And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped.

He sat and yet did the world's work. He sat on a cloud and harvested the ground!

Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.

And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open: and he sat his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices.

Ah me! this is glorious apparel. The garments of eternity are very bright. No mourning gowns are worn in heaven! "Clothed with a cloud," we read of that; and "a rainbow is upon his head," and "his face was as it were the sun." Earth's imagery vanishes like a wasted dewdrop before sublimities like these. To be flatly accurate, there is no other sublimity when The Revelator opens his lips. He saw—

And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and



rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

He saw—

And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree.

He saw how "every island fled away and the mountains were not found." And he saw

thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.

He saw souls. That is the Revelation in eternity. Souls we have not seen as yet. Men argue about them as if they were not. In eternity souls shall stand out apparent as the throne of God. He saw—

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

He saw man immortal. He saw—

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

He saw—

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of

heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east three gates, on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. . . . And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defleth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

He saw eternity at one with God. He saw—

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

“Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” The Lord of the Lamb shall overcome, for he is “Lord of lords and King of kings.”

He saw and heard:

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over

his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

He saw—

And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads.

And he heard—

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters . . . and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.

And saw—

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.

He saw and heard:

And the four and twenty elders, which sat before God on their seats, fell upon their faces and worshiped God, saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned.

He saw and heard besides:

And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer.

I John saw these things and heard them.

No such sight-seeing has been afforded before nor shall be afforded again until we go sight-seeing in eternity. He saw and heard! Here angels are unfamiliar folk. There they crowd every street and smile across all morning meadows and fill all

choirs. Angels, angels everywhere, and the redeemed folks; those who have "come up through great tribulation, and washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," those who have been scarred with fire and bitten by the lion's teeth and have suffered innumerable calumnies from wicked lips, there they walk, in everlasting morning, free from care; and God seeth them and smiles what time he looks their way.

The Book of Revelation of Saint John the Divine is the book of souls.

He saw souls. That is The Revelation in eternity. Souls we have not seen as yet. Men argue about them as if they were not. In eternity souls shall stand out apparent as the throne of God. They do not argue souls there—they see them! This is the book of the immortals. No Socrates, no Plato, or Paul argues the immortality of the soul in that immortal country. For the angels and the redeemed folks would laugh such arguments down. They would know such argumentation pure childishness. There they possess a pure immortality. There the babies know themselves immortal, while here their mothers wondered about it while their eyes were wet and their hearts were bleeding. Truly that is "The Better Land." It is the land of Christ the Lord. God there is visible and audible. God is everywhere and near, always near, and they see his face! They walk with him. They live near him. They talk with him. Their east window opens on God's throne so that they possess eternal sunrise.

When eternity puts faith into flower and faith is swallowed up in sight and the God of Love and Time and Eternity walks to and fro among his saints and makes them wonder that ever their hearts grew faint, then our years of weeping shall be forgot and only laughter and tumults of harps and voices and multitudinous glories set to music by the First Musician.

*W. A. Ingle.*



## LOGIC IN RELIGION

THE fact that man is endowed with the power of thought naturally has made him believe that he ought to use his brains, and that the results ought to be considered valuable. The importance of thinking led long ago to the formulation of rules of thought and systems of logic such as Aristotle's. There have been times when men have felt that their logical system had reached perfection, practically, and was never to be changed. It is not so today. All the processes of human thought are undergoing drastic criticism. The physiological psychologist, the logician, the philosopher and the sociologist are all at work on fundamentals: what is existence, what is reality, what is truth, what is thought, etc.? Men like Bradley, Poincaré and John Dewey are dealing with these matters *de novo*, and many things formerly considered well settled are again in the air. Strangely enough this has not had much effect on science, for the reason that science does not deal with fundamentals; it accepts them hypothetically, and goes on, leaving philosophy to deal with them. The scientist in his inductive way studies ocean currents, or the spread of weeds over the earth, or spiders, or the use of the bull-roarer in Australia. But the constitution of matter, or the origin of the universe, or the meaning of existence does not occupy him.

The scientific mind obviously cannot be expected to be much interested in religion on its theoretical side. In the department of anthropology, as in Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage*, it is quite ready to study the social manifestations of religion, but the philosophy of religion does not interest it more than any other form of philosophical thinking. All the scientist knows is to apply his inductive logic to concrete material facts. With those aspects of religion which lie back of such facts he will have nothing to do. They do not interest him. The theologians, on their side, being people also with brains, and inheriting the common belief in logic, have applied it to religion. But their method has differed from that of the scientist, for the

obvious reason that they have been dealing with the invisible and the intangible.

How fundamental religious conceptions came into the mind of man is open to discussion. The ghost theory and the animist theory both have their adherents, and there are syncretists who accept both, and still the possibilities are not exhausted. According to the former theory, it was perhaps through dreams that man became possessed of the belief in existences without bodies and in time attributed such existence to the dead. So spiritual beings were accepted as actual. According to the other theory, the strange phenomena of inanimate things led to the attribution to them of spiritual residents. And the rest followed. But, whatever theory is held, the fact remains that man universally tends to be religious; that is, believes in the existence of higher spiritual beings. He does not come by this belief by logical processes. It is always there, as far back as we can observe, a *datum* of human thought and life. With these beliefs as his material he uses such logical methods as he may have. He reasons, not in the modern scientific way, inductively, but deductively. Certain great religious premises he holds; from these he draws out conclusions. The scientific process is from the known to the unknown. The religious process is from what is accepted as known to detailed analysis of its inferential consequences.

The fundamental presuppositions of religion which spring up spontaneously, apparently, in the mind of man receive interpretation and supplement from great personalities, their actions, their writings, and the institutions which they establish. It is unnecessary to go into detail, but Moses, Gautama, Mohammed, and, we may say it reverently, Jesus, all illustrate the point. None of these persons argued or proved: he enunciated his ideas and let them make their own way by their own force. Thus religion comes to be authoritative and its *data* are given in traditions, or sacred books, or institutions. The foundations of religion, then, do not arise in logical processes. But the theologian comes along, the logician in the sphere of religion, and he takes the *data* authoritatively given and analyzes them. And on the sacred writings he constructs exegesis. Upon the sacred dogmas he con-

structs his systematic theology. The matters he is dealing with lie largely beyond the possibility of direct investigation. His work is therefore mostly purely inferential, without means of verification. He possesses certain premises, and because of them he says certain inferences must follow. So he constructs a whole world that is out of reach. Listen, for example, to Athanasius: "The Father and the Son were not generated from some pre-existing origin, that we may account them brothers, but the Father is the Origin of the Son and begat Him; and the Father is Father, and not born the Son of any; and the Son is Son, and not brother. Further, if He is called the eternal offspring of the Father He is rightly so called. For never was the Essence of the Father imperfect, that what is proper to it should be added afterward." (Discourse 1 Against the Arians, 14.) Here certain qualities are attributed to the divine essence and then it is said that certain results must follow, for logical reasons. This quotation is typical of the theologians. And the natural comment which arises in our minds is that such reasoning does not in any way add to knowledge, for it is wholly *a priori*, and simply unfolds what has already been infolded in the primary hypothesis.

In exegesis the logical process is used somewhat similarly. It is true that there is a limited application of the inductive method in gathering texts and making inferences from them. But after all it is only a seeming induction, for the real inference is deductive with the material as a major premise. Listen, for example, to Dr. Shedd proving the doctrine of the Trinity from the Old Testament: "The passages in the Old Testament which imply the doctrine of the Trinity are: 1. Those in which God speaks in the plural number. . . . 2. Of less logical value in themselves, yet having a demonstrative force in connection with other proofs, are the trisagion in Isaiah 6. 3, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts'; and the three-fold address in Numbers 6. 24-26, 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine down upon thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee.' . . . 3. Still more important than either of the two preceding classes of texts, are those in which God is expressly distinguished from God, as subject and object. The theophanies of the Old Testament, like the

incarnation of the Son, are trinitarian in their implication and bearing." And so forth. (Shedd's Dogmatic Theology 1: 263.) Obviously, this logical method, while it has a look of being inductive, is not really so. It takes out only what it has already implicated.

Again, logic is used religiously by starting from some symbolic rite and deriving conclusions from what is posited concerning it. There is, for example, the theory of the apostolic succession transmitted tactually. Concerning this Bishop Moberly says: "In them conjointly [i. e., the twelve apostles] dwelt for the present the fullness of the Holy Spirit, in so far forth as He was given from Christ to be transmitted for the sanctification of mankind. Personal graces, administrative graces, all the diversities of gifts to be given in many divisions to men in the Church through human agency, were to issue from that great gift which, hitherto undivided except to twelve holders, rested for such transmission upon them alone." (Quoted by Canon Newbolt, Religion, 242.) In this passage we have a certain meaning ascribed to a symbolical act, and from this meaning an entire system of ecclesiology is drawn. But nothing is taken out that was not first put in.

These examples of the use of logic in dogmatics, exegesis and symbolics show that there is no real enlargement of knowledge in any one of them. And these examples are to a large degree typical of the vast body of the theological thought of the world. It has meaning only to those who accept its conclusions in advance. In other words, there is no really logical process involved. The question then arises, Has logic any place in religious thinking? Newman tried it, and landed in a skepticism so absolute that it drove him to leap to the other extreme and enter the church which requires mental submission purely on the basis of authority. Some years ago, in a clerical club, a heavy paper on some philosophical aspect of religion was read. When the time for comment came an elderly clergyman (it violates no confidence to say it was the late Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn) said in substance: "I have been deeply interested in the paper. I always admire whatever my dear friend Dr. Blank writes. But I am frank to say that, as to his main contention, I take no stock in it what-



ever. Because Dr. Blank is a logician. And I do not believe in logic."

Has logic any place in religion? If so, what place? Has it any limits to its application to religion? If so, what are they?

As to the former question, whether logic, not in the merely *a priori*, deductive, sense, but in the sense in which it is used elsewhere for the enlargement of human knowledge, has any application to religion, the answer is, yes. And this application of logic to religion, belonging mostly to our own time, is capable of making some revolutionary changes in religious thinking and also in practical life. Some examples of such application are: 1. The construction of biblical texts, what is known as the lower criticism. Let the acute work of Westcott and Hort illustrate this, although it is already outgrown at many points. Very likely we are at only the beginnings of this kind of work. 2. The analytical work based upon the texts, known as the higher criticism. The books published in this department of study are innumerable, and the conclusions are so diverse that there are some who are bewildered and condemn the whole thing as impossible. But some definite results seem to be coming out of the confusion. 3. The sociological history of religion. The work done in anthropology, especially in studying the religious phenomena of peoples living in a comparatively primitive state, has thrown a flood of light on many things heretofore mysterious in early religious history. Our understanding of the Old Testament is largely enhanced by such books as Moore's Commentary on Judges and Kent's Historical Bible. 4. The psychology of religion, based on the study of it in now living persons. Starbuck's well-known book was the forerunner of a whole literature upon this subject. It is likely that we have only made our beginning in this direction as yet. But the work done has already had its effect; for example, on Sunday school curricula. 5. The application of Christian principles to the moral life of individuals, societies, nations, and the world. In the atmosphere of the great war, with possibly the most extensive economical revolution of history preparing among the nations, we realize how far we are from having exhausted the study and application of the teachings of Jesus. In all these new and most

interesting fields there is ample opportunity for the just and precise application of logic, in the scientific sense, to religion.

Now we must turn to the other question: Are there any limits to the application of logic to religion? If so, what are they?

1. One limit is the miraculous. The tendency to-day is naturally to bring the miracles as far as possible into consistency with the rest of our thinking. There are those who feel that the miracles of the Old Testament perhaps belong largely to folklore, and that some of those of the New Testament may have been colored by chroniclers later than the event. Nevertheless there is an irreducible minimum which no analysis penetrates and no criticism overthrows. The evidence, such as it is, is too strong, and the difficulties are so much increased by rejecting it that the line of least resistance is seen to be the acceptance of very much that is inexplicable, particularly in the life of Christ. We have passed far away from Hume's position, that no amount of evidence could prove a miracle, to that of Huxley, that there is no *a priori* evidence against miracles for the reason that no scientist would undertake to defend a universal negative, and say that anything could not be; it is simply a question of evidence. But the trouble is that the evidence is so limited that we can do little by cross-examination; on the other hand, it is so much that it cannot be treated as a negligible quantity. So there logic reaches its limit. We cannot prove. We can only judge by probabilities as they seem to us, and decide according to temperament.

2. Another limit to the application of logic to religion is the supernatural in the broad sense. It is the fashion among philosophers to leave the supernatural out of account and say nothing about it. Such thinkers feel that there is nothing in the supernatural that you can take hold of, and the best thing to do is to forget it. But this program of thought is false to man and his position in the universe. It assumes that, according to the old Greek saying, "man is the measure of all things," so that the things he thinks must be universally true. But when we consider the infinitesimally small place man occupies in the universe it looks absurd. It is as though the insect on its blade of grass should speculate as to the outcome of the world war. For, after all, what is human logic? Is it not just

a method of thinking which has grown out of human experience? Is it not really the boiled-down result of man's age-long cogitations about the things he has seen and handled? What reason is there to think it is valid universally? That is rather a large inference, it would seem. We speak of natural law. What is it? It is only the systematized conclusion man draws from his very limited observations, limited both in space and time. We depend on this inference, because we have to think and act and there is nothing else for us to depend upon visibly. But we are often misled by it, and natural law turns out to be quite other than what we thought. Let us recognize at once that the conception of natural law is entirely human; it is merely man's way of looking at the universe. It is good as far as it goes. But how far does it go? Kant pictures man's mental situation as like that of one who is stranded on a little island in the ocean. He soon reaches the limits of his abode, and on every side of him stretch the illimitable reaches of the unknown. And that unknown is as really a part of man's environment as the known. And he is not true to facts unless he takes an attitude of receptivity toward the unknown. And out there in the unknown is God, unreachable by the senses, yet inferentially recognizable in the positive reactions in character and conduct which arise through faith in him. We can no more abolish man's inevitable reaction to God than we can abolish his recognition of the fact that there are vastnesses of space out yonder beyond the farthest reachable stars. 3. Another limit to the use of logic in religion is in making religious definitions. The failure to recognize this is a defect in the thinking both of theologians and scientists. The theologians, as in the Athanasian Creed, have tried to construct an accurate definition of the deity and of Christ's relation to him. The scientist accepts it as such and shows its futility, and so is tempted to throw God over. Both are wrong. For what are words as applied to religious concepts? They are instruments constructed out of human experience which are being applied to matters that transcend human experience. Of course they never perfectly fit. Take the very word God. What do you mean by it? You cannot wholly say. The being designated is vaster than any term or group of terms that could be applied to

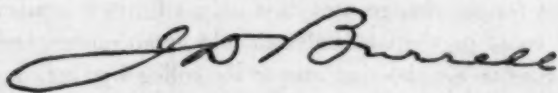
him. So any name is imperfect, and no definition is wholly correct. This does not mean that there is no reality corresponding to the word. Things that are real never wait upon man's ability to name or define them in order to exist. Take, again, such a phrase as the divinity of Christ. What do you mean by it? The hyper-orthodox theologian and the scientifically inclined Unitarian both demand precision in the answer. Both are wrong. There cannot be any such precision. We do not know ourselves what we mean by the divinity of Christ, but that does not mean that we are wrong to use the term, or that there is no reality corresponding to it. Quite the contrary. The fact is, we need to recognize that words are merely symbols, and very imperfect symbols, of ideas, and that in dealing with the infinities of religion they are but shadowy representatives of the sublime verities they suggest. On this point there is a noble piece of theological thinking in the introductory essay, on words and their use in religion, which Horace Bushnell prefixed in 1849 to his volume entitled *God in Christ*. He says, "As physical terms are never exact, being only names of genera, much less have we any terms in the spiritual department of language that are exact representatives of thought. . . . What, then, it may be asked, is the real and legitimate use of words when applied to moral subjects? for we cannot dispense with them, and it is uncomfortable to hold them in universal skepticism, as being only instruments of error. Words, then, I answer, are legitimately used as the signs of thoughts to be expressed. They do not literally convey, or pass over, a thought out of one mind into another, as we commonly speak of doing. They are only hints, or images, held up before the mind of another to put *him* on generating or reproducing the same thought; which he can do only as he has the same personal contents, or the generative power out of which to bring the thought required."

From the line of thought presented in this paper certain practical conclusions follow: We see the folly of attempts to require of ourselves or others a strictly scientific precision in thinking about religious subjects. We soon reach the point where it becomes impossible; but religion goes on beyond it. We see the folly of expecting to construct precise theological formulas. A

creed at best can be only a symbol, as its Greek name is, a token to indicate what cannot be expressed adequately, much less defined. We see the folly of all heresy trials. Endeavor as conscientiously as they will, neither the defendant nor the prosecutor, nor any of the adherents of either, holds any single word he uses in exactly the same sense as any one else. It is a mental impossibility. We see the folly of the holding apart of the churches on doctrinal grounds, when no one can define any of the doctrines with absolute precision.

The use of logic in religion along the lines previously mentioned is likely to be more and more fruitful with the years. But before the great realities of religion, the deepest experiences of the soul, the logic of man is feeble and almost ridiculous.

Listen, finally, to Bushnell again, who gives this thought in memorable and famous words: "Whoever wants . . . really to behold and receive all truth, and would have the truth-world overhang him as an empyrean of stars, complex, multitudinous, striving antagonistically, yet comprehended, height above height and deep under deep, in a boundless score of harmony; what man soever, content with no small rote of logic and catechism, reaches with true hunger after this, and will offer himself to the many-sided forms of the scripture with a perfectly ingenuous and receptive spirit; he shall find his nature flooded with senses, vastnesses and powers of truth such as it is even greatness to feel. God's own lawgivers, heroes, poets, historians, prophets, and preachers and doers of righteousness will bring him their company, and representing each his own age, character, and mode of thought, shine upon him as so many cross lights on his field of knowledge, to give him the most complete and manifold view possible of every truth."





## RETIRING ALLOWANCES IN THE LIGHT OF THE CARNEGIE EXPERIENCE

THE social conscience is rapidly developing. It is mad against war; it has grown determined against the licensed liquor traffic, child labor, corrupt municipal government, and shows sensitiveness at graft and the waste of public funds. Congress as well as Saturday, let us hope, will become "porkless." There is also a growing humiliation that men and women after leading useful lives come in old age to distress and poverty. Grant that often the parties involved have been careless in their expenditures, yet society is at the same time under condemnation for allowing promoters to rob gullible teachers and preachers of their savings with the promise of large profits and quick returns; for acquiescence year after year in insurance estimates that are shown practically fraudulent by the settlements that follow; and by a rate of interest in savings banks that records the greed of those who manage and the helplessness of those who patronize them. It is a social injustice almost never mentioned that savings banks depositors should be compelled to divide the earning power of their savings in order to secure safety. The pensions for civil service employees in England and Germany, the retiring allowances contracted for by several great universities, the Carnegie pensions in a selected list of institutions, as well as the attempts of the churches to provide suitable retiring allowances for their preachers, all indicate the solicitude of the public concerning old age and poverty.

In 1915, after ten years' experience, the Carnegie Foundation announced a determination to change its plans. The reasons assigned for the change were that only a limited number of institutions could participate under the old arrangement, lack of conclusive reasons for choosing among the colleges in making up the list of those whose faculties should be pensioned, and the inadequacy of the protection furnished those who teach in the accredited institutions. In the background doubtless were other reasons not mentioned: the difficulties in college administration which the system



created, the arrogance it bred in individual cases, and the incompetency and improvidence that have been consequent upon it. It must have taken courage to face about and admit the serious educational menace that was beginning to appear. But to these reasons which determined the action of the trustees must be added the wish to render a wider and more lasting public service by establishing a just and feasible system of pensions that will appeal to individual responsibility and comport with personal independence. In accordance with this spirit of helpfulness the Foundation has just recommended to all church and Conference pension boards "extreme caution and consultation with the best actuarial experience before pension schemes are definitely framed." This advice comes *ex post facto*, to most of our Conferences, but its value needs to be generally recognized. Even now it will be worth while for our Conference stewards to recognize certain actuarial facts, and to try to ascertain what Conference collections, individual participation and accumulated capital will be required to care for Conference claimants. The old Carnegie plan developed weaknesses that closely parallel those of our Conference retiring allowances, and their modified proposals make a comment that seems to have application in the appropriation of the income raised for Conference claimants. The Carnegie Foundation has been compelled to limit its gift to furnishing overhead expenses, guaranteeing interest rates, and looking after accrued liabilities among its pensioners, leaving the great body of beneficiaries to buy their own pensions. This change of method, as well as other considerations, makes worth while a brief exposition of the "Comprehensive Plan for Insurance and Annuities for College Teachers," by Dr. Pritchett, Secretary of the Foundation.

The claim to a pension cannot, it would seem, be based upon the altruism of the teacher, and then neither upon that of the preacher. Let us keep to reality. Men enter the ministry for the same reasons they enter other callings—the immediate opportunity, the social advantage, the love of books, and the hypnosis of hearing, from people whose judgment ought not to be determinative, "God has put his hand upon you for the ministry." Ambition for preferment as well as the highest motives of service and consecra-

tion will on analysis appear to be present. The retiring allowance makes itself heard in the choice of professors for Carnegie pension schools, and in Conference debates, just as it obtrudes itself into Jacob's prayer at Bethel. In Germany the pension is so much the part of a teacher's life that it is almost unthinkable that a professor would accept a position not carrying one. There are other motives in the church, and especially among the Methodists; for example, the fixed salary and the tenure of grade when once it is attained. But there is also emulation in the possibility of appointments to districts and big city pastorates, and elections to secretaryships, college presidencies, and bishoprics work their leaven, perhaps unconsciously, in the brain. What we denominate the mission "call" has along with it the inducement of travel, responsibility in administrative matters not committed to young men in the home Conferences, and support equitably apportioned with the older men on the field. Why not say it? We do not disparage the great motive; we only say that it is interwoven with other motives that are not pensionable. There are possibilities of harm in any pension plan, just as they are present in any movement for social and economic betterment. Let it be frankly acknowledged that, as at present administered, the men who merit the retiring allowances do not always get them. That is true both of annuitants and "necessitous" cases. Men who have made an annual saving, and have invested it, and who have realized the truth of the scriptural maxim, "To him that hath shall be given," do not excite the sympathy of the stewards for their just annuity claim. The "necessitous" can hardly be known without an inquisition that puts a premium on falsehood or is utterly ruinous to delicacy. This latter group of cases is made up of what the life insurance companies call "accrued liabilities," and while they are immediate, and must be helped, they are claimants for charity and not cases for pension. For example, one group of cases is represented by a young preacher, not yet through the Conference course of study, who died without life insurance. In his case the Conference is called upon to carry a burden which it never should have assumed. Another illustrative case is that of a preacher who for years has put his savings into the support or waste of a reckless son, or who by support of those without claim upon

the Conference has made himself "necessitous." Then we have the great company of those who have no idea of saving; who anticipate support out of the Conference funds, and whose income, large or small, is spent annually. None of these men, in fact, have any claim except that of philanthropy, yet year after year dozens of real annuitants are deprived of their pensions by vote of the Conference in order that others who are "necessitous" may be protected against their carelessness, improvidence, and pride. Now add to these typical cases the hesitancy of men to be transferred from one Conference, where the "claimants" are generously supported, to another where the support of the pensioners is marked by great parsimony—and then, if it could be imagined that a man is helped into a Conference that he may become a "claimant" and that men are retired because they could live on their "annuity," we should have the itemized dissent of the Carnegie Foundation against its own plans. There are in the church certain phases of experience of which the Foundation report gives no hint. We all know of men who are retired because the Cabinet do not know what to do with them; and there are others, inefficient, kindly souls, who are moved year after year from one charge to another, causing division, strife, and the lessening of spiritual energy, just because they are "necessitous," and they are kept effective in order to protect the "funds"! The annuity claimants are not free from challenge. Some through a family bequest, and others through sordid meannesses practiced year after year, do not need the allowance. Still others, by working some "side line" made possible by the welcome and sense of security which the Conference membership brings, invoke challenge of their claim. The longer one thinks on all sides of the question the more certain it becomes that the value of a pension system depends upon the means by which it is established and the methods of its administration. Certainly some clear exposition of the principle of the pension in the case of the ministry is greatly to be desired.

Following, then, the advice of the Foundation, and wishing to draw attention to the subject rather than to offer any final judgment, in the light of actual as well as actuarial experience, let three pertinent observations be set down. The first of these advises at-

tention to the claims of annuitants rather than to necessitous cases. We are concerned about the proper composition of our ministry; that in itself would settle all questions of efficiency and the perpetuity of the church. We assume the obligation of the Conference to provide an annuity. No college or Conference has a right to expect a system of retirement in which it is directly interested to be established without its participation. The benefits inure to the Conference as well as to its members. Such a pension system not only cares for the superannuates, but by its very provisions serves to keep the calling attractive to able men, and invites sacrifice in social service during the gainful years. But the obligation to provide insurance and relief is not so clear, and as a matter of expediency the charity feature, as involved in accrued liabilities, weakens immensely the appeal to those who must provide the funds. On even superficial consideration it will be recognized that necessitous cases load any pension plan to the point of danger. We do have the poor always with us; but so far as Methodist Conferences go, regardless of the actuaries, we must do as we can. Misfortune appeals immediately, but those who are beneficiaries in the insurance and relief participation, and who are styled "necessitous" lie squarely across the path of the big donors, who are willing to give largely in order to make the old age of capable and loyal men comfortable, but who prefer to bestow their charity according to methods of opportunism, and on the advice of their neighbors or agents who, after investigation, pronounce the case worthy. Many of our laymen will give thousands to success, and to the heroes of the gospel crowned by years of service, who hesitate to give even a small check to an applicant for charity. Nor should they be taken to task for it. The gospel has its victorious and triumphant aspect. We miss the highest expediency when we always advertise sacrifice, and limit our ministry to a submerged tenth. Besides, sacrifice when it seeks publicity is something far less admirable. We must help the poor, but in our organized capacity as Conferences and churches we are to pour into great companies of men ideals and principles of service and expect them in multifarious ways to devote their goods and themselves to goodness, and inspire them to be in the place of Christ. It is easy on a Conference floor to appeal

for an adjustment calculated to relieve some "necessitous" case, and shunt off onto the permanent funds the charity that should be immediate and that should be given by those who know the case. But it saps the fountains of large giving to the big plan we are trying to establish. Relief! Yes—but not by appropriating the pastor's salary. "She did it for my burial," said our Lord, rebuking Judas, who in one of the great hours of Christ's Passion, wished to turn the current of a woman's love and sympathy into a barter of the alabaster box, of ointment very precious, so as to buy two hundred pennyworth of bread for the poor.

Again, the Foundation's Experience is against a fixed age for retirement. The army and navy, where promotions by reason of seniority have obtained, put officers on the retired list at a fixed age. But they maintain certain tests of riding, study and physical set up, and these warn the officers against indolence and its consequent adipose. They live in terror of the waist line. Even in these circles this has militated against two just principles widely recognized; first, retirement on a basis of service rather than of age, and, second, increased allowance for late retirement, with its corollary, decreased allowance, or no allowance at all for early retirement. One hesitates to run over the list of men concerning whom it may be alleged as a moral certainty that they asked for the retired relation in some moment of depression, or in a quiet bargain with themselves to capitalize their Conference membership while they went into business. In the early days of the church young men threw themselves with the utmost abandon into the work of the itinerancy for a term of years and then located. Nowadays few Conferences have the courage to locate men who have plainly lost their call and who have soul disability, some moth or corrupting rust. It is the easy way to end their problem by retiring them and referring their cases to the board of stewards. If no retiring allowance should be allowed to men who have not traveled for at least twenty-five years, and if the pension was significantly increased to men who had worked more than forty years, and if, furthermore, the amount of the pension could take into account the effectiveness during the years of service, we should have settled many of our difficulties. The Carnegie Foundation has recognized length



of service, and refuses pensions to those who have not put some just portion of their lives into teaching. They compute efficiency by the average salary of the later years—hardly accurate, but yet having much sound basis of reality in it. Our ministry needs that we should maintain efficiency—not be kept in a certain grade by the Bishop and Cabinet. Allowing all that should be credited to youth, its magnetism, its rainbow chasing, Elihu was not far from the point when he remarked, "I said days should speak," and it is the steady solid men who have long served, who carry forward the work, who perform their equal share in education, evangelism, and pastoral care. If young men persuade more converts to join the ecclesia a larger percentage of those who join under the older men are permanently coordinated to our doctrine and life.

Once more: let it be observed that the foundation idea of individual responsibility for earning and saving the pension would work a revolution in the ministerial situation. We do not acquiesce in the opinion that the preacher, like everybody else, should pension himself, though much can be said to support that position. Self-mastery, by whose principles we must police and support ourselves, is somewhat incomplete unless it includes self-pensioning. Another fact glinting the same way is the general sentiment among preachers that they should carry their fair share of the load—that is, that they should help buy or save their own retiring allowance. But, unfortunately, there is also widely discernible the other principle of trying to get something for nothing. For recognition of that first principle, a saving element in human nature, and for protection against the second, so disastrous to pension plans, individual participation in providing the money for the pension payment seems the one certain remedy. That is what the change of front on the part of the Carnegie Foundation means. That is what the new plan of insurance for the army and navy means, and that essentially is the significance of some Conference attempts to secure co-operation on the part of the members by requiring the annual payment of a fixed percentage of their cash salaries. Such a process of individualization would immediately bear upon the excessive appropriations for "necessitous" cases, and would serve to protect the pension for the men who had actually earned it. The debate



about the application of the law to particular men is obviated, and the deserving pensioner is in the same self-respecting attitude a man occupies who pulls out an annuity contract with a life insurance company when presenting it for payment. He is not lost in the generic whole and put at the caprice and balancing motives of a committee. Then too a sifting of our ministry would at once occur. It would mean a physical survey of each individual, and add the statement of an examining surgeon to those other questions we have been used to from time immemorial about debt and tobacco. Moreover, it would make it possible to accept the services of men, plainly weakened physically, who ask admission offering to waive claim against the Conference funds. The refusal of a physician's certificate would raise a bar to Conference admission which the statements of the party in interest and his consenting friends do not afford, and, better still, it would make it possible by this differentiation to check and tone up self-respect in the whole body of our clergy. Best of all, it would be a bulwark to the preacher in the community and Conference when the financial lapse of a brother minister is brought to light. Our certificate of pension with stipulated terms, kept among our papers and viewable, would become a certificate of character and an occasion of favorable prejudgment on the part of bishop, cabinet, and congregation. In the consideration of these important items, and others that are equally patent, if not mentioned, the advice of the Carnegie Foundation should have searching application to our present desultory and non-actuarial plans.

Edwin A. Schell

## COMPARATIVE RELIGION AND THE PREACHER

MEN are still living whose names are associated with the early days of the comparative study of the religions of the world. This does not mean that only in recent years have men studied and written on this subject, but that the changes which have taken place in attitude and method and in the amount of systematized material which lies at the disposal of the student have made over the subject into a new thing. Comparative religion is now fitted to take its place by the side of other academic disciplines and is doing so in all the great centers of learning.

Scholarly investigations have been prosecuted with great enthusiasm in every religion of ancient and modern times. Volumes have been issuing from the press in such numbers that the reader is baffled by the richness of his material. This work of research and classification is far from complete, yet the advance has been remarkable. A great impetus was given to these studies a generation ago by the appearance, volume after volume, of the sacred books of the East edited by the late Professor Max Müller of Oxford. An index, which comprises the fiftieth volume of the series, was recently added, thus greatly increasing the value of the volumes as a work of reference. And now one of the most significant indications of the drift of interest is the publication of the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, under the editorship of that expert marshal of intellects and maker of books, Dr. James Hastings. Despite the delays and the other almost insuperable drawbacks which follow in the train of the war the volumes have continued to appear. With the ninth volume now published the great undertaking begins to be in sight of completion, the announcement being made that the work will be complete with volume twelve. But this one consideration, the possession of a largely increased mass of information, would not justify the statement concerning the newness of what we now know as Comparative Religion. The vital point is that the whole investigation is not now conducted on the same basis and in the same spirit

as formerly. The one word which better than any other sums up this difference is *sympathy*. The usual attitude in former times was to look on other religions as inherently false. Between Christianity and other faiths a great gulf was fixed. Christianity could not have friendly dealings with these aliens. All that was Christian was good, all that was not Christian was evil in its influence or at best very questionable. Would it be possible for our Book Concern to publish a volume to-day with the title, *Doomed Religions*? Yet such a work appeared in 1884, edited by the secretary of our missionary society and written by a number of our most honored missionaries. With such an attitude true investigation could not be carried on. Comparative religion was a comparison of Christianity with other faiths in which the very viewpoint prevented a ready acknowledgment of the truly good things to be found in these religions. Such an attitude when found to-day is merely a survival of a bygone age. The feeling now is that such procedure was hardly comparative religion at all, but apologetics, the idea being not so much to let these other religions speak out their message for themselves, but to exalt our own faith at the expense of the others. The whole method was as unfair as it was easy. Every religion has its weak spots, either in theory or practice. The temptation is strong to pick them out, lay emphasis upon them, and judge a religion by them. The futility of the method may best be seen by applying it. We may take any religion and pick out with comparative ease inconsistencies and discrepancies, faulty conclusions based on contradictory evidence, inadequacies in doctrine, and fearful practices under the sanction of religious leaders. Then with a superior air we are apt to point the finger of scorn at such a misshapen thing as we have pictured and relegate it to the limbo of false faiths. In logical consistency the religion ought to die at once. But in fact that religion may have been in existence for a thousand or two thousand years and may be adapting itself to modern conditions for another lease on life. There is discrepancy somewhere, and it is probably in the mind of the critic himself. There must be something else in the religion which has not been discovered, something which to the people of that faith looks very

good and is deserving of their loyalty and devotion. It is this which gives a religion power, and it must be discovered and understood if we are to be able to appraise a religion at its true worth.

To enter the inner shrine of a religion and feel its heart-beats requires sympathy, and the incoming of this attitude as a leading characteristic of the study of religion makes possible an understanding which could not be attained in the old days. The newer attitude springs from an enlarging conception of God's revelation to the children of men. God has not left himself without witness among any people. He has made himself known "by divers portions and in divers manners," in ways far beyond our narrow thought. We are losing our unworthy timidity and are glad to acknowledge truth in non-Christian religions and real devoutness among many peoples. We are willing to credit truth as truth wherever found and not to discredit a good thing because it is found in a heathen religion and closely related with what may be most unworthy or even repulsive. The feeling has crept over us that religion at bottom is one and the same the world over, that in every case it is the reaching out of the human soul after some higher power, after God.

In making this declaration of the essential oneness of religion I do not even hint at the conclusion that, since all religion is a reaching out after God, the end attained is the same in all the religions. The further I proceed in these studies the more deeply is the impression borne in that the Christian religion alone has reached the goal and has found God and knows him as he is. No wonder our religion is called Christianity. It is of the very essence of the faith that in Christ we come into contact with the living God himself. The doctrine of the incarnation of the Son of God is the keystone of our faith. The sympathetic attitude toward other faiths causes the word "false" as applied to them to seem incongruous and un-Christian. That term should be reserved for the sordid, Pharisaical, hypocritical follower of any faith, Christian or non-Christian. We have found God in Christ; they, through no fault of their own, have never had the privilege of this experience. They have lost their way and are out on

the boundless deep unable to reach haven. They are lost, to change the figure, in the dark and terrible forest and cannot find the clearing. They need help, not censure; they are to be pitied, not scorned in their ignorance and sin. In what ways may the study of religions from this sympathetic standpoint contribute to the thought and work of the Christian minister?

The first thing the study of comparative religion may do for the preacher is to give him a better understanding of what religion is—not Christianity, but religion in general. It has already been suggested that, while there are many religions, religion is one and the same fundamentally wherever found. What is this bed-rock, called religion, which crops out at so many places and in so many forms? It is necessary to clear away much ground to discover the solid rock beneath, but when it is reached what always appears, from the highest to the lowest religions, is a sense in man of some power stronger than himself with whom he must have dealings. Under the powerful influence of Professor Harold Höffding, of the University of Copenhagen, a number of writers are echoing his definition that religion is a "belief in the conservation of values." This clear definition has compelled all students to rethink the whole question as to what religion is, but it is doubtful if it will necessitate a drastic change of view. There is no question that religion does always conserve certain values; otherwise it could not retain any hold at all upon a people. To emphasize this fact is of real value and must influence all our thinking. But to make of this statement a definition of religion is to mistake an invariable accompaniment for what is central and determinative. Man experiences emotions and possesses convictions which become religious only through association with what is inherently religion in his life. We must be sure what this distinctively religious fact in man is. This determinative fact is that when man is religious he is conscious of being in the presence of a power higher and more powerful than he is. Man is laid hold upon by God and religion is man's response to this approach.

No longer is there any serious discussion as to tribes of people without religion. The attempt was made a generation ago



to show there were such tribes, but further investigation of peoples and their customs, the light shed by archaeology and other sciences, especially psychology, have banished such discussions to the scrap heap of outworn theories. Man is normally religious, and this innate capacity for religion rarely escapes such a stimulus from the experiences of life as to produce forms of worship and belief. Only among the most advanced peoples are those found who make denial of the need of religion. Here the function of the intellect is given a disproportionate emphasis as contrasted with the heart life, with the result that the demands of the whole personality are thwarted by the insistent and narrower claims of the intellect. The study of religion clearly shows that this is not any more normal than it is healthy. A man whose nature is simple and unfettered turns to that mysterious power above whom we call God.

One may be inclined to say at this point, Why should a busy pastor enter a new and not over-easy study to learn this obvious truth that man is a religious being? The answer is not hard to find. There is a great difference, as every teacher knows, between the statement of a truth which may be accepted and repeated correctly after him by a student, and its complete assimilation. Here lies the need of seeing for one's self, which is the function of the laboratory. In a real sense the religious life of the world is a great laboratory where truths become vivid and real because seen in a setting impossible without this discipline, comparative religion. To make an obvious truth one's own, until it veritably takes possession of him, is an experience to be coveted by any student. Such a truth is that of the ineradicable place of religion in the life of man. It is fundamental to all our study and work as ministers of religion. Comparative religion may prove most helpful to the preacher in his attempt to interpret the extravagant demonstrations of religious enthusiasm and the superstitions which still survive in every community. Though not confined to them, these expressions are to be found among backward and relatively uneducated people. It all assumes a new meaning to the preacher when he discovers that each phenomenon may be paralleled in other faiths. One of his prob-



lems is to deal wisely with outbursts of emotion. He sees their value and also their dangers. He will learn that uncontrolled enthusiasm is as dangerous in Islam as in Christianity. The superstitions in his congregation are evidently of the same kind and spring from the same source with the credulities of the savage. He recognizes the presence of magical practices, or survivals of them, among faithful Christian people. This discipline will make it clear that the reason why such practices and beliefs are so hard to eradicate is that they are embedded so deeply in human nature.

In the second place, comparative religion will help the preacher to a keener appreciation and broader interpretation of his own faith. Christianity is one of the religions of the world—what place does it take among them? Have we the right to claim for it a unique place? The great contribution of this study is to show how our faith meets the needs of the world as contrasted with other faiths. Here the wealth of material is so great that it becomes difficult to choose among the many illustrations at hand. We may instance the Christian conception of God as contrasted with the Mohammedan: on the one hand, a God of moral love; on the other hand, a despotic and capricious power raised to the dignity of the God of all; on the one hand, the Christian conception of a full, rich life of fellowship in a Trinity of love and devotion; on the other, the Islamic conception of a lonely, solitary God, almighty but not all loving too—to revise a famous phrase of Robert Browning.

Here comparative religion sheds light on the whole problem involved in the doctrine of the Trinity. We may apply the pragmatic test and ask what difference it makes whether or not we believe in such a conception of God. Few places in all the realm of religion will yield a richer harvest than this. Even in Islam the unsatisfactoriness of a bare, solitary Being occupying the place of God is felt by a few spirits. In speaking of the Trinity and expressing his belief that the doctrine has been misunderstood "by a majority of Islamic and even Christian thinkers," a learned Indian Mohammedan, a barrister-at-law and a doctor of philosophy, writes this sentence: "The doctrine is but another way of stating the truth that the absolute unity must have in itself

a principle of difference in order to evolve diversity out of itself" (The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam, p. 190). A remarkable admission for a Mohammedan to make!

We need not stop at Islam to realize that the human mind cannot escape dealing with this baffling puzzle of unity and trinity—Hinduism has been talking about it for millenniums. True, there is a great difference between the Christian Trinity and the Hindu conception, but there can be no doubt that the idea has an attractive power over the mind of man, which in itself is significant. The same is true of Buddhism in its later developments, only here the relation of these mythical beings is quite different from that of the trios in Hinduism. We stop only to call attention to the fact that trinities do exist in Buddhism. Does not the presence of the doctrine in some form in one religion after another indicate as clearly as it could be shown that the human mind is not to be deprived of a doctrine with such fascination even though it be enveloped in mystery?

Only one phase of Christian teaching has been suggested to show the contribution comparative religion may make to the fuller understanding of our faith. An even more significant relationship may be shown in the doctrine of incarnation. The desire for a God close at hand, who understands and sympathizes with men, is widespread. The teachings of the various religions relative to the future life, the inspiration and authority of sacred books, the meaning of mediation and sacrifice, and the significance of the organized church, are phases of our Christian faith upon which new meanings and stronger convictions may be had by viewing our faith in the light shed by the study of the religions of the world. At all these points we may see Christianity in a nobler and more impressive light.

I am wondering if the full significance of our method of argumentation has been appreciated. What it means is this: that our confidence in the validity of the teachings of Christianity is increased when we recognize that for long ages and in widely separated parts of the world the heart of man has been reaching out after what the Christian religion offers. It is an argument from human desires and longings, human needs as speaking God's

message to us. It is, moreover, the acceptance of human nature as a guide to what must be true in religion. Do we appreciate what a change has come over our thinking that we allow unregenerate human nature such a role? Professor D. B. Macdonald has summed up the thought thus: "The human soul, when unbiased by systems and prejudices, is naturally Christian" (*Vital Forces*, p. 234f.). Naturally *un-Christian* is what we were taught to say in an age not so long past. It fares ill with the doctrine of total depravity, but what harm is there in that? No one can hold such a theory who reads the secrets of the religious life of the world to-day with an understanding and sympathetic mind.

We come now to the third and last ground upon which our reasoning is based that the Christian preacher should acquaint himself with the religions of the world. He should become acquainted with the field from which some of the sharpest attacks against the Christian faith are now being delivered. He realizes how the faith of some of his people is being troubled, if not upset, by this or that theory. He may not realize that a number of the strongest of the assaults come from the non-Christian faiths, either directly or indirectly. As God's messenger he should be equipped with such a knowledge of these movements as to be able to interpret them correctly and thus disarm the assailants in advance. He may warn his people of dangers whose seriousness, because of their very newness and strangeness, they do not suspect. In the review of a recent book on *Comparative Religion* Mr. J. H. Oldham makes this statement: "The attack from the side of *Comparative Religion* is one of the most formidable with which the Christian apologist has to deal at the present time, and if it were driven home successfully it is difficult to see how the missionary motive could survive in any adequate form" (*International Review of Missions*, vol. ii, p. 804f.). There is first the danger from the foreign cults being propagated in our land. Spiritualism, theosophy, Bahaism, and certain other phases of occult teachings, either in whole or in part, are the product of India and the near East. The thing which the man or the woman in America does not appreciate is the history and relationships of these cults back in the lands of their birth and early development. But these facts

are essential if one is to render a trustworthy verdict as to their value and inevitable trend. Taught in this country by men who have great skill in making their arguments plausible, men and women are swept off their feet and in a trice are lost to the Christian Church. I may not go farther in this field, where a volume would not suffice. I merely call attention to the danger and its source, and point to the method by which the danger may be met with understanding. A more subtle danger is to be mentioned. It has assumed many forms, but its aim is always the same. The uniqueness of Christianity is assailed in every form the attack takes. One of the forms may be stated thus: You are willing to acknowledge there is truth and good in all religions; why then insist that one is the final faith? why not pick out the good things in all these religions and be truly liberal? Plausible enough, and seemingly unanswerable, because of the real truth contained in it, yet unanswerable only so long as Comparative Religion has been allowed to speak out only a part of its message. A more thorough study will show that eclectic faiths have had a sorry time of it historically, and that, since religion is, at the center, not a belief, but an allegiance, a divided allegiance becomes almost a contradiction in terms. Another statement of the same theory is the declaration that, while religions may differ, the differences are not to be compared in importance with the likeness; the upshot of the whole contention is that one religion is about as good as another; the last thing one should think of doing is to attempt to displace one religion with another; the religion of any people is the best religion for that people. Again the plausibility of the theory is evident only so long as the facts of missionary history are unknown. I refer not only to Christian missions, but to those of Buddhism and Islam. The present religions of different peoples are not in many cases of local origin and have not developed by natural evolution from within. What is now found has supplanted a more ancient faith, and did so either by the power of the sword and political influence or the more peaceful penetration of the written and spoken word.

And, lastly, the claim is made that, since underneath all the rituals and beliefs which differ so greatly there is the common

religious impulse or instinct, we ought to lay emphasis upon this common and invariable factor and pay little attention to ceremonies and dogmas. These may be anything at all, they may be laid aside, they may be changed, and yet religion moves on majestically, irrespective of these changeable trappings. Why bother about them? They have been the source of all the bitterness and persecutions of the past and might well be left behind, as outworn and useless. Yet again the need of drinking deeper at this deep pool is most evident. Religions without a distinctive message die, only to be replaced by a more vigorous faith with a definite doctrine to proclaim. When Buddhism ceased to have such a message for India it was absorbed by the Hinduism it had almost overcome. This is but an illustration. There is something exclusive about the claim of every religion which has become a power in the world, and of none is this more true than of Christianity. And in the end, when we cherish the hope that mankind may be united in one faith, we may rest assured that that faith must be grounded on a few strong well articulated beliefs or run the danger of being assailed and superseded by another form of religion which will win the allegiance of men because it possesses sufficient rigidity to bear the weight of man's sin and sorrow.

Enough has been said to indicate that the way of the student of the world's religions is not an easy one. He must know his ground before he speaks. Yet the rewards are great and the way he must travel is full of interest. He may turn his face away in shame from a revolting custom, but he will be the more sure to be impressed with the eagerness and ingenuity and pathos of man's climb into the regions where he may see God. Here is man at his best, and he is worthy of study.

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LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS<sup>1</sup>

It is conceded that the most important book from the press of 1917 is John Morley's "Recollections" as embodied in his autobiography. In fact it was stated by a well-known judge in the United States that the work was "the literary performance of the last twenty years." The author took the title of Viscount Morley of Blackburn to distinguish himself from the Earl of Morley of Saltram, near Plymouth, Devon. It is now fourteen years since the *Life of Gladstone*, by this distinguished master in the realm of literature, appeared. The three large, handsome volumes commanded universal satisfaction and admiration, and the general verdict was upheld that it was a grand portrait of a grand subject on a great scale, and a masterpiece of historical writing. It was the "best biography of a great man ever written." When it is remembered that Viscount Morley completed his seventy-ninth year in December last, it is interesting to note how much of his latest literary achievement displays his fine intellectual vigor, high purpose, and splendid determination. The past three years have not been favorable for large literary undertakings. Men specially qualified for such endeavors have been so absorbed by the world war that all other demands have been laid aside. Lord Morley's retirement from the British Cabinet at the commencement of the struggle secured a period of leisure during which the present work has been produced. The author's great abilities have been recognized in the most influential quarters for many years. As a virile, independent thinker and writer and man of affairs Mr. Morley has easily ranked in the highest class, and his invaluable services as adviser and administrator in the interests of his country have led him to the House of Lords. The two volumes of recollections cover a period of about sixty years and contain a vivid and comprehensive summary of the men and events and forces making notable and vital contributions to the life and

<sup>1</sup> *Recollections*. By John Viscount Morley, O. M. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York and Toronto. Price, \$7.50 per set.



progress of the British nation during that period. They are not only the most valuable personal record of years; they are in fact the history of that epoch—intimate, suggestive, significant, important beyond words of ours to express and emphasize, and always history, the history of a long and not inglorious era in a pregnant, vanished past.

In addition to his life of Gladstone Mr. Morley has to his credit many other works of the first rank. He was the real founder of the *Fortnightly Review*, sometimes sarcastically called the "Forked Lightning," because at the time of its appearance it looked like a menace to certain theories then in wide circulation among the English people. He was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when that popular London journal was a force in its influence on the social and political life of the nation. At this time the services of W. T. Stead were sought for the same paper, and he founded the *Review of Reviews*, which for many years was the chief corner stone in the edifice of English-speaking journalism. Mr. Morley was also editor of *English Men of Letters*, writing the lives of Burke, Walpole, Richard Cobden, and *Studies in Literature*, etc. In the present volumes those who have marched in the foremost ranks in the political, educational, religious, literary, scientific, and reformatory departments of the nation are revealed to us, and they constitute a record at once illuminating and of the deepest interest. In rapid succession the leaders in those various movements pass before us, with many fine touches of character. To have this portrayal performed by one who was on intimate terms with most of them, and who himself played a prominent part in many of the movements and reforms of the time, invests his descriptions with an interest of no common order.

Mr. Morley was born of Wesleyan Methodist parents, but as a youth he does not appear to have received any lasting impression of a religious kind, for in the first volume he makes the following note in this relation: "My father was born a Wesleyan. He turned, though without any formality that I know of, from chapel to church, but he was negligent of its ordinances, critical of the local clergy, and impatient, as if of some personal affront, of either Puseyites on the one hand or German infidels on the other. Though

vague, his disapproval of these foes of evangelical truth was stern; the divine to whom he was chiefly addicted was Channing, and the ecclesiastic whom he most admired, both as preacher and church governor, was the famous Chalmers. As domestic disciplinarian he was strict, and the rigors of Sabbatical observance forced on us a literary diet that neither enlightened the head nor melted the heart and temper." Herbert Spencer, in his autobiography, speaks in very similar terms of his father, who also for a time was a Wesleyan. What a really devoted parentage might have accomplished in both homes it is not difficult to imagine. The formal beginning of both was certainly not auspicious from a Methodist or Christian standpoint. After necessary qualifications, Mr. Morley says, "I got a scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford, and it gave my father a little whimsical pleasure to think that John Wesley had been a fellow of the college (1726), nominated thereto by a rector whose two names happened to be my own. For many terms I was lodged in Wesley's rooms, sometimes ruminating how it was that all the thoughts and habits of my youthful Methodism were so rapidly vanishing." Mr. Morley on the same page refers to conditions at Oxford which explain somewhat the disintegration of his early convictions and faith in orthodox Christianity. He says: "Lincoln College was at that time in a sad intellectual dilapidation. A common-room intrigue had ended in the installation as its head of a clergyman from a college living in Yorkshire who hardly knew how to read and write. The consequence was the withdrawal in black unphilosophic mortification from all college work of Mark Pattison, the man whose zeal and competence for university teaching in its true sense was unsurpassed by any tutor or professor in Oxford and only rivaled, perhaps, by one. If I had fallen under his influence it would assuredly have made all the difference in a thousand ways. When he afterward became my friend it was too late."

It is also too apparent that other inferior influences were at work in that ancient seat of learning, which must have been antagonistic to anything like a serious religious life. A prize-fighter had been admitted to some of the college rooms to impart lessons

in self-defense: "It was a long journey," says Mr. Morley, "from such a practice to the little Holy Club of Oxford Methodists that had, in the face of gay opponents, gathered itself in the same ancient triangle a hundred years before." Just at this time there was a wave of theological unsettlement sweeping over many classes of the English people, and many of the middle and upper classes yielded to the disintegrating influences which had been set afloat. Agnosticism, positivism, humanitarianism, and other forms of unbelief had affected many and made them indifferent to the claims of the Christian faith. Oxford was not free from these influences, and it is regrettable to have to admit that these institutions, founded by Christian reformers, should to any extent shelter teachers whose work should prove destructive of the very object they were established to promote." Mr. Morley says, "It had been intended that when I was of due age I should go into orders, but life at Oxford had shaken the foundations."

For several years journalism occupied the attention and gifts of the aspiring student, and it was in this field that many of Mr. Morley's finest achievements were won. It is wonderful how rapidly the young man from the Methodist home and Wesley's college rose in public affairs and the esteem of such a large circle of persons in the various professions and occupations in the life of the nation—parliamentarians, poets, scientists, reformers, and men and women of national distinction in the world of letters. To Mr. Morley the door was open to all these classes, and his friendship with many of the leaders was deep and enduring. Mr. Gladstone was his warm and constant admirer and friend. In many of the great Liberal measures of reform which the Gladstone government placed on the statutes of the realm Mr. Morley's advice was sought by the great statesman and his cabinet, advice that was never sought in vain. Through Gladstone's days of triumph and through times of trial and failing strength, when the brilliant career of one most gifted was nearing the end, "honest John Morley" was the friend most welcome, and when the great man lay peaceful in his last sleep, after weathering the numberless storms incident to such a career, this prized companion, adviser, and friend was close to the sorrowing household at Hawar-

den. No wonder he was selected to record the life which he had admired and never ceased to love.

But Gladstone was only one of the famous circle of acquaintances in which the writer of this autobiography moved. There were Joseph Chamberlain, the Earl of Rosebery, Harcourt, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, John Bright, James and John Stuart Mill, Renan, Parnell, Disraeli, Matthew Arnold, Balfour, Asquith, Carlyle, Henry Lewes, Carnegie, Cardinal Newman, Macaulay, and a long list of others. The Recollections are of rare interest because of conversations and estimates concerning these men of distinction. It was not only because Lord Morley was a man of special attainments that he was eagerly sought in times of extraordinary need, whether in Parliament or outside, but he was so finely balanced in all great essentials that in critical hours he was relied on as a safe adviser and administrator. For five years he was Chief Secretary for Ireland when conditions there were simply deplorable. He, however, gave himself to his most difficult task with a devotion nothing less than heroic. The second volume records something of the pacific mission which he performed. He was a friend and advocate of Home Rule, and spared no effort in the House of Commons and throughout the land, by pen, speech, and varied effort, to bring to a successful consummation one of the supreme purposes of his life and in the plan of the Gladstone administration. He stood up against the failure like a brave man, and when the Liberal party was defeated on this great measure John Morley was not even then without hope. Quite a large number of pages in the volumes are devoted to the measures which were intended to alleviate, if not remove, the long-standing discontent of Ireland and the Irish people. The same may be said of his five years as Chief Secretary for India. These were laborious years, and the problems were many and grave.

While Mr. Morley voted for the abolition of religious tests for a member of the House of Commons, it is quite significant that he never once mentions, in either volume, the name of the man in whose interest the case was raised and the test abolished. Charles Bradlaugh was too extreme in his attacks on religious

convictions and beliefs for a man like Lord Morley to champion, so he simply passes over in utter silence the name of a man whose record and influence he knew full well. Mr. Morley always cherished liberal estimates of those from whose religious opinions and beliefs he might differ. He writes on page 71, Vol. I, that Pope Paul III was spinning no cobwebs when he admonished his Council of Trent that "Belief is the foundation of life, that good conduct only grows out of a right creed, and that errors of opinion may be more dangerous than sin. Difference of opinion may possibly mean everything." The autobiography does not pass over the sad, depressing, and utterly black despairing outlook which a bare agnosticism involves. During a visit to Herbert Spencer, accompanied by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley says, "We only touched from time to time on serious things, and then Mr. Spencer would draw off in haste, as fearing cerebral agitation. He went on to say that when you grow old gardens and trees make but depressing company; what you need are the winds, the changing light and cloud, the wild tossing of the waters, the forces of nature in their loving commotion." This certainly does not appear to be an adequate consolation when the earthly life of prince or peasant is nearing its close. Nature in all her varying aspects then affords little or no answer to the great questions which will not down. But Mr. Spencer has something more to say about the problems of human existence, and on page 113, Vol. I, he says, "After contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive. But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that, with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived." Mr. Morley remarks in this connection (p. 113): "This moving hint of difficulties in discarding the accepted tradition in that solemn enigma was due to the impression made upon him by certain new speculations upon space. 'The mysteries of the objects presented to our senses,' he says,



'may be explained by Creation or by Evolution, but theist and agnostic must agree in recognizing the properties of space as inherent, eternal, uncreated—as anteceding either creation or evolution. It is impossible to imagine how the marvelous space-relations discovered by the geometry of position came into existence. The consciousness that, without origin or cause, infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist produces in one a feeling from which I shrink.'” Again Mr. Morley remarks: “Natural, pathetic, and in its implications sublime even as this was, it seemed like a weakening of agnostic orthodoxy. It made some of the narrower or the firmer among us to quake. I wrote to tell him that the gospel of the Unknowable seemed to be in peril of heresy like so many other gospels.”

On the page following: “I am reminded by this of a passage in correspondence with a certain philosophic confederate, though Spencer would have fought hard against being called anybody's confederate in terms without rigorous qualification. It was in 1883 that Huxley wrote to me: “It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way.’” If Christianity has its demands and difficulties, from the above confessions it is undeniably true that agnosticism and other forms of unbelief have their difficulties and demands in superabundance. Witness, as a proof of this, the grave of “George Eliot” surrounded by Tyndall, Huxley, Lewes, and a large company of agnostics listening to a practical Christian address by a clergyman of their own choosing!

Mr. Morley adds another remark which is quite significant: “A day or two before the last volume of Spencer's work was published a friend who had read much philosophy warned me that the system expounded by Spencer was already dead, or on the eve of death. How this turned out I am not able to decide, but then in a single lifetime some half dozen philosophers in their turn, after meteoric flight through the heavens, had fallen to the ground.” The closing paragraphs contain an interrogation which

is specially suggestive and capable of a most definite and conclusive reply. Lord Morley, p. 366; Vol. II, says: "A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges: Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches?" His answer is, "Circumspice." When we total up the purest and best things in the English-speaking world, the progress, ideals, institutions, and present-day forces, it would not be a difficult task to show that the gospel of the churches has in every instance been the main-spring of all that is best and noblest and most enduring in modern life and civilization.

The only criticism we make in connection with this profoundly interesting autobiography is, that we think the writer has not sufficiently recognized the vast influence for good in every department of British conduct, life, and nation-building forces which the Christian churches have contributed through a long series of years. Green's History of the English People does not fail in this particular. The last words are truly pathetic. Thinking over the great questions he has been discussing, and absorbed with queries of pith and moment that autumn evening as he paced the cliffs above Minehead—for company, a little dog, looking up into his face now and then and at last starting on a quest of its own, eager to resume an endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the "chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the failing daylight."

*William Harrison.*

## "INASMUCH—"

SIMEON STREEK believed in the immediate efficacy of the preached word. This and a settled conviction as to the imminence of the Lord's return were the alpha and omega of his faith. In a literal sense his system required instantaneous conversions. His blood was slow. It needed the stimuli of strong sensations. Otherwise he hardly would have been found there, on the steps of the street chapel, every bright afternoon, preaching to the crowd of Chinese who swarmed at the busy corner. It was a heedless crowd, hard of heart as the granite slabs which it trod upon until they were worn to a glaze. He persevered with uncouth utterance, repeating again and again the words of his new vocabulary, in desperate effort to ease himself of his one idea, "the woe is me if I preach not" of the true disciple. He grasped hopefully at every sign of attention, but with little luck. The crowd dwindled away after the first yawn of weariness. Then the red sedan of a new bride filled the street in front of him, crowding the remnant out of range of the challenging voice, and the missionary to the Chinese stopped midway of his peroration in sheer chagrin.

After the passing of the scarlet pageant he tried again, taking occasion from the color of the interruption to refer to the "scarlet and purple" of the woman and the beast in the Apocalypse, and the doom impending above the unconscious world. All of a sudden he became aware of an ominous quiet and the street folk shrinking into alleys and doorways. There was the barking of dogs and heavy cursing on the lips of their owners as fear—not of God—throttled the pulsing life of the street. A clattering procession, bearing red and yellow canopies and a band of screaming pipers, ushered a purple sedan, out of which a pair of eyes glittering like beads of jet gazed inscrutably. Those eyes were set in a smooth yellow waxen face as seamless as a child's. In their light was the blackness of death. A string of soldiers in dark blue turbans followed close behind. In their midst was a slender-looking man, dressed in the silken gown of the scholar, who was led, or rather

dragged, by a rope which encircled his neck. A name was murmured by someone, the name of a daring reformer and journalist whose writings had stirred the more enlightened among the gentry. The name had been noted in high places. He had been arrested by imperial warrant in his own home a half hour before, and was going to his doom. Those were the days of the dragon empress, when power was a reality in Peking, and the couriers of death went forth from the four gates of the capital and stayed not until they had carried their dread tidings to the ends of the Middle Kingdom, or on, as the case might be, into the heart of Asia. In every provincial capital a Tartar chief, loyal to nothing but the sign of the yellow girdle, bore the sword of the imperial despot, and he bore it not in vain. The prisoner who was being dragged by the rope had dreamed of better things for his people—better things than opium and extortion, torture and poverty, for 400,000,000 of his kindred—and with this result. That night, at the hour of twelve, the young writer was whipped to death in the vice-regal yamun; and, all things considered, the grace of mercy had not been withheld in the mortal extremity. There were other ways of divorcing the soul and body in China, and those also had the sanction of legality.

After the arrest, some of the soldiers had looted a wine-shop and they were now swaggering in the flush of spirits. They were tall fellows, Honan braves, a big-boned breed, who feared nothing but the invisible Tartar from whom they had their rice and wages. A lank countryman with two heavily laden baskets of persimmons came grunting along the street. Some drunken curiosity was stirred, or the tail of an eye caught the gleam of the golden fruitage from the slits of the baskets. In a moment greedy hands were pawing among the ripe honey-balls and the yellow apples of the south were rolling in the baggy pockets of the soldiery—all but a few dozen in the bottom of the baskets, which he desperately sought to salvage by flight. A sudden hand was at his cue, and in an instant a twist and jerk, done with all the deftness of experience, brought him full length to the ground. His face met the angle of a projecting stone, which entered the cheek nearly an inch. He lay half-stunned while the passing soldiers trod the

prostrate figure or thumped it with their gun-butts, luckily forgetting their bayonets in the sheer sport of the thing. It was not every day that they had the chance of kicking over one of these country swine. As the last soldier disappeared the crowd came back. They stared at the stricken figure and blood-stained face—some in stupid silence, some with laughter—but no one concerned himself about the man's injuries. He belonged to a certain clan and family, like every other human entity in China, and, none of his kin being there, it was no one's business whether he died or lived. A yellow-robed figure with blue shaven head stopped to stare. It was a Buddhist monk, from the great white monastery on the mountain-side across the plain, which a good eye could pick out from the veiling purple on a clear day when the sunlight washed the distant slopes, pouring down in golden floods from the hazy tip of Mount Kushan. He was returning from a burial service with a present of silver hid in the folds of his priestly garments. His features were pale to ashiness as he stood staring at the man on the pavement. Blood was caking on the black cue, and thickening in clots on the red gash of the cheek. A little girl clad in green trousers balanced a moment on the tiny red points of shoes which shod her bound feet and ran screaming from the sight. The purchase of brown tea-oil which she carried in a saucer in one hand was spilled on the man's chin, while a glaucous mass of oysters which she held on a leaf in the other struck the pavement in a lump. The monk continued to stare, a pale flush tinting his thin face. Then a look of bewildered wonderment overspread his stony calm. He saw Simeon, whose eyes had turned earthward while the scuffle was on, leap from the chapel steps, stoop down, and lift the head of the beaten man to his knee. He saw him draw out a large white handkerchief, bind it tightly about the wounded face, gather the trampled figure into his long arms and carry it into the chapel. Then the priest went by on the other side, like the one on the Jericho road, but with a turned head which kept the chapel door within eyeshot until the street curved off.

Simeon's street preaching stopped for a fortnight, while he went every afternoon to the mission hospital to comfort and exhort



the sufferer, whom he somehow considered as a brand plucked from the burning and very precious in the sight of his Redeemer. But his high hopes went waning almost as soon as they were born. The strong young heathen, while full of gratitude, remained resolutely untouched by his benefactor's gospel. He read aloud large extracts from the Holy Book while the other listened quietly in his cot. Sometimes he reasoned with the wounded man of "sin, of righteousness, and judgment to come," reverting more and more to the last item of this triune gospel which was linked so closely to the dearest of all his beliefs. The solemn warnings of the Lord's last days were often on his lips, and he tried patiently to engrave them on the simple heart of his protégé, who, unlearned in the Chinese character, must be taught word by word to read, and then by heavy labor to repeat the words from memory. They went over nearly the whole of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew before the week of convalescence had passed by. By the end of that time he had forgotten all but one verse, the fortieth, beginning "Inasmuch." He had received good from a suspected foreigner, and he was glad because the religion of the alien promised recognition and reward to his benefactor. When he left the hospital he carried a vivid red scar on his right cheek which Simeon thought very striking: there were two cuts that intersected like a cross. A present of white dough cakes signifying a heart full of good will, and lettered with red characters testifying to the same, found their way to the missionary's table, but he saw their donor no more. He had given him a Chinese Testament, with certain passages underscored, before he left the hospital, and to this last act was anchored any hope he may have cherished for the final opening of the unreceptive heart.

After this incident there were fewer sermons from the chapel steps. The young missionary was growing into the harness that many predecessors and inevitable conditions had prepared for him before he had ever dreamed of old Cathay. The lure of the character, which is the real lore of the sons of Ham, laid hold of him and made him a slave. Rarely is its gray and subtle enchantment felt by the keen new blood of the West, but when it is the capture is complete. There are shy, silent white men,

like the ghosts of the sages, who live in an atmosphere as dry as a temple shrine and wear out their hearts in thrashing the husks of a buried wisdom. But Simeon continued to preach from his two early inspirations, though oftener to his own colleagues than to the Chinese flock who tarried at the threshold of the deeper mysteries of the faith. Then he was shunted into school work, and early in his second term he was made dean of the Bible Training Institute, a position which he held steadily during the years of transition while a new world of thought and practice was born around him. He added nothing to his two basic ideas in the sphere of religious thought and nothing to the psychology of teaching. Indeed, that blessed word "psychology" found his consciousness an impervious medium. All the days of his life that strange science with all its works remained as blank a mystery to him as "Mesopotamia" might have been to his unlettered grandfather back in the Ozarks. He lived through the last quarter of the nineteenth century and knew nothing of William James. Yet he held his place. Old Simeon, with his antiquated D.D., in the high chair of a theological seminary—the grotesque unfitness of the thing had been pointed out more than once and not only by younger men than himself. But he held on, in spite of criticism, with his queer old notions and incorruptible rectitude, adding depth to depth to his fund of Chinese lore, while the world changed and China with it. The years wore him down while he grew gray of head and heart. The golden hope of his youth burned dimly, and he seldom broached it to the unsympathetic ears of the younger generation: that splendid and tremulous expectation of the early church, the very heart of its glorious life that was a scandal to the new religionists of social righteousness. He held his peace, but his heart was desolate. His work as a schoolman kept him aloof from the vital current of evangelism, which was creating a new church and a new China just beyond the gates of his old seminary. As the living hope grew fainter his creed had hardened. It was a frozen faith he now held, without the inspiration or dreams of the morning time. He thought more severely of the conduct of men and had fallen into the bad habit of questioning motives. He was becoming a pessimist in

fact, if not in theory. That bitter spirit found a natural habitat in his severe puritanic nature. His sharpening features might have served for a mask of Dante. The compressed lips drawn over the projecting line of teeth, the narrow bone of nose bent severely down from the ridge at the middle, these were the symbols of a spirit censorious of man and all his ways. The gray eyes, which were once softened with warmth, were glassy and shallow, patient rather than kind. There is a flat green bead of jade, without shadow or depth, from which the fretting cormorant regards his watery world with a glancing keenness. That eye is set for prey and its light is cold. Simeon was beginning to see humanity as an abstraction, and his fishing for men had turned from a fierce instinct to a cold habit.

It was twenty years since the episode in front of the street chapel. The September heavens sparkled with blue light and the crisp air touched the blood. Air and sun and sky thrilled like a prism and the red brown edges of the hills seemed to flush and vibrate under the gales of silver sunlight. The Rev. Simeon Streek was striding before his sedan, a black rod of a man, with a heavy purple scarf at his neck and a great red hood of Chinese pattern framing his yellowish countenance. These outings were a rare thing and he enjoyed them in a chill and ghostly way. He was going on a special mission to the outstation of Ling Yang, and as the river was too dry for launch travel he was climbing the overland trail. He had two burden bearers, one to carry his bread and blankets and the other a heavy weight of silver, the quarterly stipend of two score preachers and teachers who were awaiting him at the half-ruined town beyond the bald plateau. He should reach a little white-walled chapel in the plain about six o'clock and he was now eying the horizon for the fringe of cypress trees which he knew led up to the village. There the night could be spent in safety and comfort. But at half past five he began to climb a barren ridge with the white sunset flashing down upon his face like the points of a thousand spears. Then for another half hour he moved along a grassy level at the end of which a ragged cone of rock and timber rose steep and black above a hidden gorge. The road dropped into this green ravine,

where the dusk seemed to grow into a solid core of gloom. The gorge wound round the base of the cone, whose sides were shaggy with pine and thickly streaked with naked trunks that gleamed spectrally in the twilight. Mighty cryptomarias sprang from the roots of the mountain and heaved their dark plumes against the rocky slopes above them. It was one of the hoary places of eld which survive among the denuded ranges and hide in their black seams the growths of other ages. Simeon Streek descended into the bowels of the earth, grimly conscious of sympathy with his surroundings. Three hundred feet down the road crossed the torrent on a stone arch at the opposite side of which were a group of huts huddled against the mountainside. There were signs of human neighborhood in the shape of some great planks of sawed wood which workmen had been shaping to build into coffins.

One of his loadmen went to explore an entrance into one of the houses. He waited some minutes in the cold: it seemed to pierce his heart. With a sigh of relief he saw the man return, shoulder the load, and make straight for the door. He followed him into a dark interior lit by a few red streaks which flashed now and then from the hearth of an oven at one end of the room. Something stooped there blowing up the flames while the stranger waited within the threshold. The fire brightened a little, then a man rose and greeted the guest—a western stranger who had missed the way. Ah, there were many rogues on the highway who were happy in deceiving strangers. Yes; they were bold rascals who made the road *lie*. Might one stay the night under his wretched roof? Ah, if it were only fit for the guest he should have the whole house. In a few moments a bucket of steaming rice was placed on the board table, a bit of salted fish with a relish of pickled bean-mash was added, and a bowl of soup flavored with dried mushrooms completed the menu. The stranger was invited to sit and eat. There was neither woman nor child visible. The host seemed quite alone. Simeon had time to note his surroundings more minutely. A bright new coffin stood by the wall, intended, no doubt, for the use of the host when the time came. A few sticks of incense stuck in a pewter bowl burned before a sleepy-faced idol which sat upon a shelf above the table. The

dry fumes floated visibly, making a pleasant pungent smell. There were chickens and ducks about a pig which lay snoring near the oven. A tea-oil dip spread a smoky light. Simeon talked with his host in familiar fashion. He was well furnished with the colloquial dialect, the native Doric of the people, which has power in the mouth of the outlander to open the doors of speech and to unseal the gates which bar him from the native born. He found he was talking to a celibate of the male order; that anomaly of Chinese life—a man unmarried. His parents had been too poor to purchase him a mate in the regular way and too witless to provide him one by adoption; that is, by taking a little cast-off girl into the family to be reared as a future bride for one of the sons. He was a bachelor, turned sixty, and no sons to perform the rites at his grave when he should have gone on into the land of spirits. It was a bitter and dolorous prospect.

Pity stirred in the heart of the white man, a pang of suffering kinship which rose up articulately in the consciousness of his own lonely life. He felt a movement of friendliness toward the old man, and would have done something to help him if he could. He had to resort to a few stale phrases, a shop-worn stock grown shabby with the years. They were mostly platitudes of universal currency about contentment, and godliness, and the great gain resultant; and—truth even more painfully patent—about the nakedness of the exit and entry of the mundane state. He was preaching a gospel which had grown old in China thousands of years before he was born. His words returned to him like sounding brass. Too long his mind had ceased to be a workshop; too long it had been a lumber-room where odds and ends of old furniture were heaped together, worm-eaten, unjointed, and useless. Simeon felt that an opportunity had been given and he was in danger of losing it. He was groping for a lead. He spoke of the futile waste of idol worship, of the boundless folly of superstitions which enslaved the living to the dead, all the while with an awareness of another thing—that a gulf was opening between them where there had been a bridge of sympathy before. Then his host arose and prepared a bed, some clean thin boards over which were laid a few bundles of rice-straw. Fumes of oil, in-



cense, and charcoal had thickened the air. The desire for a clear cold breath came over the missionary. He stepped out into the stone court and stood with bared head under the stars. It was a spontaneous act of worship, an elemental impulse of a pure and simple nature. He was gazing up through a green mysterious well. From a depth of shimmering gloom he gazed into a crystal deep where the heart of heaven throbbed with golden fires.

From the level above the gorge the effect was very different. There it was a dry clear world of unveiled spaces and naked lights, high and gray and desolate. But a glamor was upon the gorge. It was of the faintest visibility, and this anointing medium was a stimulant to the man's uplifted soul. At full meridian above him, in a nest of down and sparks, shone a large rose-colored star. It was a royal Aldebaran and the sweet Hyades in the mid-glory of their long procession across the heavens. A chain of memories flashed across his mind, lighting far back into the chambers of a child's enchanted life. The star of Bethlehem was shining mystically on a young boy's eyes. Then he was kneeling at an altar with other penitents in strong crying and tears; the heavens were opened upon him and the visions of the infinite mercy shone from the bosom of the Father. Again he was kneeling, and the hands of the elders crossed and clasped upon his head, consecrating and empowering, and the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of the Christ was all his eyes might hold. He stood there long, gazing from depth to depth of throbbing revelation, till beauty turned to grace, and grace was changed to glory, pouring from the mystic fountains of love far down in the heart of the Infinite. It was the sense of God flooding his soul with the ancient heartbreak. As the vision passed his lips were softly framing words as if for his own sake: "This is the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The light was in his heart as he reentered the doorway. The old man was squatted before the oven drawing on his long bamboo pipe and nodding drowsily between the whiffs.

Simeon found his large-lettered Bible and began to read. First he read the prelude to the Fourth Gospel, then the wondrous chapter to the end, and on to the mighty consummation in the

third: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son—" Here he rested on the heights. The puffing of the pipe had ceased. He repeated the verse with a pungency of accent as if he himself were tasting for the first time a rich and strange experience. He read on in the marvelous Gospel. He was in the fourth chapter at the breaking up of the deeps. The revelation seemed to be within himself, as if a hidden spring had been opened from whence a fresh fountain of wondrous sweetness was breaking out. The dip burned close to Simeon's face, throwing the outline of his features into strong articulation. His host had come near, arrested by the moving tones of his voice, and was searching with wild earnestness the reader's face, as if startled by sudden memories. He stood close enough to see the print, but he was gazing on the living page, interpreting by that fleshly tablet the words he was hearing: God, life, Father, love. Simeon was soaring on the wings of a new hope. Faith was at work. He was standing at the verge of the longed-for triumph, the instant conversion of an outcast and a sinner. "The bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world." The golden bread was feeding the flame of love which filled his shaken soul. He could feel the counter-throb in the withered creature beside him. "The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

His host was asking a question of the burden-bearer. There was a whisper of assent.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He felt a strange assurance about the matter. The pure word which he was intoning seemed itself to ring with deep expectancy, and he dared utter no word of his own at this juncture. "Every man who beholdeth the Son and believeth on him shall have eternal life."

"It is he," whispered the old man. "Master"—he cried; but the reading went on. He turned again to the burden-bearer. "It is very long since I knew him, but it is the same—the very one," he whispered excitedly. "He read that book and those words."

Simeon read again, "God so loved—" He suddenly faced his excited host. "Do you believe," he said, "that he died for

you? For 'as many as received him, to them—' Have you received him?" demanded Simeon.

"Master, I believe," said the old man. "I have *seen* the love of the Father. I understand."

"Do you believe that he saves you *now*?"

"I believe; yes, yes. It was you who picked me up," Simeon gave him a puzzled look, "on the street at Ching-tau."

What did he mean? Was he driveling? The strong preacher clove to his point. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," he was saying.

"The soldiers, the runners, they had pulled me down and were trampling me under foot," went on the other, jerking at his cue to describe the process. "You were the friend who saved me bleeding there in the street." Then in a gush of gratitude he fell on his knees before the bewildered Simeon, who, under the compulsion of the master-bias of a lifetime, grappled with himself and seized the opportunity.

"Let us pray," he said, laying a broad hand upon the other's shoulders as he knelt beside him on the ground. In awed acquiescence the simple soul listened as the other lifted it up to the Lord God in a sonorous pean of praise and thanksgiving for the love which had found and saved him that night. What vision of things above the minds of men in the bosom of the Father that prayer brought to the awakened soul may not be written, but it was enough to silence the words with which he would have led the missionary through the "dark backward" of the stretch of time to the bright spot where his old heart clung as to the one revealing of the Divine Love which he could understand. There he had seen and loved God in one of his creatures. The preacher stood up masterfully, triumphantly. "Do you know that Jesus saves you now?" he repeated, under the full sway of the ruling passion.

"Yes! yes! master; I know Jesus and God, and—you—all—but you first."

Simeon felt no call to analyze the problem presented by his convert's peculiar hallucination concerning himself and the divine relations. The religious psychology, which was pouring in as

a flood, he regarded as a peculiarly subtle form of blasphemy, and the devil's own form of devitalizing experience. "I always believed it," he said, as he unrobed his gaunt figure for bed. "The work of grace is an instant work. It is the Lord's work and marvelous in our eyes." There was joy in his soul as he lay down to sleep, and all night long, through dream and slumber, it was singing the same deep song. He woke early and ate his breakfast in the spell of a strange benediction. Outside was a radiance of wintry whiteness. The ferns of the roof were shining with the frosts of heaven. They seemed like feathers fallen from angels' wings and a happiness like their winged peace filled his heart. He prayed again with the new-born comrade, lingering as if to breathe the Holy Ghost. As he passed from the court the old man looked hard at the preacher for a moment, and then ran up to him, turning his face up sideways and pointing to a scar which showed livid beneath the skin.

"Don't you remember? Don't you recognize it?" he cried.

For a second the gates of memory balanced as if to open on the past. They closed again, but the old man persisted. He held up a tattered blue book and made Simeon understand there was something marked to be read. "Inasmuch—" he began to read for the old man. When he had finished, the other raised his voice to a shout: "You did it to me."

"Who? I? For *you*? Ah, yes; last night. You were in prison—to sin. You thirsted—for the water of life. You hungered—for the bread of righteousness."

He was half way up the gorge before he thought the puzzle through. "The colporteurs did good work in just such places as this," he was saying to himself. "They should never have been dropped. It was a mistake—that."

"A peculiar scar," he went on musing. "But he must have gotten it long ago."

*W. S. Bissonnette*

## TENNYSON'S CRITICISM OF LIFE

IN recent years there has been a noticeable return to the earlier conviction that Tennyson is a great thinker as well as a great poetic artist. There was really no reason for ever giving up the idea, except that the beauty and splendor of his poetic work disguised the essential strength and soundness of his thought. While it has long been known that great art conceals art, it has not been so well known that great art also conceals thought. But beauty is truth, and truth is beauty, to Tennyson as well as to Keats, and great poetic thought is essential to true poetic beauty. In the Dedication to "The Palace of Art" Tennyson set forth his conviction

"That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters  
That dote upon each other, friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never can be sunder'd without tears."

His earliest work, however, is critical rather than constructive, and served to clear the way, perhaps unconsciously, for his highest endeavors. In several of these earlier poems he has given us searching criticisms of the æsthetic aloofness from life that seemed in danger of becoming an accepted ideal of the romantic poetry and art of his youth. He realized the necessity of full participation in the social and other activities of life, and in the imperative need of close contact with reality. An idealist of the most convinced type, he yet believed that the ideal cannot be divorced from the real except at its own infinite peril. Beauty cannot be sundered from Truth and Goodness; all three must be kept together under one roof. It may seem strange for Tennyson to advocate this, as he does in so many poems. The poet himself seemed to live aloof from his fellow-men. He engaged in no business or profession and declined to take any active part in politics. Even after he was knighted he continued his isolation, and voted only once in the House of Lords—but that was for the Franchise bill. But though he lived a strictly private life he was



not therefore a hermit. Though he abstained from direct participation in public affairs, he maintained throughout his life the closest intellectual contact with his age. No poet of his day, and no earlier poet except Milton, was more in touch with the great movements of his times. His country homes were not out of intellectual contact with the great centers of thought and life. He was preeminently the poet of the two great movements of his day—the scientific and the social political movements that so profoundly stirred the Victorian era. He was an evolutionist before Darwin and a social reformer before Gladstone. With all his love of personal and family privacy no mind was more absorbed than his with public matters. It is this great interest in public affairs that enabled him to become the most national and the most representative of all English poets, and, as T. B. Aldrich says, "England's voice with one acclaim for threescore years."

In "The Lady of Shalott" Tennyson ventures beautifully upon his first criticism of the isolated life. Here he pictures the attempt of the lady to live alone in her island castle, absorbed in the weaving of her magic web of beauty and art and indifferent to all the realities of the great world lying just outside her window. She sees only so much of this real world as is reflected in her mirror, and the shadow is all she desires to see. She has not, however, succeeded in eradicating all interest in real life, and her seclusion had not rendered her incapable of love. When the shadow of the "two young lovers lately wed" flashed into her mirror she realized her isolation, and

"'I am half sick of shadows,' said  
The Lady of Shalott,"

and when the brave knight, Sir Launcelot, came by his reflection flashed into her soul and she at once left her web and her isolation for the larger and nobler life of love. The poet himself told Canon Ainger that "the new-born love for something, for someone, in the wide world from which she had been so long secluded takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities." At this the magic web of her secluded life was shattered, but she had been unfitted for the new. The old life was abandoned, but she

had by her long seclusion made a return to real life perilous. She had left the old, but could not take up with the new life. She had forsaken love, and now love abandons her. Love is not now for her, and she pursues it only to her undoing. When her dead body floats into Camelot her beauty is admired, but her knight has only pity for her, no love. He only prays, "God in his mercy lend her grace." It seems to be part of the poet's conception that this sort of sequestered life is fatal to our highest good. The magic web of art is not enough to satisfy the soul. The Lady of Shalott has sacrificed love and life to her art. She has separated herself from her fellows only to find out too late that she cannot do without them. Her ideal is shattered and her life destroyed. It is needless to say, however, that when the poet again took up this story, in "Launcelot and Elaine," he gave it a different significance, transferring the cause of the tragedy from the lady herself to the faithless knight.

The poet goes much further, however, in developing his idea in "The Palace of Art." Here he pictures the attempt of a beauty-loving soul to live apart from her fellows, away from all that is common and ugly, in the enjoyment of seclusion and beauty. This soul builds for herself "a lordly pleasure-house" on "a huge crag-platform," far removed from "the darkening droves of swine," as she calls the common people. Here in "god-like isolation" she plans to "make merry and carouse, "where," as she says, "in bliss I shall abide." With some detail the poet describes the situation and the structure of this "high palace" where the beauty-loving soul endeavors to reign "apart, a quiet king." Four great courts are built, with every accession of art and beauty. The cloisters, the lawns, the fountains, all are carefully built. Then the numerous corridors are described in detail, and are suited "for every mood of mind, or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern." The rooms are decorated with tapestries, depicting every kind of legend, from Christian to Indian and Greek. Portraits of the great, the poets Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer, hang on the walls, while frescoes adorn the ceilings, and mosaics cover the floors. These latter give the "cycles of the human tale," and reveal a scorn of the people, and a cynicism of their upward

strivings. These, with many other decorations, complete the furnishings of this wonderful Palace of Art. Then the soul thinks she has succeeded in separating herself from the fortunes of men, whether in peace or war, and flatters herself,

"I sit apart, holding no forms of creeds,  
But contemplating all."

But her self-satisfaction is short-lived. She could not escape her humanity and her connection with human affairs:

"Full oft the riddle of the painful earth  
Flash'd through her as she sat alone."

For a brief three years she prospered; but

"on the fourth she fell,  
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,  
Struck through with pangs of hell."

In order that she might not perish utterly God "plagued her with sore despair." She had neglected her moral nature, and now it had awakened to torment her. She began to realize that she had made a mistake. Her very solitude was in itself a torture, and she began to scorn herself. For a time her mind was in utter confusion, and her soul in dull stagnation. Her isolation was seen to be a curse, and not a blessing, and her serpent pride curled back upon her and tortured her. Then follows an account of her moral regeneration, of her remorse and her purging, that is scarcely surpassed in any poem and would do credit to Marlowe or Shakespeare. In her self-loathing and shame she feels that she is

"exiled from eternal God,  
Lost to her place and name."

Death and life she hated equally, and was in despair, and could find nowhere any comfort. At last she fully realizes the situation, and recognizing the true character of her life, she cries out:

"What is it that will take away my sin,  
And save me lest I die?"

The attempt to live a life of god-like isolation has failed, and because it misconceived the nature of the divine life. Art

has not ennobled life, but has been a means of sin. The soul has not become better by its separation from the common herd, but worse. Four years of such a life has sufficed to prove its error and evil. Now she throws her royal robes away and will leave her palace of art to live in a cottage, among the people, where she can share their sorrows and their joys. She will use her palace again only when she can return with others there, as she says, "When I have purged my guilt."

In "The Vision of Sin," published ten years later, Tennyson develops the idea that the life of isolation and pleasure is apt to become both sinful and gross. In "The Lady of Shalott" and in "The Palace of Art" there was no suggestion of grossness or bestiality, but only of selfish indulgence in beauty and in art. Ten years more of life, however, seems to have convinced the poet that such selfishness could not retain its refinement, but must inevitably lead to self-indulgence of the grossest sort and to a cynicism that would laugh at truth and virtue. It is not possible, he now believes, to keep sin refined and respectable. Its natural affiliation is with grossness and brutality. "The Vision of Sin," therefore, depicts the rapid downward course of a youth who rides up to and enters the palace gate of pleasure. He is received by "a child of sin" who leads him to fountains of pleasure and to an indulgence that soon ruins his soul. Even the music of the place is low and voluptuous, and the company of pleasure-seekers soon dance themselves into sin. Their pleasures become ever coarser, until they are weighed down by sin, and the winged horse of the youth's soul becomes nothing but an old jade, and he "A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death."

In spite of the warnings of God he goes on, and presently alighting at a ruined inn he sings to the barmaid the song of "The Feast of Death." He calls for wine and more wine, and as he drinks he becomes more cynical. He mocks and jeers at virtue and liberty, and laughs at what he calls the "hollow hearts and empty heads" of men. With each drink and each foul jest he mocks the more, and laughs and sneers at life and death until madness fully seizes him. In the concluding lines of the poem Tennyson gives us three of the most incisive criticisms of the

pleasure ideal to be found in either poet or philosopher. He says that pleasure is "a crime of sense avenged by sense." In a prose note on the poem he says: "The sensualist becomes worn out by his senses." In other words, pleasure defeats itself and cannot, as such, be a true and permanent ideal. Then the poem adds that "The crime of sense became the crime of malice." Pleasure transforms itself into bitterness, and ends by destroying all love for mankind. And the loss of love is the loss of pleasure itself. Finally he says that "A little grain of conscience made him sour." This seems to mean that, as conscience cannot be either satisfied or eradicated by pleasure, it remains only to plague and torture the victim. The poet is not sure whether there is any redemption for such a person, and contents himself to leave him in the hands of God. No poet has ever given a more artistic or a more valid criticism of the ideal of pleasure. From early life Tennyson was impressed with the inability of art to furnish all the elements of life. As late as 1890 he quoted with approval a remark made by Trench when they were boys together at Cambridge: "Tennyson, we cannot live by art." In the Dedication to "The Palace of Art," by calling the beauty-loving soul "a glorious devil" he showed the depth of his conviction that an attempt to live by art alone is not only foolish but sinful. A selfish indulgence even in so excellent a thing as art and beauty is sinful, devilish. This conception of the sinfulness of indulgence in pleasure is made more emphatic in "The Vision of Sin." He once said that this poem "describes the soul of a youth who has given himself up to pleasure and Epicureanism." The poem, in fact, is the poet's complete and sound criticism of the pleasure ethics that dominated English thought in his youth.

*A. W. Bradford.*



## THE BLOND BRUTE

It is a singular fact that the phrase of a mental degenerate formulates the practical philosophy of many sane men. That expression is "The Blond Brute" or "Master Man" of Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche, neither pure German nor Saxon, was born at Ruckten near Lutzen in Saxony and at the age of fifty-six died a raving maniac. Oswald Crawford (Nineteenth Century, October, 1900) thus analyzes Nietzsche's code of ethics, and it will be seen at a glance that his doctrine of the "Master Man" is not only anti-Christian and non-moral but also frankly brutal. Crawford says, "Nietzsche divides the conventionally moral evolution of mankind into three periods: the primitive pre-moral period, when primitive man killed his enemy by stratagem, cheated his friend, ran away from his enemy, tortured his captive, stole his neighbor's wife and goods and lied all around; the man so behaving was reckoned, and thought himself, a good and pious person." The second period is what Nietzsche calls "slave morality," in which the victims of this Blond Beast turn against him and by their efforts at self-protection organize a system of morality which condemns these qualities and conduct of the "master man." This slave morality made vices of the "master man's" virtues. We are now facing the third period, which is certainly a reversion rather than an advance. Crawford continues, "We have now at last arrived," says Nietzsche, "at the brink of a period when wickedness shall again prevail, as it did in the good old heroic times when the strong man scalped and stole and lied and cheated and abducted. The day has now come for the strong man, who can rule himself, to do just what he likes; goodness and wickedness are as one to him and to him nothing is forbidden." This primal man seems to be Nietzsche's ideal being (quoting his own words): "A beast of prey, a magnificent blond brute, ranging about and lusting for booty and victory." He assures us that, "At the root of all noble races lies the beast of prey. . . . This foundation needs from time to time to disburden itself; the animal must out, must hie him back to the desert."

It might be supposed that a conception of life so frankly brutal would be regarded as an insane raving of this crazy philosopher, but in various forms the same idea appears in other literatures, both old and new. Probably its earliest expression is found in the pagan philosophers and Greek writers. In its ancient form it has been ably considered and refuted by Hugh Black in his recent work, "Culture and Restraint." It reappears in the pagan redi-vivus of Goethe, the German Homer. His conception of culture, while more refined, is essentially the unlimited egoism of the "Blond Beast." With all his genius Goethe's soul never escaped from Auerbach's cellar with its wassail song,

"Happy as cannibals are we,  
Or as five hundred swine."

Nothing dares to interfere with Goethe's conception of his welfare. Friendship, honor, purity, love, all—everything—must give way before Goethe's progress in what he conceived to be his self-realization. It was not self-realization but the realization of sublimated selfishness. A later apostle of the Blond Beast philosophy is Ibsen. The doctrine takes form in the phrase motto of "All or nothing" in Brand. In the Doll's House Nora leaves her husband and children because of "other duties equally sacred, duties toward herself." It turns out that this "sacred duty" was to marry another. Ehrhard sums up Ibsen's doctrine as "The revolt of the individual against society. In other words, Ibsen is the apostle of Moral Autonomy." To this Max Nordau replies: "Ehrhard dares to use the expression 'moral autonomy.' In the name of this fine principle Ibsen's critical heralds persuade the youth who gather round him that they have the right 'to live out their lives,' and they smile approvingly when their auditors understand by this term the right to yield to their baser instincts and free themselves from all discipline." Indeed, like a poisoned stream, this evil view has tainted much of modern literature and is still spreading its virus in popular thought and conduct. We hear a great deal of "living out your life," "the assertion of personality," "moral independence," "the right of self-disposal," "the right of self-realization," "cosmic thrills" and "elemental passions." These are

all specious forms of Nietzsche's brutal doctrine. The worst of all is that the Blond Beast is appearing in conduct as well as thought. The philosopher has large responsibility, for, ultimately, the leader of thought becomes the leader of action. Sentences kill as well as bullets. A phrase of Luther shook Europe. A writer in the London Times declares, "An unconscious discipleship to Friedrich Nietzsche is common in business, social and military circles in America, where deeds of a type once denounced as criminal are now applauded as clever, and where Christianity, the golden rule of ethics, is for slaves." It is believed that this arraignment is from the pen of a prominent American, which fact adds nothing to our comfort.

It is the persuasion of many that the Blond Beast philosophy has invaded our educational ideals, as shown by the abnormal and irrational dominance of athletics. Whatever may be said legitimately in favor of a sound body is heartily admitted, but a University in which the football game is *the* event of the scholastic year is Nietzscheized. Muscle is better than mind. Beef is greater than brains. It is all a horrible reversion to the primal touchdown and horned struggle of the bellowing herd. Behold these "human plows," these modern bulls of the University of Bashan, the proud product of the brainy professor's art, and remember Nietzsche's "magnificent blond brute."

There are many results of this philosophy. The dainty dirt in polite literature, the impurity of the stage, the reeking realism of fiction, the cruelty of greed, the rottenness of politics, the worship of millionaires, the social *entrée* of moral degenerates, the cult of Bernard Shaw, all attest the presence and practice of these principles of anarchistic egoism. Mr. Thomas Hardy attributes to Nietzsche a large responsibility for modern militarism. He says that, if the destruction at Rheims was premeditated, "it will strongly suggest that a disastrous blight upon the glory and nobility of that great nation has been wrought by the writings of Nietzsche with his followers, Treitschke, Bernhardi, etc." It is apparent that the transition from "The Super-man to the Super Nation" is logical and easy. This logical sequence is seen in the frank brutalism of Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," published before the

present world war and a striking forecast of what has already happened. Nietzsche's doctrine shows up in Treitschke's famous and fiendish phrase, "God will see to it that war always occurs as a drastic medicine for the human race." An American critic, Paul Elmer Moore, says, "The force of Nietzscheism may be summed up thus: A violent repudiation of any faith or tradition which recognizes a power of right and justice lying beyond our impulsive nature and pronouncing a veto on the willful expansion of that nature; an identification of self-restraint with degeneracy and of self-assertion with health, resulting in a deadening of the response to the value of harmony and proportion and voluntary moderation; a search for happiness in the conquest of others rather than in self conquest, and a hatred of all sympathy for the weak which would involve even a partial surrender of the privilege of strength; a sharp distinction between the superior individual and the servile horde; a substitution of the 'will to power' for the Darwinian 'will to live,' with the consequent intensification of the unconscious and instinctive struggle for existence into a battle for conscious mastery; a sharpening of the competition of life with its self-observed rules of fair play, or its traditionally imposed limitations, into a glorification of war as the supreme test of strength, obtaining its justification in success." This arraignment of the militarism of the mad philosopher is just; for he has written: "You have been taught that a good cause justified even war; but I teach that a good war justifies any cause." It is high time that the mad career of the Blond Brute should be stopped.

1. Nietzsche's teaching is subversive of all social order. Take one of his sentences: "The virtues (such as diligence, obedience, chastity, piety, justice) are for the most part pernicious to their possessors." This is rank anarchy. His attack upon what he calls "slave morality" is an effort to destroy society, and we are not surprised to find his poetic interpreter, Ibsen, making direct battle against government. Ibsen glorifies the deluge because it was so radically ruinous. He would go further, for he assures us that he would "place blissfully a torpedo under the ark." In anarchistic clearness this leaves nothing to be desired.

2. This theory of life, for it is not worthy of being called a

philosophy, is unscientific. Max Nordau has shown that man was not a "solitary roving brute," and alludes to Darwin's heroic baboon to show that such representation of primeval man as the view involves is nothing short of slander. He also maintains, "The biological truth is that constant self-restraint is a necessity of existence as much for the strongest as for the weakest." In the teachings of evolution nothing is more emphatic than that "arrest of the body." There is a limit to the organic—the brute-development. Drummond says, "We are confronted with a stupendous crisis in stature—the arrest of the animal. The Man, the Animal Man, the Man of Organic Evolution, it is at least certain, will not go on. It is another Man who will go on, a Man within this Man; and that he may go on the first Man must stop." Le Conte observes, "As the material evolution of Nature found its goal, its completion and significance in man, so must man enter immediately upon a higher *spiritual* evolution to find its goal and completion in its significance in the ideal man—the Divine man." Evolution is no friend to brutalism, for its ultimate field and function lead onward in the higher realm of the soul. Man is not to pause. John Fiske urges that man should make all possible haste to throw off "his brute inheritance"; and Tennyson cries:

"Arise and fly  
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."

Finally, this teaching and its tendencies are thoroughly irreligious. Le Conte observes, "There are two, and only two, fundamental moral principles; namely, love to God and love to man. Both of these must be embodied in rational worship." This philosophy knows nothing of either. There is one God—neither divine nor human, only "The Blond Beast." No one questions that the result of true religion is altruism, but here is only the worship of selfishness. It is not the "survival of the fittest" but the crowning of the beast. Le Conte insists upon the "higher spiritual evolution." He declares that a new factor appears in human progress. That factor is "*the conscious voluntary cooperation of the human spirit in the work of its own evolution.*" The method of this new



factor consists essentially in the formation and especially in the voluntary pursuit of *ideals*. In organic evolution species are transformed by *environment*. In human evolution *character* is transformed by *its own ideal*."

Drummond makes very clear that evolution does not stop with "the struggle for life," but passes on to "the struggle for the life of others." "The struggle for the Life of Others is the physiological name for the greatest word of ethics—Otherism, Altruism, Love." He assures us that, "Beside the *struggle for the Life of Others* the struggle for Life is but a passing phase," and that the "first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed 'the Struggle for Life,' but take the book as a whole and it is not a tale of battle. It is a Love-story." In fact, he declares in a well-known and eloquent passage that "Christianity is the Further Evolution." Alas! the "Master Man," the "Blond Brute," knows nothing of these high ideals. He has no conception of man's lofty destiny. Goethe's five hundred hogs have escaped from Auerbach's cellar and roam at will among the children of men.

G. W. Barnes.

## HENRY JAMES, THE REALIST: AN APPRECIATION

HENRY JAMES in fiction, like his distinguished brother William James in philosophy, succeeded in writing his name large in the annals of American letters and had attained to no mere ephemeral distinction at the time of his death. It has been aptly remarked of these two noted brothers, in illustration of the contrast in their style as writers, that William wrote psychology like a novelist while Henry wrote fiction like a psychologist. It is with Henry James the novelist, the realist, the impressionist, not Henry James the psychologist, that the present paper is concerned and with his work as a writer of fiction. When his facile and prolific pen was stilled by death, only a few months ago, he left behind him to the broadening and enrichment of our literature a very considerable quantity of prose fiction, which bears eloquent testimony no less to his inventiveness and craftsmanship than to his industry. His literary activity, however, was not confined to the novel simply. He produced a highly creditable number of short stories and, furthermore, established for himself an enviable reputation as a literary critic. He shares with William Dean Howells the distinction of being our foremost exponent of the new school of realism in fiction. But it is to be observed that Howells and James are only representatives of this school, not its founders. For realism existed and was recognized as a distinct school of fiction long before the time when Howells and James began to write. Moreover, these two novelists never claimed to be considered the first realists. They knew perfectly well that realism as a school of fiction was recognized in the novels of Jane Austen, and, even earlier, in the novels of Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson, the founders of modern realism.

The life of Henry James was comparatively uneventful. He was born in New York in 1843, the eldest of four sons. His father, Henry James, senior, was a well-known philosopher and theologian, held in high repute despite the rapid change his religious views underwent from orthodox Presbyterianism through Swedenborgianism to spiritualism. He had inherited from his

merchant father no inconsiderable fortune, and Henry James, junior, was reared in the lap of wealth, and his education, conducted under his father's special supervision, was quite out of the ordinary for an American youth. He pursued his studies abroad, at Geneva, Paris, Boulogne and Bonn, and upon his return to America he entered the Harvard Law School in his nineteenth year. Certainly this method of education, by foreign travel and tutors, has much to commend it, in that it furnishes a young man with a speaking acquaintance with several of the European tongues with which our time-honored colleges fail to equip him, and Henry James is a shining example of its advantages. Perhaps it would not be wide of the mark to assert that Henry James possessed a more intimate acquaintance with European languages, society, and manners than any other American novelist ever has enjoyed, not even Crawford or Howells excepted. But this foreign education was not an unalloyed advantage, an unmixed blessing. It handicapped him with one serious defect: an apparent, if not a real, discontent with his native country, so that he seemed, in his tastes at least, more European than American, and he resided abroad almost continuously from 1869 till his death. This long residence in Europe enabled him to become better acquainted with foreigners, particularly the French and the English, and these he knows thoroughly, as he also knows the traveled American. But the American at home is a comparative stranger to him.

I. Henry James early demonstrated what the Roman satirist calls *cacoethes scribendi*—a passion for writing. No sooner had he settled in Boston than he published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1865, his first story. After this followed his serial story, *Poor Richard*, and hard upon the heels of this his story with a French name, *Gabrielle de Bergerac*. His next production was a novel with the alliterative title, *Watch and Ward*. This proved a somewhat more clever performance and in analysis and comment appeared decidedly characteristic. It gave promise of something still better to follow. Perhaps the success of these early products of his pen determined for the author the question of his vocation, vacillating as he was between literature and the law, and sealed literature as his profession for life.

But these early writings, though caviar to the critical few, failed to appeal to the reading public, and he came first into general recognition upon his publication of *The American*, and *Daisy Miller*. These two books brought him not only a well-deserved renown but also adequate remuneration, and he regarded himself as fully repaid for his unstinted and laborious efforts. After this he was in request as a writer, and the leading English journals and American magazines, such as *The Century* and *The Atlantic*, eagerly sought the products of his clever pen. So he wrote and published in rapid succession *Roderick Hudson*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *Princess Casamassima*, *The Bostonians* and *The Tragedians*, besides numerous short stories. But he did not restrict himself to fiction. In 1878 he published a sizable collection of trenchant criticisms of French authors under the title, *French Poets and Novelists*, and it was this performance that revealed his ability as an incisive and independent critic of literature.

In his early work Henry James inaugurated a new type of fiction, a type generally recognized as the "international novel." He stood forth as the champion of social righteousness. He selected as the theme of his novel some incident that furnished a contrast between American and European life and manners, and he portrayed his characters in such a way as to compare American and European culture to the detriment of the former. A good illustration of his practice is furnished by the first-named novel, *The American*, which he published in 1877. Here the author portrays as the typical American a self-made man in middle life who has accumulated a fortune, and on retiring decides to go abroad to enjoy the fruits of his toil and his industry. Newman, the hero of this novel, appears to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence and culture, but somewhat lacking in grace and polish, a lack which his fortune is to supply by foreign travel and contact with society. In short Newman firmly believes that his accumulated fortune will avail to atone for his deficiency in culture. Accordingly he sets out for France, where in the gay French capital he meets a charming young widow of noble family and falls desperately in love with her. She happily re-

turns his love, and her mother, who desires her daughter to marry a rich man for her second husband, somewhat reluctantly consents to the engagement, but later, ascertaining what a wide social gap there is between her daughter and Newman, the mother and brother of the fiancée, who have the direction of all the affairs of the family, flatly refuse consent to the marriage, and the engagement is broken. The young widow stifles her affection for the rich American and forthwith enters a convent. Newman, who feels bitter resentment against the mother and her son for thwarting his personal marriage, somehow discovers through a dependent maid incriminatory evidence against the mother in the death of her husband, and induces the maid to deliver to him the tell-tale document. This damaging document was a letter written by the husband, upon his death-bed, charging his wife with criminal design in his death. Newman then indicates to the mother and her son, the marquis, that he has in his possession the accusing letter with which he threatens to expose her. Though alarmed at his threat she shows resolute courage. But Newman relents, upon reflection, and finally destroys the letter. Thus the story ends in a very unexpected manner and the conclusion proves a manifest disappointment to the reader. This, however, is characteristic of Henry James's novels. *Daisy Miller* is written somewhat in the manner of *The American* and is in the nature of a protest. This book is in the form of a comedy in three acts and is a satire on the American girl abroad. The play opens with a scene at a hotel in Geneva, Switzerland, in which there figure a Russian matron and a knowing servant, formerly in her employ, but of late in the service of a wealthy New York family temporarily domiciled at the same hotel. The scene then shifts from Geneva to Rome, which serves as a convenient background for the detailed portrayal of the rich young American girl, the heroine of the story. *Daisy Miller*, the counterpart of Newman in *The American*, is an attractive American girl, exceedingly unconventional, who does not care for all the social forms and precedents and conventions which a European girl scrupulously observes. Though she does many shocking and audacious things, *Daisy Miller* is really at heart a good girl. Her *risqué* acts must be



the result of her woeful ignorance of the conventions of European society rather than of her rash willfulness. By the universal verdict of critics this portrait is conceded to be an exaggeration. No doubt there have been American girls, like Daisy Miller, who traveled through Europe doing all sorts of shocking things without realizing that they were offending good taste and showed no regard for the proprieties, yet most of these were probably our "innocents abroad." The type has practically disappeared, and our girls who tour the Old World to-day are as refined, cultured, and observant of the proprieties as the European girls.

These books were believed to be very realistic. It required, no doubt, a keen and scrutinizing eye to discover and a trenchant pen to depict the foibles and frailties of traveling Americans, and Henry James, it must be conceded, whether from set purpose or incidentally, certainly administered a stinging rebuke to the Americans abroad; but he was more severe in his criticism of the woman than of the man.

While they are fairly representative of Henry James's manner and art, the novels just discussed do not register his last word in fiction, nor do they represent his very best in technic and workmanship. In *Roderick Hudson* and *The Portrait of a Lady* James furnishes a more brilliant exhibition of his inventive genius and artistic execution. In them the situations are on a larger scale, the characters are more interesting, and the technic and workmanship are manifestly superior. Like their predecessors, however, they present American characters upon a European background. By the general verdict *The Portrait of a Lady* is accorded the first place among Henry James's novels—a verdict approved even by the critics. *Isabel Archer* and *Ralph Touchet* are no mere lay figures, but characters that deeply move our emotions and challenge our admiration. In their creation the author reaches the acme of his gifts as a novelist and his effort has rarely been surpassed by any of his contemporaries. Indeed, most of Henry James's characters are rather statuesque—cold, intellectual creatures whose emotional natures are dwarfed or atrophied. But not so *Isabel Archer* and *Ralph Touchet*, who are endowed with feeling and affection, like real men and women. It is a

commonplace criticism upon Henry James that, while he has created a greater variety of men and women than any other American novelist, his characters are endowed far more with qualities of the head than with those of the heart. Unlike Dickens or Hawthorne, James does not enter into the emotional life of his characters. It is said that Dickens even wept over the death of some of the characters in his novels, but one can hardly conceive Henry James doing anything of this sort. After having created his characters and introduced them upon the stage, as it were, Henry James stands off as a disinterested spectator and observes them from a critical point of view as they move to and fro in the performance of their respective parts, nor does he appear to manifest any special interest in their conduct.

Henry James's invention did not find expression in intricacy of plot. Indeed, all of his novels have very slight plots and are, for the most part, quite simple. They do not depend upon their plot for their interest. Their interest lies in the fact that they are psychological studies chiefly. There is but little action in his novels. There is dialogue, of course, but this is not used so much to advance the action as to set forth the characters. Of brilliance and wit there is a plenty, but of humor there is glaring deficiency. More attention is given to incidents that bring out certain mental states and impulses issuing in actions than to the actions themselves. When the characters in their interrelation have been adequately portrayed and their actions satisfactorily explained on rational and scientific principles, then the novel terminates. As notable examples of psychological studies among James's novels it will suffice to mention *The Wings of a Dove*, written in 1902, and *The Golden Bowl*, which was published two years later. In these novels are found long and intricate psychological explanations that fail to explain, at least to the layman, because they are so very abstruse. It appears then that the author, in his effort to explain, far from making clear actually becomes obscure. In general he conceives it to be his office to adduce sufficient data to account for all the actions of his characters on a reasonable basis. To this end he invents suitable adventures and incidents and then leaves off, supremely indifferent as to whether or not

the story terminates to the reader's satisfaction. Not infrequently, as in *The Tragic Muse*, the story ends rather abruptly and makes an unhappy impression upon the reader, as if the author had not worked it out to its logical or natural conclusion. The expected marriage does not occur. The truth is, nothing happens in James's novels. Accessories and environment are described in detail up to a certain point for the psychological effect. In such a study undue weight is attached to certain mental states and impulses and very minor attention is given to natural description. In fact, natural description forms no essential part of Henry James's conception of fiction, which was to study and present man and life as they actually exist, without extraneous embellishment or unessential accessories. He follows the selective method, describing only what he actually perceives, but not all he perceives. In his essay on "The Art of Fiction" in his *Partial Portraits* he says: "A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life: that is, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression." James, of course, is an impressionist, and so regards the externals of life from the point of view of the painter. He begins on the outside, as a critic of the contemporary novel has remarked, and passes a little way beneath appearance, reading character through feature and movement of eyes, head and limb. His selective method is based on the trained perception that science has bequeathed us. This is what the impressionist is pleased to call art, but art reenforced by science. It is the formula of the new school of fiction that was inaugurated by Emile Zola, who drew up a body of principles that should guide and govern the experimental novelist. It is therefore from the contemporary French school of fiction that Henry James derives the fundamental principles of his theory and practice of fiction.

II. Henry James's theory of fiction would seem to apply with even more appropriateness to the short story than to the novel. We are not therefore surprised that he saw fit to devote his gifts as a writer largely to this *genre*. He achieved rare distinction in this field, and is recognized as the first American novelist to win renown in the department of the realistic short

story. Indeed, it is to be said to his credit that he is unsurpassed in this special branch of fiction and has really no equals in our literature. For, unlike Hawthorne or Poe or any other practitioner of the realistic short story, James does not introduce the supernatural or the romantic element to enhance the effect he desires to produce. He does not rely upon this device for his impression. He does not even select an especially dramatic situation for his short stories. Nor, on the other hand, does he select a commonplace situation. He steers a middle course in general. Frequently, however, he chooses a difficult theme, or at all events a theme out of the beaten path, and—skillful impressionist that he is—he presents it with telling effect by the aid of his subtle, incisive art. Thus he produces an engaging, yea, a fascinating story, despite the unusual or abstruse theme he may have chosen. As in his novels, so in his short stories, he exhibits his exceptional analytical methods. Withal his skill and workmanship are marvelous and but little short of perfection. To cite a concrete example, where can one find a more cleverly written short story of the realistic type than James's *A Passionate Pilgrim*, or *The Madonna of the Future*, or *The Beldonald Holbein*, or *The Real Thing*, or, if you please, *The Turn of the Screw*? One should have to go far afield to discover a volume of short stories of more excellent invention and execution than those collected under the comprehensive title *The Better Sort*. Not only this, but all of James's volumes of short stories manifest their author's subtle analysis of character and motive as well as his superior technic and exquisite finish. Yet there is but little stirring action in them and very meager attempt at climax. In this respect they show a striking family resemblance to his novels, both being psychological studies.

Now, it is a well-established fact that there are several distinct varieties of the short story. Of these well-defined classes the story of serious situation is readily to be distinguished, on the one hand, from the story of surprising or humorous situation with an unexpected flip at the end to drive home the point, and, on the other hand, from the story of local color. Of these three types James is the acknowledged master of the first—the story

of serious situation. Of the second type—the story of surprising and humorous situation—Aldrich, Stockton, and O. Henry are our foremost representatives. All three of these were disciples of the French school of which Maupassant is conceded to be the leader. Of the third type—the story of local color—Bret Harte and G. W. Cable rank among our most conspicuous representatives. It remains to be seen whether any living American whose pen is still active will eclipse, or even equal, their brilliant achievement. Of these named O. Henry is conceded to enjoy the greatest popularity; but whether his charming stories of surprising and humorous situation possess enduring elements of popularity only the future will disclose. James's stories have entirely different characteristics, being far more serious—in fact, stories of serious situation—and for this very reason it is difficult to compare his with O. Henry's. On his own ground he is unsurpassed. But the type of serious story he cultivated does not make the popular appeal which O. Henry's or even Aldrich's or Stockton's stories make. Nor can we affirm that James's stories, with all their serious situations, have any greater elements of permanence than the surprise stories have. This, however, can be affirmed, that James's workmanship, his art, his technic—all these qualities are superior to O. Henry's. His language, too, is far more choice and classic and his style of a much higher order of merit. But it would hardly be profitable to contrast these two masters further, they are so very unlike. Yet each is unsurpassed in his own domain, though O. Henry's is the larger domain of the two.

Now a word or two as to Henry James's special domain. In his short stories James grasps his situations with a vise-like grip and holds on till he succeeds in making the point of his story. He makes us feel as none of his predecessors, not even excepting Poe or Hawthorne, ever did, the challenge of a good situation. It is not that he concerns himself with the task of conveying a great moral truth. As a matter of fact, while his stories are all wholesome, he does not regard it as within the province of art to teach morality. Nor does he purposely undertake to do so, as Hawthorne so frequently did, though perhaps unconsciously. James's chief concern, as an artist, is to present a serious situa-



tion, and this he is resolved to do, even though it may require a volume to work out the desired end. And it must be admitted that he succeeds, but with the result that some of his short stories are a contradiction in terms. For he seems in some of them rather prolix, spinning his narrative out until it encroaches upon the limits of the novel. An example in point is furnished by his story, *The Real Thing*, or by *The Turn of the Screw*. In each of these the narrative extends over numerous pages, and yet each is unified in its impression and produces a single effect, as much so as Poe's famous *Fall of the House of Usher*, so frequently cited as a model. It goes without saying that James in his practice of the short story, just as in his novels, turned to the subtle contemporary French realists for his inspiration. For he is nothing if not a realist. Furthermore, he is the first American author to exploit the province of realism in the short story. Of course Hawthorne, Poe, and O'Brien struggled more or less after realism and gripped at serious situations, but they did not quite arrive at what the critics call realism. Bret Harte's work naturally suggests itself in this connection, but Bret Harte depended mainly upon local color for the realistic effect he sought to produce. Henry James, however, did not have recourse to these aids and accessories for his realistic effect. And realism he interprets to consist in a more or less literal transcription of life. Henry James therefore occupies a unique position in that he is our first writer to introduce realism into the impressionistic short story, thus advancing into a field hitherto uncultivated.

Edwin M. Dowson.

## "WITH SOUL SO DEAD"

"Oh, darn this country!" snarled the bleached blonde girl with the green hose and vaudeville voice. After several of the party had looked wonderingly at her and their hushed gasps had subsided, she continued: "They can take the whole smear, for all me." "That's me, too," joined in the anæmic youth in the "elephant-breath" Norfolk coat who occupied a near-by seat and was vigorously operating the other end of a cigarette. "None of this nature business for me," continued the girl, unabashed by the searching eyes that were turned disapprovingly upon her. "Down at Blanchard they have a lovely scenic railway where we loop the loop, and a grand dancing pavilion where we dance till two in the morning. I love that."

These remarks were a cross-section of a free-for-all conversation among a half-dozen passengers on the observation car of a Great Northern transcontinental train as it rolled magnificently through the glorious Cascades. It was not the slang nor the vulgarity of the girl that shocked us. It was her profanity. I do not mean the profanity of her speech. I mean the profanity of *her*. Such speech from the lips of a young girl was startling enough, to be sure, but such language in that environment was a revelation of a profane soul, the glaring disclosure of which sent a sudden shudder through the little group. For hours we had been whirling through the silent and sublime grandeur of the mountains. The changing panorama of majestic scenes had caused the hush of worship to fall upon our souls. Truly we were in the heights. Here the seasons met. Above us on the right, and plainly within sight, winter held unbroken sway amid the eternal snows. To the left and immediately at hand was a tropical profusion of foliage — impenetrable shrubbery and "forest primeval" — that seemed months and miles removed from frost; and between these extremes an incalculable variety of green and growth rioted in wild confusion. There a foamy stream rattled and splashed among the rocks. Here the tall pines and firs lifted their slender lengths to doubtful heights above our height, and yonder towered the peaks,

spreading out their craggy shapes against the grey, dull sky. Purple mists and smoky amethyst veil hung on mountainside, revealing, concealing, coloring, confusing, astonishing, bewildering, overwhelming by their beauty and wonder. "Darn this country! . . . Scenic railway!"—Ghost of James J. Hill! There's no greater scenic railway on earth than this! Some of us had skipped luncheon lest we should miss some part of this transcendent glory. We were on the frontier of earth and heaven, the meeting place of nature and God. It is not surprising that the ancients thought the mountains were the dwelling place of God. The ancients were right. The wonder is that anyone should come here and not know it. Not without visions of ladders reaching into visible heavens and sweeping hosts of descending and ascending angels will some souls ever discover Bethel. The climax of human failure is that of Jacob: "Behold, God is in this place, *and I knew it not!*"

Between dizzy height of hanging rock and awful deep of gaping gulch we flew along as if in mid air. Extended distances, kaleidoscopic changes, indescribable colors, haunting silences, all conspired to fill us—the most of us—with a solemn sense of The Presence that caused the quiet of prayer to still and subdue our spirits. Within the week we had read in "The Point of View" column of the current Scribner the author's search for the "Poetry of the Heights" and were still in the afterglow of his penetrating and illuminating sentences. With him we were musing: "The chanted spirituality of Hebrew poetry is the sole literary language in tune with high places." Profanity and dancing pavilions didn't fit these regions. Such things belong to realms remote. "We need not a photographer of beauty but an interpreter of silence and strength," we went on repeating and, as the strident, hollow notes of the girl kept breaking upon our ears, we questioned with our author "whether the greatest æsthetic lack of our generation is not the lack of the art of worship." That was the fatal defect of this young girl and the puffing youth by her side. It was not that her brains had gone to her feet nor that his were going up in smoke, though these facts were sad enough. The tragedy was that in their eager adjustment to the immediate, alluring, hurried, pass-time, loop-the-loop world that lies about us they had

failed to make any adjustment to that deeper, hidden, hovering, spirit world that dwells within us. Their power of answering to the sublime was atrophied through disuse. They were incapable of awe. The roots of their reverence had been denied the sunlight of prayer. Their arid natures were as barren of the flowers of faith as the bleak rocks above us were void of ferns.

And that is the tragedy of thousands of American youth. But not of all, thank God! In this same little group on the observation car sat another young girl of about the same age as the one already mentioned. Hour after hour she sat gazing in rapt wonder at the glorious mountains, saying nothing, apparently hearing nothing. I thought perhaps she was a stranger to such scenes and possibly this was her first sight of the mountains. In answer to my question she said reverently, "I live among them." "And do you not tire of them?" I ventured. "Tire of them? Never! I love them." And the serene smile upon her lips was like a breath of incense from an altar in her heart. The difference in the two girls was not a difference in age, dress, nor intelligence. It was a difference in soul; a difference deep and radical. A friend of mine in Tacoma tells of a swearing chauffeur whose business it is to drive tourists out to Mount Ranier. All the way out he invariably "cusses" with every breath; but as they approach the great mountain, which the Indians called "Tacoma," meaning, it is said, "the Mount of God," the profane speech automatically dies away and not an irreverent syllable is heard in that awe-inspiring presence. There is hope for a soul that responds to the appeal of majesty.

Darkness gathered and the grey Cascades were disappearing as the train swept on toward the Pacific. We went in to dinner and the vaudeville voice clattered on while the pale specimen of unfinished masculinity rolled another cigarette.

Across the little white table of the dining car Blossom looked at me, her face shadowed by a cloud of pain and perplexity, and feelingly repeated, "With soul so dead."

*Ernest Dudley Smith*

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF FORGIVENESS

"Forgiveness ought to be a canceled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against one."—*H. W. Beecher.*

THERE are certain fixed principles in the Christian religion which may rightly be said to be the foundation stones of the entire system. They belong to the realm of the spirit, and are as real in their operations as any law in the realm of physics. Principle is law in the realm of the spirit, and must always be so considered. There are those who think of it as mere sentiment, subject to opinion, open to speculation, and wholly within the sphere of dogma. The foundation principles of Christianity are these: faith, repentance, forgiveness, reconciliation, consecration, service. Six in all, but so correlated as to be dependent each on the other. Nor can a single one of the six be left out or overlooked without jeopardizing the other five.

Forgiveness. We are well aware that philosophy, whether applied to the concrete or to the abstract, is of little concern except for the satisfaction it brings. This is why the chemist stands so high among his fellows. They know that he knows the why and the wherefore and can speak with confidence to the extent of his knowledge. So it is with the theologian. His fullest satisfaction is in knowing, from a spiritual point of view, the why and the wherefore of those laws which have to do with human welfare. Experience teaches that "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way," and when we read, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," there is no tendency on our part to repel that thought as being unworthy of further consideration. "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Here we are confronted by the plainest of statements; it can neither be challenged nor set aside as irrelevant. And it is on the strength of just such statements as the foregoing that one is compelled to halt, in his thinkings, and ask, "Does this mean me?" Then it is God, in the person of his Spirit, drives the truth home to one's conscience and the reality of it both convinces and convicts.



*It Lifts the Load.* Psychology has long since defined Conscience as the sensitive part of life on which the record of personal conduct is made, to one's comfort or discomfort, in all matters where right and wrong are involved. The most troublesome thing with which Jean Valjean had to deal was his conscience. So with Lady Macbeth. The same was true of Iscariot. The greater the sense of guilt the heavier the load. This obtains in all cases; and has been so from the beginning. If the load could be dislodged by argument, or if it could be flung into the depths of Lethe, or if it could be buried out of mind by additional cares filling the mind to the limit—but not so; conscience simply will not down, and will not out! Now suppose there were no such thing as forgiveness. Then what? This is what we read: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." In other words, the load can be lifted, the sense of guilt removed, and the entire life placed in new alignment. Observe the point at issue—forgiveness as a specific for the conscience. This cannot be said of the "Analects of Confucius." No mention is made of it in the Koran. The Vedas do not suggest it. The nearest approach to it is some form of penance by way of appeasement or atonement. Even the Hebrew conception of forgiveness was by proxy. Nor can it be shown that any golden age theory has sufficed to lift man to his highest level. Instance the Greeks under Pericles, or the Toltecs under Quetzalcoatl. The New Testament alone lays bare the point at issue; namely, the forgiveness of sins on the basis of a direct understanding between God and man by which the latter becomes the unqualified beneficiary. When one can say,

"My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear,"

it means the removal of the load, so that one can straighten to his full height and press forward with elastic step.

*The Basis of Reconciliation.* Imagine this: The prodigal of the parable returns home ragged and penniless, and without any sense of contrition. He does not say to his father, "I have



sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Instead of this he assumes an air of non-chalance and gives his father to understand that he is still entitled to all the rights and privileges of the home, regardless of how his father may feel about it. In this case there would be no basis of reconciliation between father and son. The son's delinquencies would create a conscious barrier between them. They would have nothing in common as of yore, and the strained relationship would continue till the breaking point was reached, which in turn would mean separation forever. No argument can here be raised in favor of the son's rights, or against the father's hardness of heart, for the simple reason that history has repeated itself so often. From this it is clear that forgiveness is one of the most potential factors in the realm of the spirit for the removal of existing differences and the leveling of conscious barriers, and without it there can be no hope of forgiveness either between God and man or between man and man. An erring son throws his arms around the parental neck and with the tears rolling down his cheeks he says, "Father, words fail me to tell you how sorry I am for having done violence to your will and wishes; will you forgive me, and take me back into your confidence, and restore me to my rightful place in your affections? I would give more for your counsel, and your love, than for anything this world can offer me." The warmth of the father's embrace indicates, even better than words, that forgiveness is freely and fully granted. Mark you, forgiveness was not granted as a matter of sentiment on the father's part; but as the result of the operation of a fixed law in the realm of the spirit; and what is more, it is the only law capable of furnishing a correct basis for reconciliation.

**The Passport Into Heaven.** The heaven of the Christian differs widely from the heaven of the Mohammedan, in which wine and women figure as sensual inducements. Nor is it like Valhalla, the heaven of the Norseman, whose portals are accessible only to him whose valor warrants such distinction. Neither is it to be compared with the happy hunting ground of the red man, whose hopes are staked on bravery. Nor is it at all like the Nirvana of the Vedas, in which personal identity is forever lost.

The heaven of the Christian is best understood by the homely phrase—God's country. Its chief attraction is entire freedom from sin and everything appertaining to it. It is a state of being in which the soul shall best be able to glorify God and enjoy him forever. To quote another, "There are two unalterable prerequisites to man's being happy in the world to come: his sins must be pardoned, and his nature must be changed. He must have a title to heaven and a fitness for heaven. These two ideas underlie the whole of Christ's work; and without the title to and the fitness for it no man can enter the Kingdom of God. (J. H. Seeley.) This quotation is here used to emphasize the thought in mind, namely, the forgiveness of sins as a prerequisite. Suppose heaven admitted of defilement of any sort—there would be no manner of proof against infection. If the surgeon refuses to give a clean bill of health till every vestige of physical infection is removed, the same thought holds good in relation to the soul—a clean bill of health when one passes through the gates into the city that lies foursquare. One's passport must bear on its very face the stamp of forgiveness, or it will not be accepted as valid. In these days of rapid thinking there is great need of holding fast to the great fundamentals on which the soul's highest welfare depends; and in dealing with the philosophy of forgiveness there has been but one dominating thought; that is, to establish the importance of clearly discriminating between sentiment and law. To speak metaphorically, sentiment is sand, while law is rock. And what is true of forgiveness is likewise true of Faith, and Repentance, and Reconciliation, and Consecration, and Service: not sentiment, but law, immutable law, from which, if ignored, there is no escape.

*Norman Lee Marche*

## THE CHILDREN'S ISAAC WATTS

JOHN MILTON was a writer for "grown-ups" and Mother Goose a writer for children, while Isaac Watts had a pen with which he could write for children of a larger or a smaller growth at will. We are too prone to forget, when we ourselves are impressed and helped by Isaac Watts's "holy songs," that his poetic ability was Januslike, one face always having been fondly directed toward Childhood—the beautiful "Book of Beginnings."

Isaac Watts was born July 17, 1674, the son of a boarding-school teacher. The boy's father, also named Isaac, was a non-conformist. He suffered imprisonment for his devotion, and "during his confinement his wife," so Southey tells us, "often sat on a stone at the prison door with this their child, then an infant, in her arms." The poet was a decidedly precocious child, "dangerously" so, one has said. He began a study of the classics before he was four years old. While a remarkably thorough student, Watts did not enter upon a university career, owing to his "having been brought up as a dissenter." The young man entered the ministry, after having "applied himself to the study of the Scriptures, and to the reading of the best commentators, both critical and practical, preparatory to his undertaking the pastoral office, to which he devoted his life."

During his ministerial career, as at all times, Isaac Watts had a deep and abiding interest in children. He delighted to instruct and amuse them, spending much of his time in their service. It was this poet-preacher's opinion that a child should be early warned against foolish behavior and thoughtless sins. He believed that no stronger agency against such tendencies could be employed than bright, attractive and practical verse. Many of his songs composed with this end in view early passed out of the realm of the commonplace into that of the classic. He enumerates under four heads the advantages to be gained by children in reading poems and committing them to memory. "There is, first," he says, "a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties in this way. Secondly, what is learned in verse is longer

retained in memory and sooner recollected. And it may often happen that the end of a song, running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off temptations. Thirdly, this will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon and sing over to themselves. Lastly, these songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship."

Without doubt the most widely known of Watts's songs for children, and one that for years has found a ready entrance into the school reading-books, is the poet's plea against idleness, which evil he regards as the "devil's road to sin":

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.

"How skillfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

"In works of labor or of skill  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

"In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last."

Against associating with evil companions Watts anxiously asks:

"Why should I join with those in play  
In whom I've no delight;  
Who curse and swear, but never pray;  
Who call ill names and fight?

"I hate to hear a wanton song;  
Their words offend my ears;  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.

"Away from fools I'd turn my eyes,  
Nor with the scoffers go;  
I would be walking with the wise,  
That wiser I may grow,

"From one rude boy that's used to mock  
Ten learn the wicked jest;  
One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest."

Watts's miniature "sermon" on quarreling and fighting probably stands second in popularity to his advice against sloth:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 't is their nature to.

"But, children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

"Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild;  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
That sweet and lovely child.

"His soul was gentle as a lamb;  
And as his stature grew  
He grew in favor both with man  
And God, his Father, too."

The climax in the poem against lying is to be found in the second stanza:

"But liars we can never trust,  
Though they should speak the thing that's true,  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two."

Isaac Watts had, to a decided degree, the power of literary condensation. The Ten Commandments he reduced to their lowest terms, presenting them to children in such an easy and attractive form that they almost "learn themselves."

"Thou shalt have no other God but me.  
Before no idol bow thy knee.  
Take not the name of God in vain,  
Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.  
Give both thy parents honor due.  
Take heed that thou no murder do,

Abstain from words and deeds unclean;  
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;  
Nor make a willful lie, nor love it.  
What is thy neighbor's, dare not covet."

And the summing up of the Commandments, as found in the New Testament, is compressed by the poet into a couplet nutshell:

"With all thy soul love God above,  
And as thyself thy neighbor love."

That the Golden Rule might be impressed more deeply on the child mind Watts has expressed it in quatrain form, repeating the thought in the last two lines:

"Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men  
Whate'er you would not take again."

Two stanzas on theft contain the essence of all the tragedies that have been lived or written on the subject:

"Why should I deprive my neighbor  
Of his goods against his will?  
Hands were made for honest labor,  
Not to plunder nor to steal.

"'Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
By such tricks to hope for gain;  
All that's ever got by thieving  
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain."

To Isaac Watts belongs the distinction of having given to the world its most endearing Cradle Song. Hand in hand with "Now I lay me," wherever the English language is spoken, it has taken the Citadel of Childhood:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

"Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.



"How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended  
And became a child like thee!

"Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,  
When his birthplace was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

"Mayst thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise."

Dr. Watts's deeply glowing patriotism, an inspiration to all thinking young people, is breathed forth in his hymn, "Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land":

"I would not change my native land  
For rich Peru with all her gold:  
A nobler prize lies in my hand  
Than East or Western Indies hold."

A revelation of the inexhaustible treasures of God's Word is found in "The Excellency of the Bible." Such a testimony can come only from one whose knowledge is based on a living experience:

"The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy Word.

"Here are the choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And hence my hopes arise.

"Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night."

Very vividly the non-conformist singer pictures the evil of "scoffing, and calling names," and cites the punishment once

inflicted on the children in "Bible times" who were guilty of such wanton misconduct:

"Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,  
And not speak ill of men;  
When others give a railing word  
We must not rail again.

"But lips that dare be so profane,  
To mock and jeer and scoff  
At holy things and holy men,  
The Lord shall cut them off.

"When children in their wanton play  
Served old Elisha so,  
And bid the prophet go his way,  
'Go up, thou baldhead, go,'

"God quickly stopped their wicked breath,  
And sent two raging bears,  
That tore them limb from limb to death,  
With blood, and groans, and tears."

One of the "little foxes," pride in dress, the poet charmingly provides against in:

"The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I;  
Let me be dressed fine as I will,  
Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.

"Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind;  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace—  
These are the robes of richest dress."

A poetical supplement to the Scripture which gives promise of long life to those who honor their father and mother is "Obedience to Parents":

"Have you not heard that dreadful plagues  
Are threatened by the Lord  
To him that breaks his father's law,  
Or mocks his mother's word?

"But those who worship God, and give  
Their parents honor due,  
Here on this earth they long shall live,  
And live hereafter too."

Beautiful indeed in its sweet simplicity is Isaac Watts's "Child's Doxology":

"Give to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honor done."

Admonishing "all that are concerned in the education of children," Dr. Watts once said: "It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generations are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery and happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought in the first place to be proposed by you. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the Songs of Moses, and we are directed in the New Testament not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to 'teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs.'"

Thus, with the firm conviction herein expressed, Dr. Watts felt it a part of his mission in life to "teach and admonish" the young by divine and moral songs.

*A. F. Leachman*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

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### NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

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#### HOLY SCRIPTURE—THE WATERMARK

THE oldest Scripture is written legibly in the created universe, wherein is a revelation of infinite power, wisdom, and beneficence. The universe and its revelation are older than the Bible, older than man.

The clearest, fullest, all-revealing, all-sufficing Scripture is written in the Bible, chiefly in the New Testament by its revelation of God in Christ—his personality, his life, his teaching, his atoning death and glorious resurrection.

But the closest, deepest, most intimate and most inescapable Scripture is written not in stars and seas and rocks nor on tables of stone nor in the Holy Book, but on the tablets of the human heart and conscience; more inescapable than the revelations of universe, or Bibles, closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. The physical universe is external to man and the revelation of God therein can be ignored; the Bible also is external and can be put upon the shelf; but a man cannot put away his own inner nature nor tear out instincts and convictions which are woven into the very tissues of his moral being.

The watermark in human nature seems an apt descriptive name for that unwritten Scripture. The watermark in writing paper is something worked into the very tissues of the paper. It is part of the plan and make of the paper, not stamped on externally after the paper was finished, like a notary public's certificate and seal on a legal document, but put into the paper when the paper was made by whoever made the paper. Usually it is the name of the maker. A peculiarity of the water-mark is that it is invisible if the paper lies flat, but becomes visible when the paper is lifted and held against the light.

The bottom fact for man, the fact which is the very corner stone of all religion, is not an inspired Book, but his own moral and spiritual nature. Except by exercising the faculties of his own spiritual

nature man has no capacity for receiving a revelation from any source, nor any power of judging whether a book is or is not divine. And it is upon the verdict of those faculties that the Old and New Testaments chiefly depend for acceptance as divine and authoritative. It was that verdict that settled the faith of the poet Whittier, who in his late years wrote to a friend: "Really the convincing reason why we receive the Bible as the word of God is because it accords with our highest intuitions. We find the law and the prophets in our own souls. Our hearts burn within us as we walk with Jesus through the New Testament." Those farsighted intuitions, deep and high, are God's tuitions. To another friend Whittier wrote: "The inner revelation written by the spirit of the living God is the stronghold of Christianity against the critical and agnostic spirit of our age. No revelation of science, no destructive biblical criticism can shake the faith of those who listen for the voice of God in their own souls." In accord with Whittier's reasoned conviction, based on the Scripture written on the heart and conscience, is Russell Lowell's faith in what he called the Rock of Ages. That he regarded those intuitions as fundamental and decisive was indicated in a letter to a friend by a remark directed at those who make protoplasm an atheistic fetish: "Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the Rock of Ages—by which I mean a certain set of deep central instincts which mankind have found solid under their feet in all weathers"—instincts which lie deeper than natural science can fathom with its explanations.

As to the contents of this inner Scripture, a brief analysis and orderly enumeration may give greater definiteness to faith and greater depth to conviction and may kindle into intensity our Christian enthusiasm. Holding human nature up against the light we see watermarked in its tissues certain words corresponding to realities and indicative of innate convictions concerning spiritual things.

I. TRUTH. Truth is the opposite of falsehood or error. It is idea, conception, statement corresponding with the facts in the case. Every sound mind believes in the *reality* of truth, and recognizes its *superiority* to error, its *claim* on human credence and acceptance, its sure *guidance* to safety and well-being. Moreover, the human mind, instinctively assuming that truth is within its reach and that man is equipped with faculties able to discover and apprehend truth, seeks truth as hungrily as it seeks food, and forever persists in the pursuit of truth from generation to generation, however unsuccessful

the search. It is impossible to make a sane man believe that there is no such thing as truth—or that truth and error are the same thing, or that they are of equal merit and worth, or that it makes no difference which of them we choose and follow and propagate. When an Indian squaw, being sworn in court, was asked if she understood the nature of the oath she had taken, she said it was a strong promise to tell the truth. Requested to define the difference between the truth and a lie, she said: "The truth is the truth and a lie is a lie; they are different, and you can't make them alike." Even a squaw knows that. Finally, man instinctively expects with undying optimism the ultimate triumph of truth and the banishing of error.

II. RIGHT. Right as a reality is written on the tablets of the heart, watermarked in the tissues of man's nature. Right is agreement with the will of God, conformity with the supreme moral standard. Whether it is right because God wills it, or whether God wills it because it is right is a metaphysical question of small practical importance; though we incline to think the authoritative standard is lodged in the divine nature, in the bosom of God. Man instinctively knows that right and wrong are opposites, and that all sanctity, dignity, authority, and claim are with the right, none whatever with the wrong. Impossible to persuade any normal person that there is no difference between them, or that the difference is unimportant. It is the supreme difference, and cleaves the universe in twain. And man's own nature tells him he ought to "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good."

However men's ideas may differ as to what is right and what wrong in any given case, no normally constituted human being can question the reality of right. When young Horace Bushnell paced his room in Yale College, overwhelmed by doubt and darkness, he said to himself, "Is there then nothing that I firmly believe?" And his mind answered, "Yes, there is this one: I have never doubted the distinction between right and wrong. I cannot doubt the reality of right." And when a man recognizes and admits the reality of right he faces the necessity of believing, and is mightily helped to believe, a great deal more.

As Froude, the historian, said in his greatest lecture, "The moral law is written on the tablets of Eternity. The universe is so made that truth and justice alone can endure. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes to them at last, often in terrible way."



God's will fulfilled shall be,  
For in daylight or in dark  
His thunderbolt hath eyes to see  
Its way home to the mark.

The same moral law which the student of history sees operating in events and in human experience, the student of anthropology finds written on the tablets of the human heart as on the tablets of Eternity. The organ or faculty by which man discerns right from wrong we call Conscience—con-scio—knowledge with—with God, known as God knows the difference between right and wrong. As Browning puts it,

The truth in God's breast  
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed.

Of conscience there is no better brief and simple description than to say it is the voice inside a man which says "I ought" or "I ought not." Of this holy voice Bishop Butler says in one of his "Sermons on Human Nature," "Had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world." It is the voice of duty.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So like is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The youth replies, "I can."

And when he says, "I will," his soul is saved.

By following Nietzsche beyond Good and Evil, a man or a nation comes to the place where Might makes right, and that is hell, the abode of the damned. Twenty centuries after Christ a professedly Christian nation or government by disregarding the majesty and authority of Right, and acting upon the diabolical doctrine that might makes right has made "kultur" and barbarism synonymous, has caused itself to be abhorred and despised by mankind, so that the mere mention of its name sickens the stomach of the world with loathing and sends a shudder of horror through four fifths of the human race. The task before civilized nations to-day is to enforce upon all governments the law of righteousness written in the conscience of every sane and undebauched moral being.

III. God. In the sixteenth century Calvin emphasized the evidential force of what he called the *sensus divinitatis in ipsis medullis et visceribus hominis infixus*—the sense of God infixed in the very brain and viscera of man. And long before the third century, Ter-

tullian, famous for his defense of the Christian community against its vilifiers—a defense which pictured the innocence, brotherliness, and philanthropy of the Christians, their simplicity, frugality, and prayerfulness, in the days when all that Rome could hear from the catacombs where the Christians hid persecution was the murmur of prayer, the hymns of the martyrs and songs of praise to Christ—Tertullian in those early days pointed out to the Romans that the universal sense of God and craving for God was a proof of his existence, and set forth “the natural Christianity of the soul” by showing that the truths of the gospel find an echo in the convictions and needs of the human heart.

IV. GOD—THE CREATOR. Practically all men, the untutored and the learned alike, believe in a Creator. The North American Indian, whose favorite name for the Supreme Being is a word which literally signifies the “Power that makes,” and Herbert Spencer using the lingo of science: “Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed”—savage and sage are agreed. Napoleon on the ship’s deck, waving his hand toward the glittering night sky and saying, “Gentlemen, who made all that?” spoke the universal human mind. The formulated argument from design is as old as Xenophon’s “Memorabilia.” Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises gave the argument its fullest development. Even to such a man as Voltaire that argument furnished convincing proof of the existence of God. To the logical mind of John Stuart Mill the manifest presence of intelligence and design in nature was the most unquestionable of all theistic evidences, amounting to absolute demonstration.

For over two generations past some have imagined that the certainty of a Creator was blurred by some discoveries in natural science; that the force of the argument from design had been weakened; and thus the flimsy faith of some was shaken. We have passed through a period of hasty, shallow, and near-sighted thinking. We have emerged into the open. The panic proved to be but temporary. To-day the man of science who does not know that even in scientific circles the over-pushed pendulum has swung back again to the argument from design as proof of an infinite creative Intelligence is belated and uninformed as to what has gone on in the intellectual world. Once more the logical proof of God as Creator has its unclouded place in the sun, just as the innate belief in the Power that

makes is lodged firmly in the common sense of mankind and graven deep into the tablets of the human heart. If the Son of man should come now he would find on the earth more faith in a divine Creator, a Power that makes, an infinite and eternal personal Energy from whom all things proceed, than was here thirty or forty years ago, or ever before since the morning stars first sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy their homage to the Creator. Darwin's theory of the origin of species lack's confirmation.

That a regulating law of development is seen in natural history controlling the order of progress no intelligent person will deny. God is a God of order and not of confusion. But the Darwinian theory of natural selection as a valid and adequate account of the universe is unproved by facts. There is no instance of variation by natural selection. The Darwinian school reasoned that it is no longer necessary to infer the presence of design in this universe "now that the law of natural selection has been discovered." Darwin's discovery, shared by Wallace, was supposed by many unscientific persons to have dispensed with a Creator. The funeral of God was announced. But after the Darwinian theory had been long and searchingly scrutinized, pondered, and tested, Lord Kelvin, a scientist of highest rank, summed up his judgment in these words: "The argument of design has been too much lost sight of in zoological speculations. Overpowering proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us, and come back upon us with irresistible force showing us the influence of a Free Will working through nature, and teaching us that all living things depend on one ever living Creator and Ruler."

Lord Salisbury, one of England's greatest minds, in an address delivered by him as president of the British Association of Science in the Sheldonian Theater, at Oxford, controverted and dismissed Darwin's theory of the origin of species, criticizing in particular Professor Weismann for demanding acceptance for a mere theory the truth of which Weismann admitted he could not demonstrate, and for a hypothetical process the operation of which he confessed he could not even imagine. Lord Salisbury pointed out that no instance of variation by natural selection had been proved. But variation of species by external superintending purpose directing the action of natural forces is one of the most familiar facts of our modern world. (For some of these facts inquire of Luther Burbank, whose superintending intelligence makes a business of producing variations

of species.) Science cannot silence Browning in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau":

This is the glory—that in all  
I recognized a mind,  
Not mine, but like mine,  
Making all things for me, and me for Him.

Darwin did not render absurd the rapturous words of Kepler, discovering the laws by which the planets move, recognizing a Mind like his own at work in the universe, and exclaiming with a sense of kinship and intercourse with the Infinite Intelligence, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee."

V. GOD—A MORAL GOVERNOR. This, too, is among man's natural and instinctive convictions, written within; also forever corroborated and taught in that School of Law which we call Life. The human being very early becomes a student of law, with experience as his teacher. Beginning probably with the law of gravitation, he encounters the laws one by one and learns what they require of him. The child failing through ignorance to regard the law of gravitation, falls and is bruised; gets his first lesson in law. The System of Things uses the earth as a big hammer to drive the lesson in with painful emphasis. The child puts down in his note-book that day, "Law No. 1." From that he goes on discovering laws, finds that he and the whole universe are under law—laws physical, mental, moral, spiritual. He observes that the System of Things smiles on the lawkeeper and rewards him, frowns on the law-breaker and penalizes him. The System of Things says, "It shall be well with the righteous."

This is a governed universe, a cosmos, not a chaos. Law implies a Law-giver, government means a Governor. Belief in a Moral Governor is natural and almost inevitable to normal human nature. Men announce their discovery and phrase their common conviction, each in his own vernacular. A sea captain, ashore for a few hours, went into a prayer meeting and stood up to bear this testimony: "My friends, I have sailed many seas, landed in many ports, heard many languages, seen many peoples in many lands. I have observed that this world seems to be so made that wherever a man is he can afford to do just about right, and he can't afford to do otherwise." So testifies the plain sailor man, coming from his ship at anchor in the harbor, and standing up to speak in church. To like effect if not in like manner Matthew Arnold, speaking from his pinnacle on the highest plateau of intellectual culture, using the vocabulary of his

critical class, voices the same conviction with equal certitude, when he bows reverently before the "Power (not ourselves) that makes for Righteousness."

This conviction concerning moral government and a Moral Governor, which is confirmed by common experience and by the loftiest and profoundest thinking, is among our intuitive beliefs, written in us by the spirit of the living God that made us.

VI. FREE AGENCY. Moral freedom, power of choice, ability to choose either the right or the wrong is elementary in consciousness. When a fatalistic theology, now silent, told us that our fate is foreordained by eternal decrees; or Spinoza told us that our free-will is an illusion; or a metaphysical fatalism tells us we are necessarily controlled by the strongest motive, so that our choice and action are determined by the Power which selects and presents the motive; or materialistic scientists tell us that we are automata, mere machines operated by vital forces: we pay no more attention to them than was paid to the old sophists when they proved the impossibility of motion by saying "A body cannot move where it is nor where it is not." Men kept on moving about as usual, simply got up and went in the most unsophisticated manner, not being metaphysical enough to know how impossible it was for them to do so. The denials of Free Agency make no more impression than did Bishop Berkeley's denial of the existence of matter, to which Byron replied, "When Berkeley says there is no matter, it is no matter what Berkeley says"; no more impression than was made on the Board of Education in Burlington, Iowa, by Mother Eddy's non-Christian non-Scientists requesting that their children be excused from studying physiology because they did not want their children to believe that such things as stomach, liver, lungs, and other physical organs have any real existence. Although Huxley's general teaching favored the idea that we are machines worked by vital forces, yet he says, inconsistently, "Our volition counts for something in conditioning the course of events."

The only answer we take the trouble to make to the deniers is the curt and impatient reply of rough Sam Johnson when he broke away from a pertinacious disputant, saying, "I know I'm free, and that's the end of it."

Man's free agency and power of choice are matters of consciousness written deep in his inmost conviction, a part of the Holy Scripture watermarked in his very nature.

VII. ACCOUNTABILITY. This is the inevitable corollary and



consequence of freedom. However the speculative question may be subtly argued about, man's accountability is everywhere assumed as a fundamental certainty. Human society treats the individual as responsible for his doings, and calls him to account. Every man, whatever his attitude toward himself, holds his neighbors responsible for their behavior toward him. The transgressor is prone to put in the plea of non-responsibility. In the New York City Tombs there was a prisoner who wrote poems for the newspapers, one of which was a plea for leniency on the ground that he had been overcome by too-strong temptation, that he was not bad but only weak; and he spoke of himself pathetically as "a waif of life in the current strong." But I noticed that no attention was paid to his plea by the court which tried him. When his case came up he got the full penalty of the law he had broken. Every court on earth or in heaven proceeds and must proceed on the certainty that the individual is responsible. Gradually it is explained to the individual by the System of Things, by the sky and the earth and the men around him, that he is held accountable for his words and actions. Omar Khayyam probably knew in his inmost soul that he was guilty of a futile attempt at evasion when he argued with the Supreme Power which held him responsible, "True, I am a sinner; but consider in what a tangled world you placed me, with what strong passions and what a feeble will."

Far deeper, and more convincing still, man's own nature holds him responsible. There is an Authority within which summons him to the bar and pronounces judgment. "Every man bears about a silent court of justice in his breast, himself the judge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the bar."

Physical science teaches that the universe makes and preserves as in a book a literal record of every word and act. A Day of Judgment when the books shall be opened is scientifically among the most reasonable of human expectations, and the transgressor's "fearful looking for of judgment to come" is warranted by the habitual attitude and aspect of the System of Things toward the violator of law.

VIII. SIN. Sin is moral misbehavior, moral failure. The figurative words used to signify sin are suggestive. Among the punctilious Chinese, the most minutely ceremonious people in the world, the word which comes nearest to expressing our idea of sin is one the root meaning of which is a *breach of etiquette*; in the minds of the rigidly punctilious an inexcusable offense,



The figurative word of the New Testament for sin means literally *missing the mark*. "I have sinned: I have missed the mark." One of the New Year's emblems which Japanese friends send to each other pictures a target with an arrow sticking in the bull's-eye, meaning, "May you hit the mark!" Here is the idea of a mark to be aimed at, a definite standard to be recognized and complied with. Men know they have failed to reach their own ideal, much more the divine standard of right behavior. They have missed the mark at which the soul and life should aim. Nay, worse! They have often utterly ignored the mark, not even caring to hit it. Even the best of them know they have fallen short, and the better they are the more painfully conscious are they of their shortcomings and failures.

Sin as a fact is watermarked in the central consciousness of mankind. The hearts of men are troubled by a sense of guilt. Even through the rudest worship of savage peoples the penitential note strikes in. Even in forests and jungles there are altars raised for the offering of propitiatory sacrifices to placate offended deity and avert divine wrath. Self-inflicted penances are practiced even among untutored tribes. Such things are proofs of conscious sin and guilt in the natural man.

The distinctness and intensity of this natural sense of sin vary in different individuals and at different stages of spiritual progress. Keukichy Kataoka, an eminent Japanese statesman, became a Christian by degrees, and described the stages of his progress. He came first to a belief in God as a heavenly Father who cares for his children and hears and answers their prayers. The sense of sin, at least any deep sense of it, and the belief of the divinity of Christ, were slow in coming. And these two came close together. He could scarcely tell which came first. The most significant fact is that as his sense of demerit, short-coming, sin, deepened he felt his need of divine help through an atoning Saviour, and soon he could look up humbly to the Redeemer and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Then he publicly made confession of sin and openly declared himself a Christian. Incomplete religions, like Parseeism, say, "Yes, man is a sinner in word and deed and thought. The way to atone is by better behavior." Without the Christian gospel no other atonement is known. This is the defect of non-Christian religions.

Sin, guilt, penalty—these are written connectedly in the convictions and apprehensions of man's inmost soul; and the tragedy of them is the theme of some of the mightiest literature,

Truly it is said that "Dante's conception of the Inferno was wrought out of his life, with labor, with agonies, with blood, and tears. It was conceived in a passion of love and regret, matured through years of struggle and sorrow. That world of torment which he pictured—he knew it, for he had lived in it. He had tasted the bitterness of banishment, destitute, exiled, and hated. He had learned that the soul has no hope and no stay save in the Eternal. Thus he came through suffering and torment to an overpowering conviction of the reality of the Unseen. In a sense he took upon himself the sins of the world, and felt that the cause of the world's woe is wickedness and that its one all-inclusive misery is its want of the knowledge and love of God, the Saviour."

Herbert Spencer is quoted as saying, "Every man with a sensitive conscience knows what it is to be in hell and has stayed there long enough to know what eternal punishment means." Sam Jones, reformed from a life of dissipation and vice into a powerful evangelist, when asked if he believed there is a hell, answered, feelingly and conclusively, "I've been there."

Seneca, the ancient Roman moralist, said, "The whole human race needs forgiveness."

And now for the first, in our present study, we have come in sight of Calvary. The consciousness of sin and the conscious need of forgiveness make Christianity credible. That deep want is a socket into which the Cross fits exactly. The crucifixion took place on the summit of man's highest heavenward aspiration.

We have enumerated some of the convictions watermarked in man's nature, innate and intuitive, not injected and not originated or introduced by education or invention.

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#### A VISIT TO RHEIMS WITH THE COMMANDING GENERAL

BY "MADEMOISELLE MISS"<sup>1</sup>

Ambulance 12/1—February 2, 1918.

At my last writing I was on the eve of a historic trip to Rheims with General de Mondésir. As so rarely happens in this world, the event far surpassed my fairest anticipations. It was not only a trip of picturesque and archaeological interest, but it was also an inspiration and a promise. The memory of that tragic but ever victorious city gilded by the afternoon sun of one of those rare, still, lustrous

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<sup>1</sup> Extracts from a private letter (not intended for publication), by Miss Norman Derr.

days that belong to no season, having the finest charm of all of them, should be enough to sustain me through the grayest days in the calendar. The General's auto came for me at 11 o'clock and carried me through hills and valleys to his headquarters, where the severe lunch table was adorned with mimosa that one of the officers had brought from Nice. After lunch the General and I seated ourselves in his luxurious auto, with the brisk little tri-color unfurled—sign that the general of a Corps d'Armée is on board—and away over steaming brown levels, for the mists were taking flight, to "la ville Martyre." Just now, since shells are dropping all the time, regulations are very severe, and entrance is forbidden to all except actual combatants. But for General Mondésir all doors are open. We left the car at the threshold of the most devastated quarter and wandered through the ruined streets filled with sunshine but empty of all life save a straggly cat or two, and a few old women seeking kindling among the débris. Utterly amazing these old women of Rheims, as seasoned to danger as any veteran in the trenches, wearing their fulled white caps as though they were steel helmets, and looking for firewood in the very spot where a shell had fallen a little while before, and where another might fall at any moment! By devious ways that took us through all the most impressive vistas of desolation, we came at last to the cathedral. How can I ever describe the unearthly glory of that spectacle! It seemed as if the very fire from heaven had descended upon those dauntless towers, and that it was not merely a temple that one saw, but the high altar itself, whence exhaled all the prayers and hopes and aspirations, all the courage and will to conquer, of this beautiful land. In the open place, surrounded by a tiny grille, and unscathed amidst all the destruction, stood the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, upon her high-stepping charger, the very soul of la Pucelle, come alive in bronze to defend the citadel. The General and I were photographed beside her. Then the old guardian unlocked the portal of the cathedral and we passed into the interior, all patterned over with sunlight—no longer irised as of old—and giving glimpses of the azure vault that former worshippers had missed. Particulars here are perhaps in order, but you may imagine all you like that is grave and glorious. I have bits of thirteenth century glass that are worth a king's ransom. As we left the cathedral, shells shrieked over our heads, but somehow one couldn't imagine there was any danger, and we went quietly on seeking various points of vantage from which the General has made

truly rare sketches. As the daylight turned from gold to rose, we went to Saint Rémy Church, very beautiful and less wrecked. As we returned through the valley of the Veste, roofs and walls had melted to a mist of green and violet, but still the twin towers burned like lighted tapers, and the evening star arose, a sign of promise, in the ardent west. The General gave orders to make a detour of several kilometers in order that I might see the reflection of the charming little church of — “amuse itself,” as my companion expressed it, in the tiny lake in the gloaming. Just at dusk we reached —, seat of the headquarters, where the General had to be at a certain hour to witness the testing of some signal apparatus. Here I thought my congé would be given me, and that I would have to eclipse as soon as possible. But not at all. I was led to a lovely old terrace where vines clambered, and one looked down upon the gray, sleepy little village nestling among gnarled apple trees, half melting into the background of silent forts. A few moments we stood there musing on the dreamy loveliness of a scene that Gray might have copied for his elegy. The village clock struck five. Suddenly there was a rush and a long whizzing sound up into the windless air, and out spread and fell slowly the most beautiful rocket I ever saw—like a downfall of golden caterpillars. Then another, and another, and the test was successfully over. So ended the day in a triumphant burst of beauty. Christmas for me was the threshold of heaven, but the memory of Rheims will help me to live on earth.

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### THE ARENA

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#### WHY I WANT MY BOY TO BE A MINISTER

THE contribution in the Outlook some months ago, under the title, “Why I Do Not Want My Boy to Be a Minister,” was certainly thought-provoking, especially to other ministers who have boys. In fact, there is good ground for saying that everyone should be “interested in the subject,” since the article itself reveals more than the views of a father concerning the welfare of his son; it amounts to a criticism of the Church and the Church’s attitude toward the ministry. Back of the ministry is the Church, and if the Church is a necessary institution in society, then some men must be ministers. Moreover, if the Church is not measuring up to its possibilities, its need of strong leaders is the more imperative.

The chances of failure in the ministry are certainly no greater than in any other profession—providing there are the personal adaptability for the work and a faithful application to its tasks. Discouraging features may

present themselves, and one may permit the constant nibbling of annoyances to sour his disposition, and turn him against the whole plan of work.

Those familiar with two comparatively recent books will recall the difference between the leading characters. Dan Matthews, in "The Calling of Dan Matthews," by Harold Bell Wright, became so disgusted with social injustices encouraged by the Church, and with its generally conservative attitude, that he finally left the ministry. In view of the circumstances which caused Dan Matthews to withdraw from the ministry, one has the feeling that he was a "quitter," that he was lacking in the strong qualities of courage and tenacity which would have helped to change the course of the Church. John Hodder, in Winston Churchill's "Inside of the Cup," confronted similar conditions in his Church, and if anything different, in more aggravated form. But with good grit he stayed with his task, won in triumphant manner, rebuilt character, and revived the Church. One feels that he realized the opportunity as the other did not. After all, the matter of choosing a profession for our sons, or of having preference for one vocation above another, should be based more on the qualifications for such tasks as each may present, rather than the difficulties each profession may present.

In stating why I wish my boy to be a minister, I do not say I wish him to be one, if his natural disposition and qualifications will not fit him for it. That would be doing him as well as the profession an injustice. I will merely state a few reasons which have grown out of my own observations as a minister, and point out some advantages which have added to my own satisfaction and joy.

First of all, it seems to me, is the *satisfaction of conscience in responding to the call of a distinctively spiritual task*. In the use of the word "call," it is not intended to convey the idea of some strange and miraculous procedure, but rather, a deep conviction that the ministry is the particular field of service to which God is inviting and drawing certain men. Such was my own experience. Before I had considered any of the advantages of the ministry, or even knew there were any, while yet a lad of high school age, but without a high school education, working as a clerk in a grocery store, helping to provide for myself and a widowed mother, then, along with my religious awakening, came the conviction that if I surrendered myself to God, my life must be given to the work of the ministry. The decision was made, and my story from that on is one common to hundreds of young men who struggle through college and win a worthy place in their profession. Discouragements in great plenty, hardships in variety, sacrifices without number, yet beneath all, a contentment and a joy, such as are known only to those who, having seen a gleam, follow it, and are not "disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Why should I not want a similar development, peace of mind, satisfaction of conscience, and thrill of achievement, in following a course divinely inspired, to be the portion of my son? I am aware that men have moved out under convictions just as strong into other fields of work, and have enjoyed similar experiences; I know too that my son may *never* feel the strong pull toward the ministry; but because I am so profoundly im-



pressed with the greatness of the Church as a healthful and saving influence in society, and with the high standing and potential power of the minister as the representative of that institution to society, I do more than *wish* my son to become a minister—I pray that God may lay his hand upon him for the work.

In the second place, *I want my son to learn the value, as well as to enjoy the beauty, of a sacrificial life.* Any life may be sacrificial. The pity is that more men and women do not practice the art of sacrificing. However, there are few fields of labor which so naturally mean sacrifice as does the ministry. That proves to be the stumbling block to many young men who contemplate the profession, and the source of dissatisfaction to older men now engaged in it. It is *not* fair that one man should be obliged to do all the sacrificing for an entire congregation. For instance, in the matter of salary—that in serving a congregation of four hundred members he should receive a salary of \$1,000 a year, sacrificing the privilege of laying aside \$200 or \$300, for the education of his children and the maintenance of himself in old age, when by the sacrifice of a few dollars by each member the extra amount could be paid. Nevertheless, men in other professions do meet with similar inequalities. Not every doctor's bill is paid; not every lawyer's fee is collected; not every store account is settled. And besides that, often the sacrifice of the *few* dollars from certain members of a congregation is greater to them than the \$200 or \$300 to the minister, especially when the few dollars mean the actual necessities of life! There is joy and there is life in the giving. Many a time the writer has refused money offered as a complimentary fee for some small ministerial duty performed, feeling that it was more needed by those offering it than by himself. Then there was richer pay in the gratification expressed both by words and by actions!

There are sacrifices other than financial. There must be given *unstintedly time*—time which would be greatly enjoyed in the quiet of the home, or evening pleasures with the family. There must be given *freely energy*—energy of body and of mind and of heart. Nothing is more taxing to the minister than the drain on his nerves and sympathy as day after day he sees physical and mental suffering, and death with its attendant sorrows. He would prefer to do other things than witness scenes of grief at a funeral. There is decidedly more “fun” in a ball game, a day's fishing or hunting, the perusal of a book, or the music and singing in his own home, than the mourning of folks for their friends who have slipped away. But because humanity needs such sympathy and comfort as a minister, going in the name of Him who “had not where to lay his head,” yet who “went about doing good,” *can give*, and because, in such cheerful sacrificing, one is richly repaid in affection, in confidence, and in widened circles of influence, I am anxious for my son to be a minister. For one to wish his son to be free from the hardships of such tasks as the ministry imposes upon him, or to refuse to allow him to bear the brunt of hard work and sacrifice when there is such need, is revealing the same weak sentiment as is back of the popular song of a few months ago, “I did not raise my boy to be a soldier”!



A third reason for wishing my son to be a minister is *the cultural value of such a life*. The constant search for truth, the quiet meditation upon spiritual themes, the study of such problems as theology and life present, form habits of thought which make indelible marks upon the character. While it is true that not every man who enters the ministry is a broad-minded, cultured, and scholarly person, it cannot be denied that the ministry certainly offers many advantages for the attainment of those qualities. The ministry has never suffered in a comparison of its average intelligence and nobility of character with men of other professions! A large per cent of the world's greatest benefactors and best thinkers has come from that body!

The entire scope of a minister's *reading* is of a nature to refine his thought. He is obliged to be a student of the "Book of Books"—not only from the devotional, but from the critical standpoint. The lofty expressions of noble sentiments, the moral and spiritual truths found in the Bible become a part of his thought and life. The greater mass of his reading clusters around the Bible—its history, its teachings, its interpretation, its application to present-day needs and problems. Men in other vocations must seek such privileges *aside from* their customary duties, but they belong naturally to the minister's life. There is really no limit to the range of the minister's mind; he may run down his thoughts to the farthest point in any branch of knowledge; his mind certainly is not "fettered" in the investigation of truth. If he feels obliged to use discretion in *expressing* the full mind to his congregation, that in no way prevents him from holding to his own conclusions. If his convictions seem to him to be in *advance* of his congregation, and they would not "hear him," is there anything unethical in following the example of Jesus, who said to his followers, "I have yet many things to say unto you, *but ye cannot bear them now*"?

Moreover, not all of any congregation are dull, and commonplace, and narrow-minded! It is another of the minister's joys to discover in private conversation and personal touch those men and women of choice mind and character with whom he may speak freely. There is likewise in the intellectual comradeship with persons of large views and rich experiences a certain cultural effect by no means to be despised. Just as there is something exhilarating in breathing the flower-perfumed air of spring, so is there the buoyancy of spirit in the atmosphere of great souls.

Then there is the finest of all culture, which comes to the life that is consciously linked to God. Ministers, of whatsoever creed, need make no apology for their belief in spiritual guidance and in the inspiration and uplift which come from our Heavenly Father. He who is Love, Righteousness, and Purity is most certainly able greatly to influence and strengthen those qualities in his ministers. Because I want my son to have the best possible advantages for receiving the finest culture, and to live in an atmosphere of nobleness, I am anxious for him to become a minister.

Still another reason—I want my son during his life to reach and permanently influence for good the largest possible number of people. Only

one man in many is able, by scientific discoveries or inventions, to help the entire mass of humanity; even then it may be only a small addition to physical convenience, and in no appreciable way cause a change in the character of a single individual. Only one out of many brings for the entire group of mankind any real uplift in the arts of literature, painting, sculpture, and music; even so, it may then be only an elevation of the aesthetic taste. Only one out of many is able to lead the people into political and governmental reforms, and even those reforms may be only the addition of wider liberty to the mass without affecting very much the conscience or thought of the individual. Lawyers come into close personal touch with those only who are their friends and associates and their clients. Doctors are scarcely able to reach *multitudes* in their practice. But the minister! Where is there any profession which touches so many lives, and at the point of greatest interest and deepest concern?

The Young Men's Christian Association work has always had my sympathy and cooperation, and there was a time when its work had a certain attraction for me. I chose the ministry in preference to it because the ministry touches not only the young men, but all classes of folks—men, young and old, women, young and old, and the children. Teaching offers great opportunities for good to a class of folks, and at a strategic point in their lives, but the minister usually gets them first, and in many cases they would not be in college had they not been discovered and encouraged by faithful ministers. One minister who only recently died served his first and only church for forty-odd years, and during that time there went out from his church as many men into the ministry, either at home or abroad, besides a great many other young men and some young women into other vocations. His parish was not in a large center of population, but a small village in the southwestern part of Pennsylvania. Here then is a case where a minister's life, although confined to a small area, was productive of fine results. Undoubtedly, if the same sort of living and teaching and preaching had been given in a ministry of so many years in different sections of the country, and in larger centers of population, the extent of the influence would have been so much wider.

The work of the minister just referred to illustrates another point—that is, the *extensive* character of a minister's work. The personal touch of the minister with his constituency makes it possible for him to mold public opinion, inspire to noble deeds, encourage lofty ambitions, and induct into the mysteries of the gospel of righteousness people who never would have come to any place of usefulness in society. I am not saying that no other class of men can follow Christ's example in dealing with other men in this personal way, but only contending that it is the natural and normal work of the minister, and that fact makes it easily possible for him to reach and to permanently influence for good the largest number of people during his life. The minister is the one who lives "in the house by the side of the road," and who is "a friend to man." I want most of all that my son shall desire to serve God and man; then, if he has "gifts and graces" for it, I want him in the ministry.

Wheeling, W. Va.

ROY McCUSKEY.

**THE ITINERANTS' CLUB****THE NEW WORLD INTEREST IN RELIGION**

If one were to ask the world's master minds and wise men what is the greatest subject which can engage the thought of mankind, the answer would almost certainly be religion. The word religion is here employed in its broadest sense. It is not Catholic or Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, but characterizes the universal sense of man's responsibility to God. It is a strong attestation of the vitality of the religious sense that in the midst of the greatest conflict of the ages, where the passions of mankind are aroused to the highest point, the religious concept is called for by the warring nations.

This age, with all its horrors, brings with it some remedial influences which deserve consideration. It has called forth this consciousness in all countries that are at war, and men have felt that in some way in the great disasters which have befallen the world there is need of a higher influence than that which is merely human.

The literature of our times is so permeated with the subject of religion that one meets it in the writers of divers views on all other points. The churches have not, in the memory of the writer, been so full and the audiences so attentive as to-day. All this seems to indicate that something has arisen that has awakened their interest in a remarkable degree. The religious sense is found in the lowest forms of civilization, as well as in the highest. Those that have visited the most remote regions among the aboriginal tribes tell us of a religious sense, often crude and incapable of exact formulation, but which shows, nevertheless, a confidence in some supreme power which can relieve them.

The revived interest in this subject is especially noticeable in the public movements in relation to this well-nigh universal conflict. In no epoch of the history has the Christian world been so united in movements for the betterment of human races, and whenever a person appears who has a message on the subject he is listened to with deep interest. This world struggle has for the first time brought the nations of the world face to face in alliances or in antagonisms. In the awful conflict through which the world is now moving the professors of different faiths see each other as they are. They mingle in the trenches, and when the battle is over they meet as prisoners or as victors.

There is a revival of the influence of the higher form of Christian activity. The moral side of the nation is receiving an impulse, and in the studies that are going forward there is application of its truths to the everyday life of the people. We witness the Christian activities in connection with the war: how the officers of the several armies open the door for Christian thought and Christian teaching, believing that thereby they are promoting the higher life of these with whom they are associated.

There is also a new interest in cooperation in Christian work. The Jew and the Christian, the Greek, the Roman Catholic and Protestant,

people who never thought of cooperating, are now working together side by side, aiming to elevate the people.

There has been a revival in the study of comparative religions as well, which brings into view the great problems with which Christianity has to deal and the many sides of human life affected by it.

Probably never before in all the ages has there been so much and such careful study of the Bible as there is to-day. Not only in the Sunday school, not only among the students in the theological seminaries and other institutions, not only among those who are teachers and writers, but in plain, everyday life, men have come together to study the Word of God.

The churches are inviting special lectures on Bible subjects, and men gather eagerly to hear expositions of the Word. The women are engaged in a study of these most important questions, and passages of Scripture which have long been neglected are read with fresh interest. Books on the Bible are numerous. In a recent popular magazine one firm of publishers devotes its space entirely to the announcement of new books on Bible study, in the way of commentary and criticism on the spiritual life. It is interesting to note how many publishers are sending out communications concerning books on the Scriptures far and wide, regarding them as the best sellers.

Never was there so much generosity as to-day. The gifts which are now being used for the good causes of the world never were so great as they are to-day. Never so much given for the poor, the destitute, as now. We believe it is also calling attention to the deeper spiritual life. Christianity is not merely the external of religion, but it has to do with the inner life, the life of the soul. The world is thinking on the subject everywhere and we may well say there is a revival of religion, though it seems strange to us that it should take place in such horrible circumstances.

There is a new interest in the training of the ministry and it is taking on fresh forms growing out of the new relations of mankind to each other. The preacher will bear the same message, but he will never be quite the same.

Many who have formerly strayed away from the faith of their fathers are returning to an interest in religion. The writer has just noticed a paper by Mrs. Humphry Ward in a magazine (Harper's) which speaks of Walter Pater, whose choice English has been a model for students of English literature. Mrs. Ward says: "He had become famous by the publication of the *Studies in the Renaissance* (1873). It was a gospel that both stirred and scandalized Oxford. The bishop of the diocese thought it worth while to protest. There was a cry of 'Neo-paganism'—and various attempts at persecution. In those days Walter Pater's mind was still full of revolutionary ferments which were just as sincere, just as much himself as that later hesitating and wistful return towards Christianity. . . . But before he left Oxford, in 1881, this attitude of mind was greatly changed. . . . Before 1870 he had gradually relinquished all belief in the Christian religion—and leaves it there. But the interest-

ing and touching thing to watch was the gentle and almost imperceptible flowing back of the tide over the sands it had left bare. It may be said, I think, that he never returned to Christianity in the orthodox or intellectual sense. But his heart returned to it. He became once more endlessly interested in it, and haunted by the 'something' in it which he thought inexplicable. . . . I once said to him, . . . reckoning confidently on his sympathy, and with the intolerance and certainty of youth, that orthodoxy could not possibly maintain itself long against its assailants, especially from the historical and literary camps, and that we should live to see it break down. He shook his head and looked rather troubled. 'I don't think so,' he said. Then, with hesitation, 'And we don't altogether agree. You think it's all plain. But I can't. There are such mysterious things. Take that saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." How can you explain that? There is a mystery in it—something supernatural.'"

It is the opinion of the writer that Christianity is making in the midst of the war a new approach to the higher thought and deeper truths of the gospel. Men are coming to the great thought of the apostle Paul in his famous and mystical chapter, the sixth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. There is something about this great mysterious gospel that appeals to the deeper side of human nature, and hence it seems to the writer that there is a sense in which more truly so there is coming on in the world to-day a new revival of religion.

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#### ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

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##### A NEW ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE FOR THE JEWS

THE past fifty years have been very rich in Bible study. The nations the world over have applied themselves with unusual interest to a more thorough understanding of the Book. Not only have there appeared Bible dictionaries, large and small, and commentaries, learned and popular, in one continuous stream on the separate books of the Old and New Testaments, and not a few upon the apocryphal books, but there have been published, too, new versions of the Holy Scriptures, in whole or in part, not only by individual scholars, but also by large groups of biblical scholars in the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. All this proves that the Book of Books, notwithstanding the apparent indifference of even many professing Christians, is by all odds the most sought-for volume—"the best seller"—in the book market.

There has been more than one translation of the New Testament by one or more scholars into the "most modern or popular English." These, of course, are ephemerals. They will have their day and pass away. In attempting "to exclude words and phrases not used in current English," they adopt many substitutes of doubtful propriety, to say nothing of the colloquial and provincial.

The last translation of the Old Testament into English is that by the



Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1917. It is the joint product of a group of representative Jewish scholars—no doubt the best that could be found among the Jews of the United States.

Two things strike us in reading this new version: the first is the silent testimony of these great Hebrew specialists to the erudition, accuracy, and fairness of Christian scholars, who spent so many years of earnest toil in bringing out the three great English versions, namely, the Authorized Version of 1611, the Revised Version of 1885, and the American Standard Version of 1901; the second thing is the fact that this new Jewish translation is identical in the main with the English version of the Christian Church. Nothing is farther from us than to convey the idea, or even hint, that this new work is an adaptation; for nothing could be farther from the truth. It is an independent work of a company of eminent Hebrew scholars, in every way equal to the task undertaken by them. It stands to reason, nevertheless, that if those who gave us the three great English versions did their work in a fairly correct way, others who came after them, no matter how great their scholarship or candor, should reproduce in most cases the very language of their predecessors. Let us repeat: the work of the English and American translators deserves all praise and so, too, the learning and candor of the Jewish translators, in adopting so large a portion of their phraseology. Indeed, the editor-in-chief, Professor Max L. Margolis, acknowledges most fully his indebtedness as well as that of his colleagues to all the preceding help they had to this new version for the Jews. He expressly says: "We are, it is hardly needful to say, deeply grateful for the works of our non-Jewish predecessors, such as the Authorized Version, with its admirable diction, which can never be surpassed, as well as for the Revised Version, with its ample learning—but they are not ours." These Christian versions are neither suited for the family nor for the synagogue. "The Jew cannot afford to have his Bible translation prepared for him by others."

The Jew has been a pilgrim and a stranger for many centuries in many lands, among all sorts of people, subjected to much contempt and grievous trial. Notwithstanding his ill-treatment, mostly undeserved, he has borne all his persecution philosophically with equanimity and patience hard to comprehend. And though he has commercially mixed with other nations most freely, he has preserved his identity to a remarkable degree. He has kept aloof socially and religiously, has gone so far and no farther. He has invariably adopted the language and some of the customs of the country wherever he has sojourned. Though many Jews have become Christians, the great masses have held tenaciously to Judaism, as taught in their sacred books. Innumerable persecutions and trials, apparently beyond human endurance, have simply served to hold them together. Their solidarity is due chiefly to their Bible and the synagogue. This explains why the Jewish leaders always see to it that their people have the Book in a language they can understand.

When they were in Babylonian captivity, the children and younger people, at least, to a great extent lost their Hebrew, and adopted a sister



dialect, or another language, just as Jewish children in New York and other places who have come from other lands do in these days. We read that when Ezra and Nehemiah desired to instruct their co-religionists in the Law of Moses on their reestablishment in Jerusalem and Judah, "it became imperative to make the Torah of Jehovah distinct and to give sense by means of interpretation (Neh. 8. 8 and 13. 2), that the word of God might be understood by all the people." Many distinguished scholars believe that the bulk of the returned exiles did not understand Hebrew, but spoke either Assyrian or Aramaic. The latter was becoming popular in that day. The interpretation of Ezra then was nothing less than a translation from the Hebrew into a language understood by the people in general. The fact that a Jewish colony which had settled in Egypt before the reign of Cambyses (529-523 B. C.) wrote and spoke Aramaic in the days of Nehemiah favors the view that the returned exiles in Jerusalem spoke the same language. Be that as it may, the Hebrew language gradually gave way to Aramaic, so that in our Saviour's time the latter seems to have been the vernacular of the Jews. No doubt many of the more cultured spoke and wrote both Hebrew and Aramaic, just as many people at present are bilingual. It is always difficult to give the exact date at which any people give up one language for another, because, in the very nature of things, this is not the same as the changing of railroad time-tables, but a gradual affair. We know that the Targum, that is, a translation from Hebrew into Aramaic, was a fixed institution some time before our era. While saying all this, it must be remembered that Assyrian, and not Aramaic, was the language of Babylonia during the captivity.

Egypt, always the home of many Jews, had large numbers of them some centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, and certainly at a time when Greek made such a headway all over the civilized world. It is therefore perfectly natural and quite in harmony with Jewish customs and history, that the Jews of Egypt gave up Hebrew or Aramaic, as the case may be, for the language of Greece. If we may believe Aristæus, the Law was translated into Greek in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus (285-247 B. C.), and the other books of the Old Testament were likewise rendered into Greek not longer than a century later. Indeed, many of the rabbis tell us that other translations appeared at the same period, for example, Elamite, Ethiopic, etc.

When Mohammed and his converts overran a large portion of the Semitic world, where many Jews lived, and where the Arabic prevailed, it became necessary once more to give the children of Israel the Law in a language they could understand. So Saadaya translated the sacred books into Arabic.

And so down the ages, as the chosen people were driven from one land into another, one language after another was forced upon them. It was a matter of life and death with them. They could not transact business without some knowledge of the language of their adopted country. The children would naturally become more familiar with this tongue than with that of their fathers; thus, in order that their souls might feed

upon the bread of life and have spiritual food, another version of the sacred books was prepared for them. Thus one translation of the Hebrew Bible after another came out. David Kimchi and Rabbi Tawos gave them a Persian version, and Rabbi Arazel a Spanish. There appeared, too, as early as 1543, a translation of the Pentateuch into Yiddish or Judæo-German, another in the same language by Blitz, 1676-8, and still another a year later by Witzzenhausen. The Yiddish has been defined as a polyglot jargon for intercommunication by the Jews from different nations. It is written in Hebrew characters and consists of 70 per cent German, 10 per cent Slavic, and about 20 per cent Hebrew words.

Coming down to modern times, we find numerous translations of Spanish, Italian, French, German, English and other modern tongues. Those in English deserve a brief mention. There was one by Dr. Benisch in 1851-6, another by Friedländer in 1884, and a third by Leeser in 1853. Dr. Margolis, to whom we are indebted for many of our data for this article, speaking of Leeser's translation, says: "Leeser based himself upon the King James Version, which for simplicity of diction cannot be surpassed; but the changes introduced by him are so many and so great that his translation may lay claim to being an independent work." Leeser's translation, though the work of an American Jew, became popular at once, and has held its place for a half century in American and English synagogues.

Leeser, however, was not a learned man; and there are many things in his version which called for a revision. Moreover, the number of Jews in the United States is growing so rapidly as to guarantee a more scholarly, a more up-to-date translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, a translation by qualified scholars of the Jewish faith. It is more than probable that after the present great war multitudes of Jews, notwithstanding attractions elsewhere, will flock to the United States; for after all, to the Jew this country is a land flowing with milk and honey. Let us say, as in parenthesis, of the thirteen or fourteen million Jews in the world, there are nearly one-fourth in the United States; of these 1,350,000 in New York city alone. These Jews are taking advantage of education; of the 9,484 students in the College of the City of New York in 1916 there were 8,061 Jews. Columbia and Hunter College, too, have large numbers of Jews.

Whatever young Jews in New York and other cities of the United States may learn, they will not neglect English, though they forget all other languages. Hence, the importance of this new version of the Sacred Scriptures. Plans for this new translation were made more than fifteen years ago, when it was proposed that distinguished Jewish scholars of Great Britain and America should cooperate in its production. More than a score of the Old Testament books were translated and submitted to an editorial committee. The project for some reason fell through, and in 1908 a new board of editors, consisting of Drs. Solomon Schechter, Cyrus Adler, Joseph Jacobs, Kaufman Kohler, David Philipson and Samuel Schulman, with Professor Max L. Margolis as editor-in-chief, was appointed. The result of their labors appears in this new translation.

We read in the preface to the new version: "The present translation is the first for which a group of men representative of Jewish learning among English-speaking Jews assume joint responsibility, all previous efforts in the English language having been the work of individual translators. It has a character of its own. It aims to combine the spirit of Jewish tradition with the results of biblical scholarship, ancient, mediaeval and modern. It gives to the Jewish world a translation of the Scriptures done by men imbued with the Jewish consciousness, while the non-Jewish world, it is hoped, will welcome a translation that presents many passages from the Jewish traditional point of view."

In examining this new version those unfamiliar with the Hebrew Bible will be struck with the arrangement of the books, for this new translation has the same order as the Hebrew original: The Law, the Prophets and the Writings. The Law, or the five books of Moses, regarded by the Jews as the most sacred portion of the Old Testament, stand first and in the same order as in our English Bibles. The Prophets follow, beginning with Joshua, Judges, I and II Samuel, I and II Kings, then the prophets proper: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets. The last group, or the Writings, consisting of the remaining books, is arranged as follows: Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Song of Songs, Ruth, Lamentations, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, I and II Chronicles. Daniel, as is seen, is not placed among the prophets, though Joshua, Judges, the II Samuel and the II Kings fall under that classification. Esther, Lamentations, Song of Songs, Ruth and Ecclesiastes are called the five megilloth (rolls). These are read in their entirety on the Feast of Purim, Feast of the Ninth of Ab (commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem), Feast of Passover, Feast of Weeks and the Feast of Tabernacles, respectively.

The title of each book is given in both Hebrew and English, though the latter only appears at the top of the page. The Pentateuch follows the division of the English versions into chapters and verses, and also that of the Hebrew into fifty-four sections, one for every Sabbath in the year. The number of Sabbaths depends upon the moon. When there are only forty-eight Sabbaths the last four sections are combined into two. The Psalms are divided into five books, as in the Revised Version. Acrostic psalms, such as 25, 34, 37, 111 and 145, are indicated by Hebrew letters in the margin. The first is true of the first, second and fourth chapters of Lamentations. The divisions into chapters and verses are in general the same as in our modern versions. Many psalms have one more verse than in our English Bibles. This arises from the fact that the title is regarded as the first verse. The following differences might be mentioned: This new version (which we shall designate N. V.) has thirty-eight verses in Neh. 3, while the English versions have only thirty-two. Neh. 4 has seventeen verses, and our version twenty-three. We notice a difference in Eccles. 5 and also Micah 5. If we turn to Exod. 20 we find that N. V. has but twenty-three verses, for our twenty-six; this is because verses 13-16 are combined in the N. V. into one.

As in S. V. (American Standard Version), the beginning of each

verse is indicated in the proper place by a suspended number, rather than in the margin opposite. The initial letter of a pronoun referring to the Deity is always a capital. Direct discourse is indicated by quotation marks.

The editors have generally, not always, avoided archaisms and Hebraisms. Such forms as *begat*, *drave*, *spake*, etc., do not appear. As in the R. V. and S. V., the poetical books are printed in parallelisms. The N. V., however, is much more consistent than our versions in this regard; for poetry, no matter in what book, is always indicated in verse form. Both the R. V. and S. V. are singularly inconsistent in this matter. If we turn, for example, to the N. V. of Ecclesiastes, we find much of the book in poetical form, though our versions print all as if it were prose. The same is true of the prophetic books. Some of the sublimest Hebrew poetry is found in Isaiah; this fact, as far as the form is concerned, is generally ignored in both the R. V. and S. V. The N. V. gives the whole of Habbakuk as poetry, while our versions give only the third chapter.

As might be expected, the ineffable name, the tetragrammaton יהוה, the Jehovah of the S. V., and often of the R. V., is rendered *Lord*, as in the American Version and other versions. Some will call this reverence, others, superstition.

If we turn to the so-called Messianic passages, we are at once struck with the great difference between the N. V. and our Christian versions. We will leave it to impartial readers, if there be such, which is the more correct, the more faithful reproduction of the original Hebrew.

The following are a few passages taken from the new translations: Gen. 3. 15 is rendered: "They shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise their heel." The passage in Gen. 49. 10, rendered in R. V., "until Shiloh come," with a marginal alternative, "Till he come to Shiloh," is given in the N. V., "As long as men come to Shiloh." If we turn to Isa. 7. 14, we find that the N. V. has: "Behold the young woman shall conceive," for the "Behold, a virgin shall conceive"; the margin substitutes maiden for virgin. This is not the place to discuss the Hebrew term *almah*; our object is to point out the different translations. The contrast is still greater when we come to Isa. 9. 6. To save space we will not print the passage as rendered in the R. V. or S. V., but will simply give it as found in the N. V. It runs thus:

For a child is born unto us,  
A son is given unto us,  
And the government is on his shoulders,  
And his name is called,  
Pele-joez-el-gibbor-  
Abi-ad-sar-shalom.

This one word, of no fewer than thirteen syllables, is by far the longest Hebrew proper name we have seen in print. It is, however, fair to say that the editors translate the long appellation in the margin: "Wonderful in council is God, the mighty, the everlasting Father, the Ruler of Peace." With all good will we cannot see why eight Hebrew common words should be united into one compound proper name of un-

precedented length and placed in an English translation, to be read by children and common people in the family and by rabbis in the synagogue for a congregation, for the greater part, ignorant of the Hebrew. We might multiply passages of this kind, but let one more suffice. That portion of Isa. 53. 10, rendered by the R. V.: "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin," is given in the N. V.: "To see if his soul would render itself in restitution."

There are, as could be expected, some Hebraisms, and occasionally some awkward renderings, which the reader may see for himself. We will notice one of each kind. In Isa. 55. 7, N. V. has "man of iniquity," where the R. V. has "unrighteous man." In Isa. 53. 2, the N. V. reads: "For he shot up right forth as a sapling," which is certainly not more correct, but much less idiomatic and elegant than the translation of the R. V.: "For he grew up before him as a tender plant."

This new version of God's Word, prepared for Jewish readers, will, no doubt, as it richly deserves, receive a hearty reception, not only in the Jewish family and synagogue, but it will be welcomed also by many, regardless of creed, who read and study the Old Testament in the English language. We bespeak and predict for it a wide circulation.

It might be stated in conclusion that it is the purpose of the Jewish Publication Society to follow this translation by a series of popular commentaries on the entire Old Testament. The great Jewish philanthropist Jacob H. Schiff, who has already contributed \$50,000 to "the Bible Fund," is one of the chief supporters of the enterprise.

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### BOOK NOTICES

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#### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*Popular Aspects of Oriental Religions.* By L. O. HARTMAN, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 255. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, \$1.35 net.

IN view of extensive preparations for the centennial celebration of Methodist missions, it is well that the members of our church should have a clear knowledge of non-Christian religions and their influence on the world. One of the most readable books on this subject is that by Dr. Hartman. He obtained his material not only from books but from extensive observation and personal inquiry in the several countries where these religions operate. The book is popular in so far as it appeals to the reader who knows little or nothing of these faiths, but it is none the less a scholarly presentation. There are a number of excellent illustrations. In six chapters the author discusses animism, as seen in Korea; Confucianism and the other religions of China; Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Zoroastrianism. In a concluding chapter he makes an impressive comparison and contrast between these faiths and Christianity. His purpose is to find out what is best in these



religions without any narrow partisanship or silly sentimentalism. The spirit of the writer can be seen in a paragraph from the chapter on *The Mystical Hindus*: "From high-caste Brahman to the despised Shudra, through every stage of society men are searching for God and seeking to realize him in immediate communion. And this one great fact is the key to a sympathetic understanding of the complexities of this highly mystical faith. Indeed, nowhere is there so much need that the Western student should Orient himself as in the case of Hinduism. It is easy to accept the snap judgment of the superficial tourist or the missionary of narrow outlook and see nothing worthy in this religion that nevertheless claims more than two hundred million adherents. A critic might also dwell on the darker realities of Hinduism, contrasting them with the nobler ideals of Christianity, and conclude that there is nothing worth while in this Indian mysticism. But such a course is not altogether fair. We ought, rather, to compare the best teachings and expressions of each faith if we are to arrive at sound conclusions." Referring to Korea, the spirit land, he writes: "Centuries of a religion of fear have made their deep impression, and therefore the preaching and teaching which is now carried on under Christian auspices should be so shaped as to prevent the transference of this burden of superstition and fear to the new faith." His report of conditions in China is optimistic as regards the spread of the gospel: "Young men in China to-day are eager for Christian education, not only on account of the training in English and modern sciences afforded by missionary schools and colleges, but also because they desire to understand and realize the Christian program of life. That Christianity does thus vitally attract the youth of China is again illustrated by the fact that since the foundation of Peking University (a missionary institution), over twenty-five years ago, not a single person has been graduated who has not professed to be a follower of Jesus Christ, although these students have never been under religious compulsion and always have been left free to choose their own course of life. Missionary colleges, hospitals, and professional schools are everywhere crowded with just such earnest young men." The chapter on Buddhism is entitled, *Under the Bo-tree*, and the summary of this faith is both discerning and judicious. Only a few sentences can be given: "Buddhism is the most intellectually respectable of all the indigenous religions of the Far East, and has many points of real strength. To begin with, it possesses the scientific spirit. Salvation lay not in externals, but in a state of mind, and therefore rituals, spectacular services, and other outside aids were worthless so far as permanent deliverance was concerned. Still another very important element of strength lay in Buddha's proclamation of democracy. There are also certain fundamental weaknesses. Buddhism is in theory agnostic, but its logic leads straight to the atheistic plane. Buddha interprets facts in a materialistic fashion, assuming that only those things or occurrences that are perceptible to the senses can be called facts. Ethically likewise this great religion disappoints us. The chief difficulty, however, with Buddhism lies not so much in the weakness of its ideals as in its lack



of power. It is a religion of denial, a negative faith." The attention of the reader is arrested to be told that "Mohammedanism is distinctively a masculine religion. It represents the greatest layman's missionary movement ever projected in the history of the world. The work is carried on by merchants and traders in the regular course of their business. These travelers, for example, visit the tribes of Africa for the purpose of money-making, and in the course of the bargaining also tell the story of their faith. There is nothing professional about these lay missionaries, nothing to arouse suspicion. Friendships are cultivated, the simple doctrine is outlined, and Moslem converts are made by the thousands." Dr. Hartman pays a deservedly high compliment to Moslem art and architecture, instancing the Taj-Mahal as the world's most beautiful building, costing between six and ten million dollars, and erected in 1650 as the tomb of the Princess Mumtaz-i-Mahal. He also deals with the modern reform movements of Islam and points out in what respects it is a powerful competitor of Christianity. He does not fail to deal with the degrading effects of Islam on womanhood. The chapter on Zoroastrianism is written in the form of a dialogue between a Parsee and a Christian; it vividly brings out the peculiar tenets of the fire worshipers. The truth that Christianity is the fulfillment of all religions is convincingly shown throughout the volume as well as in the last chapter. "Christianity takes up and gives the strongest emphasis to the animistic sense of an unseen world, but strenuously opposes primitive superstitions and fanaticism, even when presented under the guise of modern cults; it carries the Taoist notion of an orderly universe to larger definiteness and insists that the world is one of law; it accepts and indorses the formal ethics of Confucius, but presses the demands of the moral life deeper—into the realm of desires and motives. The Christian religion does not lose itself in the pantheism of Hinduism, but insists on the nearness of God, while at the same time preserving his vital independence; it faces the problem of evil as does Buddhism, but its remedy is not denial and negation. Instead it recommends that we face the woes of life and struggle through to a real spiritual conquest. With just as much vigor as the Moslems, Christians emphasize the unity of God, but they also proclaim the good news of his Fatherly nature. While Christianity is at one with Parseeism in many doctrines, its distinctive preeminence is to be found in its fundamental doctrine of Christ as found in the Gospels, and hence it recognizes the larger obligation of spreading the glad tidings throughout the whole world, a splendid criterion by which to judge the depth and vitality of professed beliefs." This is as concise and convincing a summary as can be found anywhere. Dr. Hartman has made a valuable contribution. It will help preachers in preparing addresses for the centennial anniversary and it will give the laity additional reasons why the winning enterprise of Christian missions should receive heartier and more substantial support.

*The Church and the Sacraments.* By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D., Principal of Hackney College, Hampstead, and Dean of the Faculty of Theology in the University of London. 12mo, pp. xiv + 289. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

PRINCIPAL FORSYTH is one of the most stimulating writers, unusually fertile in ideas. Whatever subject he takes up he shows himself master of it, and is never uncertain of his ground. To say that a book is by Forsyth is the same thing as saying that it is difficult reading, but you cannot get away from him. Take up any of his books and it is not put aside until read through, even if you must lay it down occasionally to take your breath. The purpose of the present volume is to demonstrate that "the sacraments are not emblems but symbols, and symbols not as mere channels, but in the active sense that something is done as well as conveyed." He goes deeper than the sacramentarian view of the High Catholic and further than the sacramental view of the Protestant. He makes a distinction which is worth quoting: "There is something which Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in their extreme forms underprize, and that is the gospel as the power of a holy God for our moral redemption in a kingdom. The Free churches have tended to idolize *liberty* at the cost of the truth and power which makes liberty—at the cost, therefore, of reverence, penitence, and humility. They have made a good servant a bad master. The Catholic Churches have tended, on the other side, to idolize *unity*, to sacrifice the church's holiness to her catholicity, and to lose the moral power of the gospel in a type of piety or in canonical correctness of procedure. They have sought unity in polity." We have far too many Jeremiahs among modern writers on the church. They seem to have the idea that the cause is advanced by their sharp criticisms. Over against these mistaken zealots, we like to place so stalwart a defender as Dr. Forsyth, who gives a very discerning exposition of the mission of the church. Underlying everything that this keen thinker has written is the central and dominating idea of the atoning death of Christ. This is the one supreme truth, which accepted, makes the soul God's and the church Christian. "What we require is not a race of more powerful preachers, but that which makes their capital—a new gospel which is yet the old, the old moralized, and replaced in the conscience, and in the public conscience, from which it has been removed. We need that the gospel we offer be moralized at the center from the Cross, and not rationalized at the surface by thin science. We need that more people should be asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' rather than, 'What should I rationally believe?' We need power more than truth. We need a new sense of the living God as the God whose eternal redemption is as relevant and needful to this age's conscience as to the first. It is not a ministry we need, but a gospel which makes both ministry and church." But Dr. Forsyth holds to a high ideal of the ministry, as in the chapter on the ministry sacramental, which should be earnestly studied by every preacher. The ministry is effective as it is *creative*. "It is a productive industry in the highest sense. The Protestant minister

is a surrogate of the apostles rather than their successor. But it is in the wake of the apostles that he stands, with their soul in his as the Bible is in his hand. He is a successor of such apostles functionally if not canonically, evangelistically if not statutorily." On the pastoral office he writes: "The pastor's work is not merely to go about among the people with human sympathy and kindly help, but to do this confessedly in the name and for the sake of something greater—in the way of carrying Christ to the people individually, sacramentally, not for humane objects only, but for the sake of the kingdom of God. The pastor is only the preacher in retail. No mere assiduity can really save souls, only a gospel of grace working through a subject of grace." He lifts the question of church unity out of the realm of thin sentimentalism when he deliberately states that this happy goal can be reached only as there are more believers in the churches, who believe more and "treat their theology with some of the respect it is fashionable to feel for economics." Here are four principles which must be reckoned with in realizing genuine unity: (1) The unity of the church rests on a basis not subjective but objective. It does not stand on Christian sympathies and affinities, but on divine deed and purpose. (2) The great church is primarily the result of an act of God; a divine creation, and not a voluntary association. (3) The act of God's grace provokes in us a response in kind. Our answer to it is an act of final self-committal to Christ. (4) Historically, the church was one before it was many. For Jesus the Kingdom come (in himself) was before the Kingdom coming in history, and the one was the ground and power of the other. "The kingdom of God in Christ is the key of all history, and the church has the power of that key." Unlike some writers, he relates the church to the Kingdom and shows that they are indispensable to each other. His discussion of it is original and persuasive. "The kingdom of God can only come by the church of God, and only by a united, free, and independent church." Another strong chapter is "The United States—of the Church." When sectarianism is being freely condemned, let us listen to the other side. "The sects came to break up a unity, hollow and outgrown. And they came to prepare for a unity much more flexible and free, and one, therefore, more permanent among free men." When questions like union and unity are under consideration, involving innumerable and almost unimaginable complications, the need pressing is for the ecclesiastical statesman, whom we are much given to despise. This is the type of leader who will "enable us to adjust our gospel practically to the social need, to the commerce, science, and culture, the ignorance, misery, and sin of the world, without succumbing as a disintegrated church must do. He ought to be as much at home in the Christian ethic which should stiffen Christian sentiment as he is in public affairs." Surely this is a prophetic type of man whose clear vision of the City of God enables him to set forth an adequate and comprehensive program before the church. We cannot have too many of him. The second part of the volume is devoted to the sacraments. Here again Dr. Forsyth gives the profound spiritual significance of these two rites. Baptism is neither mere symbolism nor is it mere magic. It is

a sacrament of the new birth of regeneration which comes from Christ; the reference is to adult baptism. We might as well acknowledge that the practice of infant baptism is not found in the New Testament and that it really began to appear only in the third century. This was due to the fact that the church began as a mission church, then it became a society, composed of families, and infant baptism was introduced as an acceptance of the prevenient grace of God and as a confession on the part of the church of its responsibility for children in general and for every child in particular. "The church should not give baptism where there is no prospect of Christian discipline and nurture in its own interior. Baptism, apart from that, easily becomes a mere salving rite, instead of a saving grace, indulging the superstition of parents." Such a view of baptism makes all the more imperative the demand for religious education on a far more thorough scale than is at present carried out through the Sunday school. If we must rely on this special agency, we must have trained teachers and pastor-teachers, or we are certain to find ourselves helpless to cope with the rising tide of scepticism, materialism and worldliness. Equally strong are the chapters on the Lord's Supper. This service is not simply commemorative, but chiefly communicative of divine grace. "Let us at least get rid of the idea, which has impoverished worship beyond measure, that the act is mainly commemoration. No church can live on that. How can we have a mere memorial of one who is still alive, still our life, still present with us and acting in us?" It is a communion between Christ and the believer; "not a memorial of an ancient Christ, nor the symbol of a Christ remote, but the self-gift of a present and living Redeemer in his vocation as such. Thus he is present in the church's act, rather than in the elements. The bread and wine remain such—points of attachment, vehicles, occasions, agents, not the essence of Christ nor its envelope. The elements are made sacramental by promise and by use; they are not transmitted in substance." Clearly this whole subject must be carefully studied and the real significance of the celebration made known to the people, so that they will not absent themselves from the communion service as many are in the habit of doing, but will endeavor to attend it regularly. The questions considered by Principal Forsyth in this book are of the utmost importance. We have given only a few extracts, but every preacher should study these chapters with pencil in hand. There is no book published in recent years on this subject that can compare with it as regards masculine thought, clear discrimination, historical knowledge, theological insight, and spiritual illumination.

*The Whole Armour of God.* By JOHN HENRY JOWETT, D.D. 12mo, pp. 265. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.25.

DR. JOWETT is better to hear than to read, yet there is large demand for his many volumes of sermons. In the pulpit two things make him specially impressive. He has a pleasant voice and plays well on that instrument. Also an active, stirring, and impassioned delivery. In print,

without these winsome and effective auxiliaries, he is less impressive. His seven-years pastorate in America is now closed. He goes home to his own people in London, greatly beloved, both there and here. Of him, at his departure, the New York Evening Post says: "Dr. Jowett is closing his pastorate in this city to return to England. The years during which he has preached at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church have seen vast audiences thronging to hear him. Twice each Sunday he has spoken to all that the church edifice could hold. Strangers within the city's gates have been led to feel that their visit would be incomplete if they did not go at least once to hear Dr. Jowett preach. In this respect he has come near taking the place which Henry Ward Beecher used to occupy. Crowds go where they see the crowd going—even to church. This is not, of course, to say that Dr. Jowett ministered chiefly to a floating congregation. The evidence is clear that he acquired a great hold on those who regularly attended his services. In a day when we speak easily of the decline of the pulpit and the falling off in churchgoing, it is certainly worth while to pause long enough to ask how it came about that the popularity of preaching seemed to be restored in New York by Dr. Jowett. He is in no sense a great pulpit orator. Neither in presence, voice, nor magnetic quality is he one of those born to sway assemblies. Matched with such a genius for preaching as Beecher had, Dr. Jowett's gift would look rather small. He has nothing like the splendid rhetoric and brilliant improvisations of Dr. Storrs. Nor could he be compared in fervid eloquence with Dr. William M. Taylor. One of his own predecessors in the Fifth Avenue church, Dr. John Hall, had a massive simplicity and weight of personal authority which Dr. Jowett does not equal. Yet the people hear him gladly. His success here was notable from the first and has been steady. No one for years has so magnified the office of preacher. What is there in his methods and results for the churches and for other sons of the prophets to take to heart and profit by? To begin with, he has been a preacher, pure and simple. His motto appears to have been: 'This one thing I do.' Dr. Jowett has been very seldom reported as a lecturer, a speaker at public occasions. Always his eye has been on his own pulpit. It is understood that he has been relieved of a great deal of the routine parish work that falls upon many pastors. He has not been known, as Dr. Rainsford was, for example, as head of a great 'institutional' church. This does not mean that the Fifth Avenue Church had not its due share of schools and missions, but whenever people spoke of Dr. Jowett they spoke of him as a preacher. Upon the work of the pulpit he concentrated himself—*totus in illis*. There is nothing sensational about him. He is no Talmage, cutting antics in the pulpit. With great sincerity and obvious intensity of conviction, he has a message to deliver. It is full of thought, carefully worked out. Little is left to the inspiration of the moment. Dr. Jowett would never need to recall the cynical advice of Lyman Beecher: 'If you find you have nothing to say, holler the louder.' Audiences in the Fifth Avenue Church saw a man rise, earnest, devout, honestly believing all that he said, and endeavoring to apply the eternal truths of religion to the needs of everyday life. He had, of course, many of the resources of oratory. Emphasis, appeal,



gesture—all were there. Dr. Jowett has the necessary art of the public speaker in turning his thought all sides about, in repeating, illustrating, enforcing, so that the due impression will be left upon the ordinary mind. He has also a gift for poignancy of phrasing, and a subtle and delicate imagination, which enables him to utter words that cling to the memory by their force or beauty. But the main thing that strikes one in his preaching is his seriousness, his elevation, his spirit absorbed in the importance of the word he has to speak. It is often said, regretfully, that the great epoch of the American pulpit is behind us. Changed attitudes, new views of religion, the workaday church—these and many other causes are asserted to have robbed the preacher of his former opportunity, even if the supply of native talent in the churches were as great as it used to be. On such too hasty conclusions, Dr. Jowett's career in New York is the best comment. The pulpit has not decayed for those who can still make it a power. When a preacher comes whose lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar, the attent audience is never lacking." The fifteen sermons in this volume show Dr. Jowett's felicitous phrasing, expository power, and homiletical skill. The Christian's spiritual armor—girdle, breastplate, shield, helmet, sword—all weapons, defenses and heroisms of the soul's warfare, he illustrates from earthly battlefields, now all too familiar. Here is something about the girdle of truth. The apostle Paul is thinking of a soul girt about with gospel truth and with the ample promises of God. He is thinking of a man who takes some great truth of revelation, some mighty word of life, or some broad and bracing promise of grace, and who belts it about his soul and wears it on active service in seeking to do the sovereign will. I know not where to begin, or where to end, when I turn to the pages of biography for examples of men and women who have worn the girdle of gospel truth and promise. Let me dip here and there in the many and brilliant records. Well, then, let us begin with Martin Luther. It is one of the strong characteristics of Luther that he is ever wearing the girdle of truth, and bracing himself with the promises of grace. I open his letters almost at random, in the great year of his life when he defied the pope, and opposed himself to the strength of uncounted hosts. He is writing to Melancthon on May 26, 1521: "Do not be troubled in spirit; but sing the Lord's song in the night, as we are commanded, and I shall join in. Let us only be concerned about the Word." There you find him putting on the girdle! Once again I find him writing a letter to a poor little company of Christians at Wittenberg: "I send you this thirty-seventh Psalm for your consolation and instruction. Take comfort and remain steadfast. Do not be alarmed through the raging of the godless." There again he is wearing the girdle and urging others to wear it. His loins are girt about with truth. Then again there is John Wesley. Let me give you a glimpse of that noble servant of the spirit as he is putting on the girdle of truth: "When I opened the New Testament at five o'clock in the morning my eyes fell on the words, 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises that we should be partakers of the divine nature.'" He girt his loins with that truth.



"Just before I left the room I opened the Book again, and this sentence gleamed from the open page, 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.'" And he girt himself with that promise. He went to St. Paul's that morning, and in the chant there came to him this personal message from the Word: "O Israel, trust in the Lord, for in the Lord there is mercy and in Him there is plenteous redemption, and He shall redeem Israel from all his sins." Do you not see this noble knight belting himself for the great crusade that even now awaits him at the gate? Then I think I will mention General Gordon, who laid down his life at Khartoum. Only, if you want to see Gordon girding himself with truth, and see it adequately, you will have to quote from almost every letter he ever wrote, and especially his wonderful correspondence with his sister. Take this sentence from a letter written in Calro in 1884: "I have taken the words, 'He will hide me in His hands'; good-night, my dear sister, I am not moved, even a little." Or take this sentence from a letter written in Khartoum toward the end of his days: "This word has been given me, 'It is nothing to our God to help with many or with few,' and I now take my worries more quietly than before." He put on the girdle of truth, and his worries were leached in the girdle, and his soul was quieted in gospel confidence and serenity. And I had other examples to offer you, but these must suffice. I had on my table David Livingstone, and John Woolman, and Frances Willard, and Catherine Booth, and I wanted to give you glimpses of all these notable soldiers of the Lord girding themselves for the open field. But their names shall be their witness. I might have quoted, had I the knowledge and the time, the testimony of all the saints who from their labors rest. And concerning them all we should have seen that their loins were girt about with truth. Here is part of the sermon on Enduring Hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, a timely word for our present crisis: One of the first necessities of the Christian Church in the present hour is to have our Lord's own purpose steadily in view, to keep her eyes glued upon that supreme end, and to allow nothing to turn her aside. "Let thine eyes look right on;" "Thy kingdom come;" "The kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our God;" "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet." This, I say, is the pressing and immediate need of the good soldier of Christ Jesus, to refuse to have his single aim complicated by the entanglement of passing circumstances, and to constantly "apprehend that for which we also were apprehended by Christ Jesus our Lord." What else shall we do in this hour of upheaval and disaster? The Church must eclipse the exploits of carnal warfare by the more glorious warfare of the spirit. Just recall the heroisms which are happening every day in Europe, and on which the eyes of the world are riveted with an almost mesmerized wonder! Think of the magnificent sacrifices! Think of the splendid courage! Think of the exquisite chivalry! Think of the incredible powers of endurance! And then, further, think that the Church of Christ is called upon to outshine these glories with demonstrations more glorious still. This was surely one of the outstanding distinctions of apostolic life. Whenever hostilities confronted the

early Church, whenever the first disciples were opposed by the gathered forces of the world, wherever the sword was bared and active, wherever tyranny exulted in sheer brutality, these early disciples unveiled a more splendid strength, and threw the carnal power into the shade. They faced their difficulties with such force and splendor of character that their very antagonisms became only the dark background on which the glory of the Lord was more manifestly revealed. Their courage rose with danger and eclipsed it! Let me open one or two windows in the apostolic record which give us glimpses of this conquering life. Here, then, is a glimpse of the hostilities: "Let us straightly threaten them that they speak henceforth to no man in this name." There you have the naked tyranny of carnal power, and there you have the threat that burns through carnal speech. And now, over against that power put the action of the Church: "And they spake the word of God with boldness!" They were good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and by that boldness the tyranny and threat of carnal power were completely eclipsed. Here is another glimpse of those heroic days: "And when they had called the apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus." There again you have the demonstration of carnal power; and here again is the demonstration of the power of the spirit: "And they departed from the presence of the counsel, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. And they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." I say that this "rejoicing" eclipses that beating, and the good soldier of Jesus Christ puts the Roman soldier into the shade. Let me open another window: "And they cast Stephen out of the city and stoned him." Get your eyes on that display of carnal passion and tyranny; and then lift your eyes upon the victim of it: "And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Who is the conqueror in that tragedy, the stoners or the stoned, the ministers of destruction or the good soldier of Jesus Christ? The carnal power was terrific and deadly, but it was utterly eclipsed by the power of grace, the power which blazed forth in this redeemed and consecrated life. Open yet another window upon this day of shining exploits: "Having stoned Paul they drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead." That incident seems to record the coronation and sovereignty of brutal strength. Now read: "And they returned again to Lystra." Paul went back to the place where he had been stoned, to tell again the good news of grace, and to carry to broken people the ministries of healing. And I say that this bruised man, beaten and sore, returning again to the scene of the stoning, is a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and by his magnificent courage and grace he eclipsed all the rough strength of the world and threw its achievements into the shade. But it is not only in apostolic days that you can find these brilliant contrasts. The Church has been distinguished by such demonstrations of spiritual glory all along her history. When material power has been riotous and rampant, when rude, crude passions have blazed through the earth, the chivalry of the Church has shone resplendent in the murky night, and she has eclipsed the dread shocks of the world and the flesh and the devil by her noble sacrifices, and by her serenity,

and by her spontaneous joy. The Church has distinguished herself by her manifestations of spiritual strength, by her lofty Christian purpose, by her glowing devotional enthusiasm, and this over against gigantic obstacles, and in the face of enemies who seemed to be overwhelming. I think of James Chalmers, the martyred missionary of New Guinea. How well I remember the last time I met him; his big, powerful body, his lion-like head, his shock of rough hair, his face with such a strange commingling of strength and gentleness, indomitableness and grace! And what he went through in New Guinea in carrying to the natives the story of our Saviour's love! And then, having gone through it all, he stood up there in England, on the platform of Exeter Hall, and said: "Recall these twenty-one years, give me back all its experiences, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground, give it me back, and I will still be your missionary." What is happening in Europe just now that can put that exploit in the shade? I do not wonder that when that man thought of heaven he used these words: "There will be much visiting in heaven, and much work. I guess I shall have good mission work to do, great, brave work for Christ. He will have to find it, for I can be nothing else than a missionary." James Chalmers went back to New Guinea to tell and retell to the natives why Jesus came to thee and me and all men, and he won the martyr's crown. The love of Christ constrained him. And again I ask, what incidents in carnal warfare are not eclipsed by shining heroisms like these? I might go on telling you these glorious exploits of grace, but I hasten to say that it is our privilege to continue the story. To-day carnal strength is stalking in deadly stride through a whole continent. And to-day the Church must do something so splendid and so heroic as will outshine the glamour of material war. This is the hour when we must send out more men and women who are willing to live and toil and die for the Hindu, and for the Turk, and the Persian, and the Chinese, and the Japanese, and all the dusky sons of Africa. I verily believe that if the apostle Paul were in our midst to-day, with the war raging in Europe, he would sound an advance all along the line. He would call us in this hour to send out more men and women to save, and to comfort, and to heal; men and women who will lay down their lives in bringing life to their fellow-men. We must send forth new army corps of soldiers of Christ, and we must give them more abundant means, endowing them so plentifully that they can go out into the needy places of Asia and Africa, and assuage the pains and burdens of the body, and dispel the darkness of the mind, and give liberty to the imprisoned spirit, and lead the souls of men into the life and joy and peace of our blessed Lord. If the Church would, and if the Church will, she can so arrest the attention and win the hearts of the natives of Africa and Asia with the grace and gentleness of the Lord Jesus, a grace and gentleness made incarnate again in you and me, and in those whom we send to the field, that the excellent glory of the Spirit shall shine preeminent, and in this hour of world-wide disaster the risen

Lord shall again be glorified. Shall we quietly challenge ourselves amid all the awful happenings of to-day? Here are the terms of the challenge. Shall the good soldier of Christ Jesus be overshadowed by the soldiers of the world? Or shall the courage and ingenuities of the world be eclipsed by the heroism and the wise audacity of the Church? Shall we withdraw our army from the field because the war is raging in Europe, or shall we send it reinforcements? Shall we practice a more severe economy and straiten our army's equipment for service; or shall we practice a more glorious self-sacrifice, and make its equipment more efficient? Shall we exalt and glorify our Saviour, or shall we allow Him to be put in the shade? Shall we endure hardness, as good soldiers of Christ, or shall we take to the fields of indulgence, and allow the Church of the Living God to be outshone by the army of the world? Which shall it be? Our holy battlefield is as wide as the world. The needs are clamant. The opportunities of victory are on every side. Our Captain is calling! What then, shall it be? Advance or retreat? What answer can there be but one? Surely the answer must be that we will advance, even though it mean the shedding of the blood of sacrifice. One of our medical missionaries was Dr. Francis J. Hall of Peking, China. He had been graduated with high honors at the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, and had consecrated his life to medical missionary work in China, where his large abilities promptly won him wide influence. In 1913 he said to one of his associates: "I have just been called to a Chinese who has typhus fever. Many physicians have died of that disease, but I must go." Two weeks later he was stricken. As he lay dying his mind wandered, and he was heard to exclaim: "I hear them calling, I must go; I hear them calling!" Do we hear them calling? Is the answer "Yes"? Then let us joyfully register a vow that God helping us, the army of the Lord shall not be maimed because of our indifference, but as good soldiers of Jesus Christ we will, if need be, endure hardness, and give of our possessions, even unto the shedding of our blood. Another sermon illustrates how the Lord brings His great leaders from unexpected places: Observe the divine raising of the heroic leaders of men. In what wide and mysterious sweeps the great God works when He wants a leader of men! The man is wanted here at the center, but he is being prepared yonder on the remote circumference! God calls him from very obscure and unlikely fields. Here is ancient Israel. Her altars are defiled, and her balances are perverted. She is hollow in worship, and she is crooked in trade, and the people are listless in their debasement. A leader is wanted to awake and scourge the people. Where shall he be found? The Lord hisses (calls) for a fly in Tekoa, a wretched little village, in a mean and scanty setting; and the fly was a poor herdsman, following the flock, and eking out his miserable living by gathering the figs of the sycamore. And this Amos was God's man! A prophet of fire was wanted in Bethel, and God prepared him in Tekoa! But what an orbit! Who would have thought that Tekoa would have been a school of the prophets? Stride across the centuries. The religion of Europe has become a gloss for indulgence. Nay, it has become an excuse for it.

The Father's house has become a den of thieves. The doctrines of grace have been wiped out by a system of man-devised works. Religion is devitalized, and morals have become dissolute. Wanted, a man, who shall be both scourge and evangelist! Where shall he be found? "The Lord hissed (called) for the fly" that was in Eisleben, in the house of a poor miner, and Martin Luther came forth to grapple with all the corruptions of established religion. But what an orbit! A fire was wanted to burn up the refuse which had accumulated over spiritual religion, and the fire was first kindled in a little home, in a little village, far away from the broad highways of social privilege and advantage. Again, I say, what an orbit! March forward again across the years. Here is England under the oppression of a king who claims divine sanction for his oppression. There is no tyranny like the tyranny which stamps itself with a holy seal. And in those old days of Charles I, tyranny wore a sacred badge. Tyranny carried a cross. It was tyranny by divine right. Wrong was justified by grace. I say, of all tyrannies, this is the most tyrannical. Wanted, a man to meet and overthrow it! Where will he be found? Will he be found in some national center of learning where wealthy privilege holds her seat? O, no! The Lord hissed for a fly on the fens, from a little farm at Huntington, and Oliver Cromwell emerged, to try swords with the king on his throne! Let me give the familiar glimpse which Sir Philip Warwick offers us of Cromwell making his first speech in the House of Commons. "I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily appareled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor." And there is God's man! But what an orbit! A man was wanted for the defense of liberty and spiritual religion, and God prepared this man in the obscurity of a little farm among the fens. What an orbit is marked by the goings of the Lord. The Lord hissed for the fly on the fen. March forward across the centuries. Here is slavery in the American republic. In spite of the noble words of the Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—in spite of these ringing human claims slavery nestled beneath the American flag. Well, wanted a man to deal with it! Where will he be found? Will he be found? Will he be found in some university center? Will he be a paragon of intellectual learning and accomplishment? Oh no! The Lord hissed for a fly in Harden, in a scraggy part of Kentucky, Harden with its "barren hillocks and weedy hollows, and stunted and scrubby underbrush,"—and there in a dismal solitude, and in a cheerless home, and in the deepest poverty, the great God made His man, and Abraham Lincoln came forth to cross swords with the great wrong, and



to ring the bells of freedom from the "frozen North to the glowing South, and from the stormy waters of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific Main." But what an orbit of divine providence! Who would have guessed that just there, in that poor, unschooled, and unprivileged family, the great God was doing His momentous work? And I wonder where now in the vast orbit of His providence He is rearing the leaders of to-morrow? Our God moves in mighty sweeps, and He is even now at work in the mysterious ministries of His grace. "The Lord shall hiss (call) for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria." And then, under the influence of the prophet's teaching, I want once more to urge that we think in wider orbits of the divine presence in the individual life. For instance, in what sweeping orbits the Lord moves on His journeys in seeking to bring us to Himself, and to fashion us into the strength and beauty of His own image. He lifts an ensign to some remote circumstance, and from afar there comes an influence which sets me on the road to God. He calls a ministry from distant Egypt, or from far off Assyria, and my life is turned to the home of my Lord. Here is a careless young son of wealth in Cambridge University. Life for him is just an idle sport, a careless revel, a jaunty outing, an enjoyable extravagance. Life is just a shallow, shimmering pool; not an ocean with momentous tidal forces, and with the voice of the great Eternal speaking in its mighty tones. Wanted a man to awake this indolent son of wealth! And in what an orbit God moved to find the man! The Lord called for a man in Massachusetts, and there, in Northfield, was a poor homestead, encumbered with mortgage; and a poor widow with seven children, so poor that the very kindling wood was taken by the creditors from the shed. And there in that poor woman's house God made His man, and Dwight Moody came forth, and went to Cambridge University, and proclaimed the evangel of grace, and by the love of God won this young fellow from a loose and jaunty and indifferent life, and kindled in him a passionate devotion to Christ which is now blazing away on the Southern Soudan in a campaign to light a line of Christian beacon-fires which shall stretch from coast to coast! But what an orbit! From a poor widow's homestead in Northfield to a sporting young fellow in Cambridge University! I met a cultured man the other day, a man who has enjoyed all the academic advantages that money can provide, a man of university culture and distinction, but whose life has been spiritually indifferent, and who has held coldly aloof from God and the Kingdom of God. And in the vast orbit of His providence the great God brought this man into communion with Billy Sunday, and all the stubble of his neglected life was burned up in the consuming fire of his kindled love for the Lord. But just think of the orbit! The Lord hissed for His fly, and from the apparently incredible circumstance of a slangy evangelist this man was brought to his Father's House in reconciliation and peace. About Billy Sunday Dr. Jowett once said: "No one must make up his mind about Mr. Sunday's work without gratefully considering his converts. They are gathered from all classes, cultured and uncultured, high



and low, rich and poor; they represent all professions and every form of labor, and experience has proved that quite a large proportion of them keep their standing in the faith after many years." Asked how he accounted for the results Mr. Sunday achieves, Dr. Jowett answered: "This is the explanation. He preaches with glorious and mighty assurance the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to break up the most adamant forms of worldliness, and to cleanse any life from the most repulsive sins. Mr. Sunday leaves his hearers in no doubt about the saving power of his Lord."

*The Work of Preaching.* By ARTHUR S. HOYT, D.D., Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in the Auburn Theological Seminary. New edition with new chapters. 8vo, pp. xiii+389. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

*The Preacher's Ideals and Inspirations.* By WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS, Professor of Homiletics in the Oberlin Graduate School of Theology. 8vo, pp. 187. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

BOTH these books magnify the office of preaching. These two teachers of the art have had their ear to the ground. After wide experience, extensive observation, and mature thought they are convinced that the pulpit is in the greatest demand to-day. Hoyt regards preaching as a living voice, sensitive to the life of the age; and he interprets it as a living message, the giving of a word of God to men. He is fully aware of the forces that are distinctly hostile to preaching. But he is also convinced that the duly equipped preacher is quite competent to deal with the materialistic trend, the social unrest, and the critical spirit of the times. Hutchins is decidedly optimistic as he looks out upon the world. He quotes with approval Macaulay's saying: "All my days I have seen nothing but progress and heard of nothing but decay." There are many passages in Morley's *Recollections* which fully substantiate this sentiment. Among the encouraging features is the discontent with the unChristlike aspects of life and thought, the failure of panaceas, the aspiration after brotherhood, the emphasis upon personality, the new appreciation of religion, and a profound appreciation of Jesus. When there is such a tendency to increase the mechanics of ministerial efficiency, an honest word on the efficacy of preaching is welcome. "Men do not like to listen to dullards, but men still delight to listen to the man who utters truth through personality. A Congregational minister in the Middle West has as good a moving-picture apparatus as is to be found in the State. He tells me that in the long run the preacher can beat the pictures." There must, however, be the interpretation of life in preaching. On this subject Hoyt has an excellent chapter. The preacher who speaks out of a full mind and a full heart, other things being equal, will command a congregation. The man in the pulpit has access to every field of thought in interpreting the evangel of redemption. "We have the principles—not the letter—of the gospel to apply in each generation of men. Christianity is dynamic, not static, and

it must be expected that the experience of men, the problems of the worker, the experiments of the student, the visions of the poet, will give forms to the eternal truth, bring out some partly understood or neglected factor, or carry the truth into larger application. This is the spiritual warrant for the message of present life. In this way shall the preacher give the Christ of to-day." How the preacher is to gather material is vividly suggested by Hutchins in the lecture on "The Preacher and His Sermon," and by Hoyt in the lecture on "The Preparation for Preaching." "The wider your interests, the more you can do, the better you can preach the gospel to men. And here is the real argument for generous culture and sympathies, not only that such a life is larger, with more resources within, more true delight, but chiefest that such a life has more ways to receive and understand the message of God, and more ways by which the Word may be given to others. Every gift and training is another side to God and to men." Both these writers make a great deal of an intimate knowledge of the Bible. They remind us, what we are at times apt to forget, that the great preachers of the church have invariably expounded, illuminated, and applied the Bible to the ever-changing needs of their hearers. In view of the prevailing ignorance of the Bible, the preacher does well who reads from the pulpit with understanding and power the great utterances of Scripture. Give generous portions and let the living Word make its own direct appeal. Concerning those men who are obsessed by biblical criticism and who believe that they must speak the whole truth, even if they must share the martyr's fate, Hutchins quotes George A. Gordon of Boston. The best thing he got out of his seminary days was the word of a Methodist minister: "God and a fool might do as much good in the world as God and a wise man, but they have never done it." Provided the man has a message, Hoyt mentions in the lecture on "The Elements of Effective Style," that the speech should be intelligible; personal, worthy. He adds a sentence from Dr. James Denney: "When the preacher says subjective and objective, positive and negative, he has lost the popular mind." John Morley has a good thing in his *Recollections* which bears on this subject. "We have all known men in public life almost deserving to be called great, who for want of fiber, fortitude, and sap proved broken reeds in a dark hour—the only real test of a man in earnest. Faint-heartedness Mr. Gladstone called the master vice. It was in the same manful spirit that he once imparted to me a secret of effective speaking: Collect facts and figures as accurately and as conclusively as you can, and then drive them home 'as if all the world must irresistibly take your own eager interest in them.'" A timely word is written by Hoyt on meditation: "It is not revery, the sweet doing nothing of thought. Meditation is the long and earnest brooding of thought, the strong and steady grasp of ideas, holding them before the mind until they become vivid, all-possessing realities; it is the rapt and eager contemplation of spiritual things. We must be still if we hear God speak; we must have the attentive eye if the glory of truth is to be revealed; we must think if we have anything vital to speak. 'Talk, talk, talk forever, and no retreat to fructifying silence,' is Dr. Horton's satire of a pulpit too busy or superficial to med-

tate. We must live on the ideal side if we are to be masters of truth and masters of human hearts." Hutchins declares strongly in favor of doctrinal preaching: "We have hesitated to preach sermons dealing with doctrine, but I ask you men who have been preaching the past years what sermons have met the most immediate, obvious, and hearty response. I venture to believe they have been sermons in which you have spoken of the God we trust, the Master we serve, the Eternal life. President Eliot truly says: 'Through constant changes in direction of interests, theological themes remain the themes of supreme interest to thinking men.' But can we put the ancient message of doctrine into new forms? Not only can we do so. We must do so." Hoyt makes a distinction between dogmatic and positive preaching, which should be carefully observed. "The dogmatic aims at compelling assent to the form of truth; the positive is not indifferent to correct belief, but is anxious only for the obedience of life. The dogmatic is mandatory, the preacher taking the judgment seat and assuming for his words the power of life and death. The positive would refrain from all assertion of personal authority and lead men to act by the divineness of the doctrine. The dogmatic does not bear questioning, is tempted to the overbearing and uncharitable, lacks the grace of humility and sympathy with those who differ. The positive recognizes the limitation of human knowledge, the human element in all teaching, and that men of different minds may be equally lovers of truth. The dogmatic may make a stronger temporary appeal over ignorant minds; the positive grounds its persuasion upon reason and so leads to a rational and abiding life." One of the best expositions of the type here commended is *Positive Preaching and Modern Mind*, by P. T. Forsyth, which should be read and re-read by all preachers. There are many other valuable hints and counsels in these two volumes, but our space is up. The preacher who can read them with pleasure and profit may congratulate himself, for it is a test that he is a growing man.

*Loyalty: The Approach to Faith.* By JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

THIS is the day when great themes are to be taken up by the pulpit. Sin, forgiveness, redemption, sacrifice, faith, love, the indwelling Spirit and others like these must be expounded with commanding ability. Those who belittle preaching in favor of liturgical exercises are lacking in perspective. "For what is the whole business of worship," asks Dr. Dutton, "except to get to the heart of things? It is from this point of view that the sermon is as truly a religious act as is the offering of prayer or the lifting up of our voices in praise. The end of all worship is, surely, to know the will of God, and to accept it. And it can only do us good, whose faith is being called upon in these days to endure a long trial—it can only do us good to perceive—what is so obvious throughout the whole word of God—that the very heart of faith is patience, a readiness at all times to correct and revise our own early and passionate expectations in the light of that will of God which is made known to us by the events and

the delays of our human experience." The purpose of these twenty-five sermons is "to fortify good and sensitive people against the insinuations of uncertainty, against the subtle vices from the lower regions of our nature which invade our minds in a time like the present when we do not see clearly, when we are being made aware of the cost of loyalty, and when the things which we believe are being hard pressed by brutal and immediate events." Dr. Hutton is speaking from the depths of a great sorrow. This volume is dedicated to the memory of his son who fell in battle on the Somme. He knows that whereof he speaks when he summons his hearers to courage and allegiance. The first sermon is on Abraham's supreme trial when called upon to sacrifice his son. His readiness to obey was due to the fact that he had trained himself by many an unrecorded incident in his life, to act immediately on God's proposals. Another reason for this readiness is that "we bear a really heavy trial more easily than we bear a light one. When life strikes into us deeply, we often discover within ourselves a peace, a certain personal dignity and resource which astonishes ourselves. I know of no way of explaining this, except that it is God—God rushing to our rescue." The conclusion of the sermon on Jacob's vow, Genesis 28. 20ff, is worth quoting: "Is it too much to hope that even now, in the depths of all serious hearts, a high vow has already taken form, that if God should spare us through this time of trial, so that when the storm has passed we have still our freedom, our honor, an unbroken, uncorrupted spirit; is it too much to hope that in every serious heart a vow has already been made before God, that we shall henceforward live for higher purposes, and enter willingly into more definite responsibilities? And perceiving, as every far-seeing man must perceive, that the present collapse of reason and civilization has come about first and last because of the secret and open neglect and dethronement of Christ, as the one and only Guide and Master of the human soul, obedience to whose mind is the one security for honor and order in human affairs, is it too much to hope for, that in every serious heart the vow has already been formed, and God has been invited to judge us according to our performance, that we shall henceforward bend our whole being, devote our reasoning and political powers, direct our speech and conversation, so that the name of Christ and his calling voice may penetrate all lands, until his testimony concerning God and his appeal to the deepest nature of man spread over the whole earth as the waters cover the face of the deep?" This is the sort of appeal that the pulpit should more frequently make, as the climax to the conclusive presentation of the full truth of God. Dr. Hutton has much to say on faith and loyalty which are really the themes of these direct, earnest and timely sermons. They are the result of close study, much thought and deep experience, and they make good reading especially for those who need comfort and courage. "Faith is simply a final and utter loyalty, a state of honor toward Christ. And how can one manifest loyalty except toward a threatened cause! How can one be said to have faith, unless he dwells in an uncertain and ambiguous world!" In another sermon we read: "This spirit of loyalty is the greatest thing the soul has known. It is the Eternal Spirit that

informs the whole fabric of things. The loyalty of homes, of families, of nations, the loyalty of lovers, the loyalty of believers—without these things life would fall back into dust and ashes." Here is a fine illustration of steadfastness. "When the armies of Hannibal lay round about Rome, one day two things happened. A senator rose in his place and said in effect: 'We have suffered defeats. But what of that! Rome does not go to battle: Rome goes to war!' On that same day, a parcel of land was put up for sale in Rome; and in Rome, in that besieged and threatened city, with enemies at the gates, the price of land rose! Such was the faith of Romans. We do not wonder that the heart of Hannibal grew faint within him." Here is a good thought about the Holy Book: "Everywhere in our reading of the Bible in these days, our eyes fall upon words, upon appeals, upon sayings, upon incidents, which seem to have been put down in writing for the sake of people like ourselves, situated as we are. This feeling which comes over us as we read the Bible to-day is no superstition or vain imagination. It is sound and reasonable, as we see, the moment we reflect. The Bible is a serious book which makes its appeal to serious people. The Bible will always be a dull and untimely book to light-minded people." There is no uncertain note in any of these appeals, but a sustained and consistent address to all that is noble and heroic in life. Where such preaching is delivered, the best interests of humanity are sure to be advanced.

*The Prophets of the Old Testament.* By ALEX. R. GORDON, D.Litt., D.D., Professor of Hebrew, McGill University. 8vo, pp. 364. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.50, net.

WHAT Professor Gordon did so well for the poets of the Old Testament in the volume bearing this title, he has now done for the prophets. This is in every way the most complete book on the Old Testament prophets. In making such a statement we are aware of the contributions by Kirkpatrick, Eiselen, Knudson, and, above all, A. B. Davidson. We are not only given an exposition and an estimate of the essential message of each of these ancient speakers for God; but the author has also furnished independent translations of the more distinctive passages, in such a way that he brings out the sense and rhythm of the original and adds clearness to the prophetic teaching. The treatment is such that the prophets both speak for themselves and also speak to us and to our own times. Professor Gordon's conception of prophecy does full justice to these bringers of revelation, "the men through whose word and influence the vision broadened toward the perfect day." They were more than historical figures, although it is of great advantage to have them placed in their historical setting and surroundings. "As poets, preachers, moralists, statesmen, seers and reformers—heralds of the coming Kingdom—above all, as men of God who knew his mind, and walked with him in spirit and truth, they are abiding fountains of inspiration for those who seek after righteousness." The historical study of the prophets brings home the truth that these men lived in a world at war; and yet they were per-



suaded that God would ultimately triumph over the machinations of evil-doers. What they had to say to a world distracted by upheavals is therefore of great interest to us. Dr. Gordon has rendered a timely service in this volume. Preachers will find the chapters of special value, while Bible students among the laity will also enjoy the volume. The author accepts the results of the best critical scholarship, but he does not obtrude any of its questions in these pages. From the chapter on Micah the democrat, we quote: "Prophecy is no rigidly mechanical voice. It is the melodious utterance of inspired personality, and its notes vary with the rich variety of personality. Each prophet saw the truth with his own eyes, and brought it home to the conscience of the people in his own way, in direct relation to the present need." Surely, none other than this is the function of the modern pulpit. The reference to Jeremiah's arraignment of his contemporaries suggests the following on the spirit of prophecy. For Jeremiah, "the false prophet was the literalist, the traditionalist, who clung to the past, and refused to advance in the knowledge of God, the moderate who preached the gospel of easy morals and comfortable peace, and himself followed the doctrine he taught; the true prophet was the progressive, who drank of the living wells of religion and thus continually advanced in knowledge and grace, the earnest moralist, whose word was no vain repetition of an empty 'dream,' but a fire that pierced to the conscience of his hearers, or a hammer that broke the stoniest heart in pieces." The most important service of the Hebrew prophets was to correct the defective conceptions of God and to present him as a personality charged with moral and spiritual possibilities. They believed in the sovereignty of God and in his controlling power; and this conviction enabled them to speak with the note of unmistakable authority. "Thus saith the Lord" was a final and conclusive decision, permitting of no appeal beyond it. The Highest had spoken and what remained was not argument but action on the part of the people. Imagine what would happen if the same spirit were exhibited by the present-day successors of the prophets. One of the chaplains who had seen service in France and Flanders is persuaded that, "In these days more than energy and spirituality is required of the ministry. Along with devotion there must be understanding of the world and its needs, understanding of the gospel which can satisfy the needs. There is great danger to-day in the exaltation of religious devotion and activity over love of the truth." An excellent antidote against this peril is the renewed study of the prophets, under the guidance of such a book as Dr. Gordon's. The distinctive character of the prophetic messages is given in the chapter titles. Among them are: Amos the Prophet of Justice; Hosea the Prophet of Love; Isaiah the Prophet of Holiness; Jeremiah the Prophet of Individual Religion; Ezekiel the Prophet of Regeneration; Habakkuk the Prophet of Faith. Space is given to the prophets according to the importance of their respective utterances. Isaiah and Jeremiah are each given four chapters, while Ezekiel has three chapters. There is a good discussion of The Prophet of Comfort, as the great unknown of the exile is called. "No prophet has a richer conception of God's infinite



and eternal majesty; but his crowning work is redemption. The great God has compassion on his people, and through darkness and suffering is leading them in the paths of righteousness. Already the light is breaking from the East, and Israel will rejoice therein, and with her 'all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.' " Another valuable chapter is on *The Rise of Apocalypse*, consisting of a study of Obadiah, Joel, Zechariah chapters 9-14, and Isaiah chapters 24-27. In these writings the truth of the judgment is brought home, when the Ruler of the nations will separate the wheat from the chaff. From the chapter on *Jonah the Missionary*, we quote: "One can readily understand how the book appealed to the imagination of Jesus Christ, how he pored over its gracious message, and found in *Jonah* a 'sign' of his own ministry. On ourselves it is calculated to impress anew the breadth of God's revealing purpose, no less than the fulness of his mercy. God unveils himself in many ways, by poetry and prophecy, by law and sacrifice, by simple goodness and purity of life, and equally by symbol and parable; for his revelation is through human channels, and nothing human is alien to his spirit."

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#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*The Luggage of Life.* By F. W. BOREHAM. 12mo, pp. 246. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, cloth, with portrait, 4 shillings, net.

If a book has real merit, the best a book-notice can do for author, publisher, and the readers of the notice, is to give a good mouthful of the book itself. Then, when the reader of the notice smacks his lips over the taste, his mouth waters for more and he buys the book. Largely that has been the method of the book-notices in this REVIEW, and no publisher has yet complained to us. The head of the Putnam publishing house has said that publishers like best such notices of their books as give readers of the notices a correct idea of the quality and contents of the book. Boreham, the Australian, has won a large vogue in the English-reading world. Is Boreham Brierley's successor as essayist for preachers? Here before us is his best-known and most-desired book, now in its seventh edition: presumably Boreham at his best. The best we can do for it and for our readers is to follow our method. From thirty-two subjects we select haphazard and print without quotation marks the following:

"TWO—OR THREE." A blind man can always tell when there is a poor congregation. In such a case the minister invariably quotes a certain text: "Where *two or three* are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." But the text is as much out of place as the missing worshippers. We have no right to drag it in drearily, dolefully, dismally, whenever the empty pews are particularly conspicuous. It is not an apology for human absence. It is a triumphant proclamation of the divine presence. And it raises a most interesting question. Who are the two? And who is the possible third? "TWO—OR THREE." I. Who are the two? Who can they be but Euodias and Syntyche, those two wrangling sisters

in the church at Philippi, and all their still more quarrelsome daughters in all the churches of the world? Who can they be but Paul and Barnabas, so sharply contending; and all their contentious sons the wide world over? Wherever and whenever two daughters of Euodias and Syntyche—poor ruffled creatures who have judged rashly and spoken hastily—meet together that they may kiss each other for Christ's dear sake, and "be of the same mind in the Lord," "there," says their great Master, "am I in the midst of them." Wherever and whenever two sons of Paul and Barnabas—poor inflamed disciples who have contended sharply and divided suddenly—meet together that they may love each other for the gospel's sake (until they come once more to love each other for their own) there, says their Lord, am I in the midst of them. It is at such times as it is at the table of the Lord. There is the same real Presence, the same thrill of the heart; the same "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears." He is there, forgiving, and teaching them the high art of forgiveness; forgetting, and showing them how to forget. But the THIRD—the possible THIRD? "Two—or three." Who is he? The third, if there be a third, is clearly that blessed one of the Seventh Beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The possible third is some lovely and gracious spirit who has wept in secret over the pitiful estrangement of poor thin-skinned Euodias and poor quick-tempered Syntyche. And, by her beautiful ministry, she, like an angel of peace, has brought them to this place of the Holy Presence. The possible third is some strong, sane, saintly soul who has grieved over the sharp contentions of Paul and Barnabas, and has tactfully helped them each to a discovery of the other's excellences. Where Euodias and Syntyche and such an angel meet, where Paul and Barnabas and such a Great-heart kneel, we take our shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground. It is hallowed by the Presence. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." "These words," says Professor Simon, "were spoken primarily of those who were assembled for the settlement of quarrels." So be it. II. Who are the two? Who can they be but a husband and a wife? Following upon the excellent example of Paul, Peter addresses himself to all husbands and to all wives till wedding-bells shall chime no more. But Peter goes just one step beyond Paul, in that he takes all his husbands and wives into his confidence, and tells them the profound reason for his earnest solicitude on their behalf. "That your prayers be not hindered," he says. "I have so carefully warned and admonished and instructed you as to your attitude and behavior to each other that your prayers be not hindered." Happy is that bridegroom who, when all the confetti has been thrown, when the chattering, giggling throng is at last excluded, when he finds himself at length alone with his bride, kneels with her, and lays in prayer and adoration the foundation of the new home. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Wherever and whenever a man and his wife bow in the presence of the Highest, that they may sweeten and strengthen and sanctify their happy union by a common fellowship with God, there, says the strange Guest who blessed the marriage at Cana, there am I in the midst of

them. These are the two. But the *THIRD*—the possible *THIRD*? "Two—or three." Who is he? Let us consult, in our perplexity, one of the fathers of the Church. Let Clement of Alexandria tell us. "Who are the two or three gathered together in Christ's name, and in whose midst the Lord is? Is it not husband and wife and child?" "To be sure. In the days of love's young dream we say that 'two's company, three's none.' But when God sends a little child into a home the early theory stands exploded, and three become company, and two become none for ever after. There is hope for Christianity so long as these three gather in His name, and He is in the midst of them. The family altar is the hub of the spiritual universe. Every husband who does not daily enjoy the benediction of the 'two or three' should straightway read the fragrant life-story of Thomas Boston. And every wife whose domestic drudgeries and social niceties are not glorified by the blessing of the 'two or three' should hasten to the nearest library for the life of Susanna Wesley. And after *he* has read the tale of Thomas Boston, and after *she* has read the story of Susanna Wesley, not a word will be said. They will rise and look into each other's faces with a glance of perfect understanding. And 'a possible third' will be brought in from a cot or from a kitchen, and that home will become the gate of heaven. They will meet together, and read together, and pray together on that day and on every day that comes after it. And where those two—or three—gather together in His name, there He will be in the midst of them. That was a great word which fell the other day from the lips of King George V: 'The foundations of national glory,' he said, 'are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our nation is strong and simple and pure.' It was right royally spoken. Herein lie life's wealthiest enrichment and finest fortification. III. Who are the two? Who can they be but those torch-bearers and testifiers whom he has sent in pairs to the uttermost ends of the earth? He sent them forth two by two, and wherever any two of them sit by the wayside, or kneel in the shadow, or, like the men of Emmaus, talk as they walk, there will he be in the midst of them. And so men have paired off ever since—Paul and Silas, Mark and Barnabas, Luther and Melancthon, Franciscan friars, Dominican monks, Lollard preachers, Salvationist officers, traveling evangelists, and a host beside. Nor are the minister and his wife in their manse, or the missionary and his wife at their remote outpost, any exception to the rule. And wherever and whenever his ambassadors, persecuted as Paul and Silas were persecuted, meet together in his name, as Paul and Silas in their prison "prayed and sang praises unto God," there will he be in the midst of them, as he was most manifestly in the midst of them on that never-to-be-forgotten night at Philippi. It is ever so. This great saying concerning the "two or three" is the watchword of the faith. It is the pledge that, however isolated the scene, however remote the station, however lonely the toilers, he is always there. But the *THIRD*—the possible *THIRD*? "Two—or three." Who is he? Who can he be but the first convert? Lydia, for example, that winsome soul who, as the "Lady of the Decoration" would have said, "had a beautiful big house, and a beautiful

big heart, and took us right into both." Paul never forgot when he and Silas and Lydia—happy three!—met together in His name. It was the very joy that is the presence of the angels overflowing into the hearts of mortal men. There was not a shadow of doubt about it. He was clearly there in the midst of them. Or the jailer, for example. Paul and Silas and their jailer! What a triad! But what a night was that! No Christian knows what Christianity really means until he has experienced such days as that day of Lydia's and such nights as that night with the jailer. Religion catches fire and becomes sensational. The moment when two weary workers kneel with their first convert has all eternity crammed and crowded into it. Ask Robert and Mary Moffat if that is not so. Wherefore let every minister and his wife, and every missionary and his wife, and every pair of Christian comrades everywhere, keep an eye open day and night for the possible Number Three. "Two—or three," the Master said. Three's company; two's none!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP.—The unvarnished fact is that even the skipper does not know everything. He sweeps the horizon with his glasses, but there are signs in the sky that elude his wary observation. He may quite easily be beaten at his own game. The seer in the cabin may decipher the language of the clouds more accurately than the bronzed and weather-beaten mariner on the quarter-deck. That was the mistake the centurion made. "The centurion believed the master of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." It is a purely nautical matter. The captain of the ship predicts fair weather and urges an early clearance. Paul, the prisoner and passenger, foretold angry seas, and advised remaining in shelter. The centurion believed the captain of the ship. But Paul was right; the captain was wrong; and the ship was lost. Sooner or later, all life resolves itself into a desperate struggle for human credence between Paul and the captain of the ship. The point is that the captain of the ship is the man who might be supposed to know. He is a specialist. And Paul sets over against his nautical erudition the unsatisfying words, "I perceive." It is a case of Reason on the one hand and Revelation on the other; and the centurion pins his faith to the vigilant captain rather than to the visionary Paul. That is the exact point at which the world has always missed its way. That was the trouble at the very start. Could it be that to eat of the fruit of the tree would be to die? Was it reasonable upon the face of it? And Adam believed the captain of the ship. Later Noah predicted a flood. Where were the phenomena to warrant such an alarming forecast? Did it appeal to common sense? And again the insistent voice of Revelation was scouted. Visit the melancholy sites of Edom and Babylon, of Tyre and Sidon, of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Greece and Rome, and everything, on crumbling pillar and broken arch seeing eyes may discern these significant words, deeply graven on the ruins that are splendid even in decay: *They believed the captain of the ship*. These magnificent empire-builders of yesterday scouted the nebulous perceptions of the prophets, and they fell. National shipwreck always comes along that line. It is wonderful how little the practical man really knows. A gray-headed old theorist is tap-

ping away with his geological hammer among the stones and strata on the hill-side. As he leaves he remarks casually that there is coal in the mountain. The practical man smiles incredulously at the poor old fellow as he packs his hammers and glasses and specimens and strolls off home; but, a year or two later, when the hill-side is riddled with shafts, grimy with coal-dust, and black with smoke, the "practical man" bites his lips in disgust at his failure to take the old dreamer's hint. The meteorologist shuts himself up in his laboratory among phials and chemicals. Presently he opens his door and gravely predicts a storm. The masters of the craft down at the port smile knowingly and put to sea; but when their ships are in the pitiless grip of the gale they grimly remember the forecast. Only the other day Professor Belar, Director of the Larbach Observatory, warned miners of seismic unrest that seemed likely to liberate fire-damp. He was not taken very seriously; and within a day or two all Europe stood aghast at the horror of the Lancashire colliery explosion. Paul generally knows what he is talking about. It would be an appalling calamity if we were left at the mercy of the captain of the ship. He may be true as steel, and good as gold, but, as in the case under notice, he makes mistakes. Those who are inclined, like the centurion, to trust the captain of the ship rather than those things that are spoken by Paul will do well to consult a second captain. There are more ships than one, and the opinion of the second captain will diverge from that of the first. Doctors differ. I have recently been reading the biographies of some of our greatest English judges, and few things are more curious than the way in which two distinguished judges, equally able and equally conscientious, will hear the selfsame evidence, and listen to the selfsame speeches, and then arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions. The same phenomenon is common in politics. Great and gifted men, trained to wrestle with the problems of political economy, developing by long experience all the instincts and functions of statesmanship, will divide sharply and oppose each other hotly on the most simple issues. Clearly the captain of the ship is unreliable. In a world like this, on which so many worlds depend, it would be the climax of misfortune if the captain of the ship had it all his own way. There are visions, perceptions, revelations. God speaks from without. He speaks plainly, so that wayfaring men may not err. Paul rises and says grandly, "Sirs, I perceive. . . ." And that centurion is foolish indeed who believes the captain of the ship more than those things that are spoken by Paul. The dusty and travel-stained pilgrims of eternity would be of all men most miserable if, amidst the babel of many advisers, no clear guidance had reached them from the haven of their desire. Happily, the Lord of the Pilgrims does not leave his Christians and Hopefuls to find the way to the Celestial City as best they may. There are the "things spoken by Paul." Yet it must be admitted that there is a certain glamour and fascination about the captain of the ship. It is restful to believe him rather than to venture everything upon the verdict of a visionary. In one of the biographies to which I have referred an interesting situation occurs. It is in the Life of Sir Henry Hawkins (Baron Brampton). At the very climax of his fame as a judge,



accustomed every day to weighing conflicting evidence, and deciding between opposing claims, the great judge gave himself to the study of religion, and, as a result, he joined the Roman Church. Newman's *Apologia* is a similar case. How can these "conversions" be explained? The answer is obvious. Considered from the strictly judicial point of view of Hawkins, or from the coldly intellectual standpoint of Newman, their decisions are perfectly intelligible. They simply believed the captain of the ship. In the Roman Church they find a commander, a head, a pope. He speaks plainly, he is invested with the glamour of authority, and his decisions are final; he is the captain of the ship. But there are other voices that do not yield to such icily critical investigation. They are subtle, silent, spiritual. But they satisfy, and lead to safety. "The centurion believed the captain of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." That is exactly what, moving along purely logical and coldly intellectual lines, Hawkins and Newman would have done. But when all is said and done, Paul is right. A leading English minister, the other day, drew aside the veil of squalor and filth, and revealed to an eminent scientist the raw material on which he worked—the very refuse and wreckage of society. "Is there any hope for those people?" he asked. The old professor took his time, and answered sagely, "Pathologically speaking, there is none!" Just so. That is the verdict of the captain of the ship. But Paul cries, "Sirs, I perceive . . .," and tells a vastly different tale. And which is right? Ask your ministers; ask your city missionaries; ask General Booth. Or, if you suspect these of bias, consult the works of Professor William James, the eminent psychologist, or Rider Haggard, the eminent novelist. Professor James, in his masterpiece, confessed that, in ways altogether beyond psychological explanation, the activities of the church have again and again made bad men good. Spiritual energies have wrought the most amazing moral transformations. And still more recently Rider Haggard raises his hat in reverence before the astonishing phenomenon of conversion as he has seen it for himself in his investigations of the work of the Salvation Army. There can be no doubt about it. The unseen world is the triumphant world. The spiritual is, after all, the sane and the safe. The only way of avoiding shipwreck in church and in state is clearly to pay good heed to "the things spoken by Paul." We add this illustration of the fact that a dying man can do nothing easily. It is wise to turn to God in health. It was an awful night in Scotland. The snow was deep; the wind simply shrieked around the little hut in which a good old elder lay dying. His daughter brought the family Bible to his bedside. "Father," she said, "will I read a chapter to ye?" But the old man was in sore pain, and only moaned. She opened the book. "Na, na, lassie," he said, "the storm's up noo; I theekit [thatched] my hoose in the calm weather!" We must thatch our houses in the calm weather, and, later on, smile at the storm. Life's truest prudence lies just there!

*Trivia*. By LOGAN PEARSALE SMITH. 16mo, pp. 157. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

SOMETHING "different" for this department of the REVIEW. Of "exotic quality," say the publishers, "compact of grace and humor and *whimsicality*"; that last word is quite correct. We begin with the author's preface: "You must beware of thinking too much about Style," said my kindly adviser, 'or you will become like those fastidious people who polish and polish until there is nothing left.' 'Then there really are such people?' I asked, lost in the thought of how much I should like to meet them. But the well-informed lady could give me no precise information about them. I often hear of them in this tantalizing manner, and perhaps one day I shall get to know them. They sound delightful." This is why he publishes these whimsicalities: "More than once, though, I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is good Company which will like this little Book—these Thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of soft gray matter in the bowl of my skull." Some bits are about Vicars and Parsons: "I really was impressed, as we paced up and down the avenue, by the Vicar's words and weighty, weighed advice. He spoke of the various professions; mentioned contemporaries of his own who had achieved success: how one had a Seat in Parliament, would be given a Seat in the Cabinet when his party next came in; another was a Bishop with a Seat in the House of Lords; a third was a Barrister who was soon, it was said, to be raised to the Bench. But in spite of my good intentions, my real wish was to find, before it is too late, some career or other for myself (and the question is getting serious), I am far too much at the mercy of ludicrous images. Front Seats, Episcopal, Judicial, Parliamentary Benches—were all the ends then, I asked myself, of serious, middle-aged ambition *only things to sit on?*" "All the same, I like Parsons; they think nobly of the Universe, and believe in Souls and Eternal Happiness. And some of them, I am told, believe in Angels—that there are Angels who guide our footsteps, and flit to and fro unseen on errands in the air about us." The author walks and talks with another Vicar: "The Vicar, whom I met once or twice in my walks about the fields, told me that he was glad that I was taking an interest in farming. Only my feeling about wheat, he said, puzzled him. Now the feeling in regard to wheat which I had not been able to make clear to the Vicar was simply one of amazement. Walking one day into a field that I had watched yellowing beyond the trees, I found myself dazzled by the glow and great expanse of gold. I bathed myself in the intense yellow under the intense blue sky; how dim it made the oak trees and copses and all the rest of the English landscape seem! I had not remembered the glory of the Wheat; nor imagined in my reading that in a country so far from the Sun there could be anything so rich, so prodigal, so reckless, as this opulence of ruddy gold, bursting out from the cracked earth as from some fiery vein below. I remembered how for thousands of years Wheat had been the staple of wealth,

the hoarded wealth of famous cities and empires; I thought of the processes of corn-growing, the white oxen ploughing, the great barns, the winnowing fans, the mills with the splash of their wheels, or arms slow-turning in the wind; of cornfields at harvest-time, with shocks and sheaves in the glow of sunset, or under the sickle moon; what beauty it brought into the northern landscape, the antique, passionate, Biblical beauty of the South!" The author tells about a speech he made: "'Ladies and Gentlemen,' I began. The Vicar was in the chair; Mrs. La Mountain and her daughters sat facing us; and in the little schoolroom, with its maps and large Scripture prints, its blackboards with the day's sums still visible on it, were assembled the laborers of the village, the old family coachman and his wife, the one-eyed postman, and the gardeners and boys from the Hall. Having culled from the newspapers a few phrases, I had composed a speech which I delivered with a spirit and eloquence surprising even to myself, and which was now enthusiastically received. The Vicar cried, 'Hear, Hear!' the Vicar's wife pounded her umbrella with such emphasis, and the villagers cheered so heartily, that my heart was warmed. I began to feel the meaning of my own words; I beamed on the audience, felt that they were all brothers, all wished well to the Republic; and it seemed to me an occasion to express my real ideas and hopes for the Commonwealth. Brushed therefore to one side, and indeed quite forgetting my safe principles, I began to refashion and new-model the State. Most existing institutions were soon abolished; and then, on their ruins, I proceeded to build up the bright walls and palaces of the City within me—the City I had read of in Plato. With enthusiasm, and, I flatter myself, with eloquence, I described it all—the Warriors, that race of golden youth, bred from the State-ordered embraces of the brave and fair; those philosophic Guardians, who, being ever accustomed to the highest and most extensive views, and thence contracting an habitual greatness, possessed the truest fortitude, looking down indeed with a kind of disregard on human life and death. And then, declaring that the pattern of this City was laid up in Heaven, I sat down, amid the cheers of the uncomprehending little audience. And afterward, in my rides about the country, when I saw on walls and the doors of barns, among advertisements of sales, or regulations about birds' eggs or the movements of swine, little weather-beaten, old-looking notices on which it was stated that I would 'address the meeting,' I remembered how the walls and towers of the City I had built up in that little schoolroom had shone with no heavenly light in the eyes of the Vicar's party." The author has his "Anglican moments": "I have my Anglican moments; and as I sat there that Sunday afternoon, in the Palladian interior of the London Church, and listened to the unexpressive voices chanting the correct service, I felt a comfortable assurance that we were in no danger of being betrayed into any unseemly manifestations of religious fervor. We had not gathered together at that performance to abase ourselves with furious hosannas before any dark Creator of an untamed Universe, no Deity of freaks and miracles and sinister hocus-pocus; but to pay our duty to a highly respected Anglican First Cause—undemonstrative, gentlemanly and conscientious—whom,

without loss of self-respect, we could sincerely and decorously praise." In the Bank the author moralizes at the cashier's window: "Entering the Bank in a composed manner, I drew a cheque and handed it to the cashier through the grating. Then I eyed him narrowly. Would not that astute official see that I was only posing as a Real Person? No; he calmly opened a little drawer, took out some real sovereigns, counted them carefully, and handed them to me in a brass-tipped shovel. I went away feeling I had perpetrated a delightful fraud. I had got some of the gold of the actual world! Yet now and then, at the sight of my name on a visiting card, or of my face photographed in a group among other faces, or when I see a letter addressed in my hand, or catch the sound of my own voice, I grow shy in the presence of a mysterious Person who is myself, is known by my name, and who apparently does exist. Can it be possible that I am as real as any one else, and that all of us—the cashier at the Bank, the King on his throne—all feel ourselves like ghosts and goblins in this authentic world?" The Birds interrupt the author's meditations on the ills and needs of humanity which is his chief concern: "But how can one toil at the great task with this hurry and tumult of birds just outside the open window? I hear the Thrush, and the Blackbird, that romantic liar; then the delicate cadence, the wiry descending scale of the Willow-wren, or the Blackcap's stave of mellow music. All these are familiar—but what is that unknown voice, that thrilling note? I hurry out; the voice flees and I follow; and when I return and sit down again to my task, the Yellow-hammer trills his sleepy song in the noonday heat; the drone of the Greenfinch lulls me into dreamy meditations. Then suddenly from his tree-trunks and forest recesses comes the Green Woodpecker, and mocks at me an impudent voice full of liberty and laughter. Why should all the birds of the air conspire against me? My concern is with the sad Human Species, with lapsed and erroneous Humanity, not with that inconsiderate, wandering, feather-headed race." A little girl asks the author about the Starry Heaven: "But what are they, really? What do they say they are?" the small young lady asked me. We were looking up at the Stars, which were quivering that night in splendid hosts above the lawns and trees. So I tried to explain some of the views that have been held about them. How people first of all had thought them mere candles set in the sky, to guide their own footsteps when the Sun was gone; till wise men, sitting on the Chaldean plains, and watching them with aged eyes, became impressed with the solemn view that those still and shining lights were the executioners of God's decrees, and irresistible instruments of His Wrath; and that they moved fatally among their celestial Houses to ordain and set out the fortunes and misfortunes of each race of newborn mortals. And so it was believed that every man or woman had, from the cradle, fighting for or against him or her, some great Star, perhaps, Aldebaran, Altafr: while great Heroes and Princes were more splendidly attended, and marched out to their forgotten battles with troops and armies of heavenly Constellations. But this noble old view was not believed in now; the Stars were no longer regarded as malignant or beneficent Powers; and I explained how most serious people

thought that somewhere—though just where they did not know—above the vault of the Sky, was to be found the final home of earnest men and women; where, as a reward for their right views and conduct, they were to rejoice forever, wearing those diamonds of the starry night arranged in glorious crowns. This notion, however, had been disputed by Poets and Lovers: it was Love, according to these young astronomers, that moved the Sun and other Stars; the Constellations being heavenly palaces, where people who had adored each other were to meet and live always together after Death. Then I spoke of the modern and real immensity of the unfathomed Skies. But suddenly the vast meaning of my words rushed into my mind; I felt myself dwindling, falling through the blue. And yet, in these silent seconds, there thrilled through me in the cool sweet air and night no chill of death or nothingness; but the taste and joy of this Earth, this orchard-plot of earth, floating unknown, far away in unfathomed space, with its Moon and meadows." And this is the way this whimsical author of this Trivia book bids us "Good-Bye": "From under the roof of my umbrella I saw the washed pavement lapsing beneath my feet, the news-posters lying smeared with dirt at the crossings, the tracks of the buses in the liquid mud. On I went through this dreary world of wetness. And through how many rains and years shall I still hurry down wet streets—middle-aged, and then, perhaps, very old? And on what errands? Asking myself this question I faded from your vision, Reader, into the distance, sloping my umbrella against the wind."

*The Other Side of the Hill and Home Again.* By F. W. BOREHAM. 8vo, pp. 274. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

THE author of this volume of essays has already enriched literature with several volumes, but the fountain of his genius continues to flow, and he is as sparkling and refreshing in these pages as in the previous ones. He combines the art of the essayist with the art of the homilist, and shows himself to be genial, kindly, in love with nature, books, and mankind. To say that he has something of the flavor of the inimitable Elia is to utter a high compliment. The autobiographical touches give a relish to these musings. It is quite superfluous to commend Boreham to those who know his books, but a few sample passages will introduce him to those who are outside the circle of his friendship, and encourage them to cultivate the acquaintance of this cordial and generous soul. Where so much is good it is difficult to make any choice. Here is a delicious morsel from "I. O. U." "Since I first heard the statement that it is very wrong to borrow, I have knocked about the world a bit, and, in the process, have made several discoveries. I have discovered that, when everybody says a thing, and when everybody says it as confidently as if it were the Ten Commandments, everybody is generally talking nonsense. I have discovered that everybody else borrows, pretty much as I do; and that those who are loudest in their denunciation of the habit are often the most addicted to it; I have discovered that



whether I borrow from other people or not, they will insist on borrowing from me; and, in sheer self-protection, I am driven to a policy of retaliation. . . . Never a day comes to me under these clear Australian skies but I am touched to tears at the memory of the goodness—the self-sacrificing goodness—that my father and mother lavished upon me in the dear old English home. But now that I have left them far behind across the seas, I find myself surrounded by happy children of my own. And I see now that, in those old untroubled days across the years, I was borrowing, merely borrowing. And all these smaller hands stretched out towards me are the hands that Nature has sent to demand the repayment of the loan. . . . This borrowing business must be done on very sane lines, or it leads to disaster. I know a man who borrows every Saturday all Sunday's energy; and on Sunday he is bankrupt. He would not dream of going to a picnic on Sunday afternoon, or of attending a picture-show on Sunday night. But he so exhausts himself on his picnics and his picture-shows on Saturday that it takes all day Sunday to get over it." One of the best essays is on *The Ministry of Nonsense*. It is the secret of genial humor which changes the complexion of life and enables us to bear what otherwise would be intolerable burdens. Much misunderstanding is due to onesidedness. Boreham refers to one of his colleagues in New Zealand, the Rev. J. J. Doke, who was a genius in solving tangled problems because in him holiness and humor blended to an exceptional degree. "I remember a very painful debate that took place in those trying days. The question was as to whether or not certain letters ought ever to have been written. Some telling speeches had been made, and feeling was running very high. At length the time for voting arrived, and it looked as though the assembly would not only censure its officers (of the Missionary Society) but perhaps precipitate a cleavage that many years would scarcely heal. The chairman rose to put the motion. The atmosphere was distinctly electrical and charged with tensest feeling. In the nick of time Mr. Doke cried, 'Mr. President,' and came striding down the aisle. I can see him now as he turned to address us. 'Mr. President,' he said, 'is it not possible that *both* sides are right? Is it not possible that we are each reading into these troublesome letters our own strong feeling? Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time a man had two children, a boy and a girl. In course of time the boy became refractory and ran away from home. He was not heard of again for many years. The girl remained at her father's side, and was his constant stay and comforter. Just, however, as the old man had given up all hope of again hearing from his son, a letter arrived. But neither father nor daughter had been to school, and they could not read it. "Let us take it down to the butcher, father!" the daughter suggested. "He can read, and he will tell us what Tom says." To the butcher they accordingly hastened. Now the butcher was a gruff, sour, surly old man, and they were unfortunate enough to find him in one of his nastiest moods. He tore open the letter with a grunt, and read, in a snappy, churlish voice, "Dear father, I'm very ill; send me some money. Yours, Tom." "The rascal!" the old man exclaimed, in-

dignantly, "he only wants my money. He shan't have a single penny!" They turned away sorrowfully, and set off towards home. But on the way another thought visited the daughter. "Father," she said, "what do you say to going to the baker? The butcher may have made a mistake. The baker can read, too, and he is a kind, Christian man. Let us go to him!" And to the baker's they went. Now the baker was a genial, gracious soul, with a voice tremulous with feeling and resonant with sympathy. He gently took the letter from its envelope and read: "Dear father, I'm *very* ill; send me some money. Yours, Tom?" "The poor boy," the old man cried, brushing away a tear. "How much can we send him?" The whole assembly was in the best of good humor at once. The application was obvious. It was as though the lowering thunder-cloud had broken in refreshing summer rain. The air was cleared, and the flowers were exhaling their choicest fragrance in the sunshine that followed the storm. Mr. Doke's beautiful personality had cast its spell over us all. We felt that we wanted an interval in which to shake hands with each other. He made a suggestion in closing that would obviate all risk of further complications. Both sides snatched at it eagerly, and the painful episode closed with expressions of the most cordial goodwill. How much of the bitterness and strife which have darkened the history of the church might have been avoided if at each of the crises some person like Doke could have stepped forward with the offer of mediation and had thrown oil upon the troubled waters! We never get tired of Alice and the cat. Boreham has a fine essay on The Grin. It is suggested by that passage where the cat vanishes, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone. "Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!" Yes, it is possible to have a grin left after the cat has gone. In support of his contention Boreham writes: "I remember once being in serious trouble through having quite innocently grieved a friend whose confidence I highly valued. It was purely an accident. A thing had happened that was obviously ambiguous and capable of several interpretations. The most unhappy construction was put upon it, and the matter soon assumed an exaggerated importance. There were two courses open to me: I could go to my friend, pleading my innocence and vindicating my position. I knew, however, that his mind was so poisoned that he could not be expected to accept my assurance without discussion, and discussion would prove tedious and fruitless. I therefore resolved upon the other course. I went to him and confessed that I had moved without sufficiently calculating the possible construction that might be placed upon my action, and I craved his forgiveness. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I forgive you!' Thus vanished the cat. 'But,' he added, 'we can never be the same again!' Thus lingered the grin. . . . Now, side by side with this, and by way of contrast, let me set an incident from the life of Gladstone. Gladstone was at the time Chancellor of the Exchequer. He sent down to the Treasury office one day for a sheaf of statistics on

which he based his budget proposals. Now it happened that in compiling the statistics the clerk had made a mistake that vitally affected the entire situation. The blunder was only discovered after Mr. Gladstone had elaborated his proposal and made his budget speech in the House of Commons. The papers immediately exposed the fallacy, and for a moment the Chancellor was overwhelmed with embarrassment. He was made to appear ridiculous before the entire nation. He sent down to the Treasury for the clerk to come to him at once. The clerk duly arrived, trembling with apprehension, and expecting instant dismissal. He began to stammer out his apologies, and his entreaty for forgiveness. Mr. Gladstone stopped him. 'I sent for you,' he said, 'because I could imagine the torture of your feelings. You have been for many years dealing with the bewildering intricacies of the national accounts, and you have done your work with such conscientious exactness that this is your first mistake. It was because of your splendid record that I did not trouble to verify your calculations. I have sent for you to compliment you on that record and to set you at your ease.' The cat had vanished from the tree and had left not the shadow of a grin behind. If the New Testament means anything, it means that a man who can forgive with such gallantry and chivalry is a very great Christian, indeed." We can never have too much of this kind of writing with its fine flavor, its gracious spirit and its refreshing cheerfulness.

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#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

*An Autobiography.* By ROBERT FORMAN HORTON, M.A., D.D. 8vo, pp. 352. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Imported by the Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price, cloth, \$2.50 net.

THE value of an autobiography lies in its confessional features. The writer takes the reader into his confidence, *con amore*, and invites him into the sanctum sanctorum, and passes in review the events in his life, with reflections and observations. Dr. Horton's autobiography stands this test excellently. It is of special interest because of the many causes with which he was identified. As pastor of the Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church for nearly forty years, and still in active service, he has discharged a remarkable ministry because he made his church a force and not a field. Referring to the thirtieth anniversary, he writes: "There was one curious coincidence which came out in the review of the membership of the church; it made a deep impression on me. I had often bemoaned the fact that my work did not result in large harvests and impressive gatherings. But, strange to say, we found that the number of members who had joined the church from the beginning represented exactly one for every Sunday service that had been held. The slow and steady work of my long years was permitted to produce just what was effected at Pentecost in one day. *Laus Deo!* Thirty years now to do what then required a few hours." Dr. Horton was the son of a Congregational min-

ister, and the grandson of a Methodist minister. He graduated with honors from New College, Oxford, but such was the prejudice against Nonconformists that as soon as it was known that he had decided to enter the Congregational ministry he was practically repudiated by his college. "And though my relations with Oxford never ceased, I became a stranger to all in the college except to the porter and the servants, who remembered certain little efforts I made to secure their well-being." He had quite a struggle to choose between Oxford with its academic honors and the pastorate of a Congregational Church. "I never lost the feeling of the order, the beauty, the moderation, the charm of the Church of England; but I felt sure that Christianity was something more, a spiritual passion which would break through the formal proprieties, a divine power which could not possibly be restricted to sacramental channels. I have not, nor have I had, any hostility to the Church of England. I always feel that I am a non-conforming member of it. But the vision I have of the Church of Christ transcends it; and to enter the Church of England would seem to me a contraction, a plunge out of the open air, where the winds of God are blowing, into a building with stained-glass windows, which do not open, and the musty smell of dead centuries." How much healthier this view is than that of R. J. Campbell, which he advocated in *A Spiritual Pilgrimage*. The emphasis which is laid on prayer deserves close consideration. In reviewing the years of his effective ministry, Dr. Horton says, "My own irrefragable argument for the reality and power of prayer lies in what prayer has accomplished at Lyndhurst Road." Again he writes, "If the story of Lyndhurst Road impresses any reader with the sense of the blessing which has been on the Church, and the success that has attended its labors, let me record my own conviction, that the long prosperity of this church has been due to these two things: first, that we have made the missionary claim the foremost responsibility of the church, and second, that a prayer meeting every Saturday night prepares us for the worship and work of the Sunday, and a week of early prayer meetings every July recruits and often re-creates the church for its onward march." Dr. Horton went through many stormy and nerve-torturing experiences in his efforts to give a liberal interpretation of Christianity, such as would make it more adequate to meet the needs of the present times. Like all pioneers, he had to pay the penalty by being misunderstood and slandered. In connection with his pastorate, he has also exercised a beneficial ministry through literary work. "From 1888 until now I have never been without requests, more or less urgent, from publishers, to undertake specific work. Book after book has been written; sometimes the sale has been very limited, sometimes it has been comparatively large. I have never written anything which has commanded general attention or a sensational circulation. But the books have gone out and found readers, and they have brought back to me marvelous evidences that this was a form of ministry which God accepted." He has published more than forty books and several of them have permanent value, like *Verbum Dei*, the *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, *The Open Secret*, *The Bible*, a *Missionary Book*. His pastoral and pulpit work did not,

however, suffer, but was rather enriched by this literary output, and there are other ministers who can testify to the same effect. Would that their number were increased! On the subject of pastoral work he says: "For some unexplained reason this part of a minister's work is always laborious and uncongenial, and a thousand excuses are at hand for surrendering it. But facing it *invitâ Minervâ*, week by week for many years, I have come to regard it as the indispensable foundation of successful church work. I have known preachers of rare gifts who could dispense with it; indeed, the odd thing is that the most apparently successful preachers do dispense with it; and yet I remain convinced that the effect of preaching is never the same as that of laborious and self-sacrificing visitation. My experience has been that the best sermons are the results of talks in visitation, and further, that more are brought to Christ by that 'fishing for men,' or going out to find the lost sheep, than by the appeals of the pulpit." The truth as to cloud and sunshine in every life is frequently referred to: "Chastisement is the proof of His Fatherhood; but the consolation he gives in the severest trials is a revelation of tenderness which is infinitely reassuring. I suppose we learned to understand it through Christ. I am not aware that apart from Christ this point of view was ever gained by other religions. But from my experience as a Christian I have come to a clear perception of this fact, which is illustrated by my whole life. God is dealing with us in a way of discipline and training, which requires that life here should never seem complete; and yet he tempers every sorrow, breaks every calamity, sends relief and encouragement with such a set purpose that the chastisement can always be recognized as the work of love." A serious spell of sickness seemed to threaten the loss of his eyesight. It was in this connection that he found out by way of solace that many persons who had attained eminence enjoyed the use of only one eye. Among them were Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. Amory Bradford, Miss Jane Stoddard, the writer of many books requiring extensive research. With reference to the meetings which he conducted in several parts of England in the interest of the London Missionary Society, he says: "I wonder people do not devote themselves more to the missionary task for the undiluted joy that it brings into life. But like the honey in the flower which is protected by all the devices of the structure, the purest and sweetest joys of life are hidden away, and are only found by accident in the discharge of duties which at first repel." Our centennial celebrations will mean more if this secret of joy can be discovered at once. In summing up the story of his life, he declares that there were four objects which he set before him as a goal: "First, to be a witness of Christ Jesus; second, to form and shepherd a church which should be an integral part of the Holy Catholic Church; third, to promote social reform; fourth, to carry the gospel to the remote ends of the earth. Imperfect and ineffectual as my labors have been, those objects have always been before me, and in the order named." There are many more refreshing parts in this stimulating book, but it must be read through, and those who undertake it will be greatly enriched.



*The Church in the Furnace.* Edited by F. B. MACNUTT, senior chaplain to the Forces. 12mo, pp. xxi + 454. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

*God and the Soldier.* By NORMAN MACLEAN, D.D., and J. P. R. SOLATER, D.D. 12mo, pp. viii + 250. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

*Souls in Khaki.* By ARTHUR E. COPPING, with a Foreword by GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

ONE of the most important lessons which the war is bringing home to the church is the demand for religious reality. Much of what was taken for granted has not only been challenged, but found to be wanting. The thoughts of earnest souls are turning to the substance of the Christian faith, with intent to separate from it what is non-essential. We hear the word "reconstruction" on every hand, but it is well to utter a warning just at this time not to mistake the word for the bigger thing that it represents. Let us be careful lest it become a cant expression. As a result of contact with men in the throes of conflict, several chaplains of the Church of England have brought together their impressions in a noteworthy volume of essays, bearing the significant title, *The Church in the Furnace*. Another book by two Presbyterian chaplains consists of addresses on the problems which confront the soldiers at the front and the church at home. A third book, attractively named *Souls in Khaki*, report the personal investigations into the spiritual experiences and the sources of heroism among the men in the firing line. These three volumes lift the veil of unreality which has far too long rested upon the religious world. The observations of the Church of England chaplains refer especially to conditions in their own communion; but, apart from incidental matters, what they write applies with equal force to all the churches. The criticisms are not of the captious kind, but of the type that looks eagerly toward improvement and effectiveness. One reason for the acknowledged failure of the church is due to faintheartedness, the fear to take ventures and risks. Another is the excessive conventionalism of church life and the "drab absorption in petty activities and trivialities which we have hung up as our ideals in service in the temple of God." "The church in its best days has always been a center of disturbance in an evil world, and we disturb little, because we are too politic and wise. Instead of concentrating upon great aims, we tidy up the irregularities of our organization. When some daring soul bids us 'go over the top' and express our religion in terms of our own time, we shiver with apprehension because it might mean that some powerful section of the church would threaten to betake itself to the wilderness or sullenly cut off financial supplies." Such outspoken utterances are found in all these volumes. The essay on "Faith in the Light of War" insists that the traditional idea of God is inadequate and defective. The fatalism of the average soldier can be removed only by definite teaching of the fatherhood of God, which makes clear the divine sympathy, sacri-

fice and redemption by the crucified Christ. The address on the pointed question, "Is God to blame?" deserves careful reading. Among the beliefs emphasized by the war are the dire fact of sin, the sacramental view of life, the truth of immortality, the indispensableness of prayer and the judgment. Two essays on "Fellowship in the Church" and "Fellowship in Industrial Life" take up crucial questions and honestly acknowledge our inconsistencies and weaknesses. "There can be little question that social distinctions have done great harm; they have attacked the church, and the church's counter-attack has been feeble." Capital and labor are having the truth brought home to them that they are complementary to each other, and that in their fellowship lies the hope of the industrial world in the future." There is a great deal of common sense in the chapters on "Worship and Services," and "Instruction in Prayer." One writer says: "Nothing is to be gained by ignoring facts—popular as the practice is among churchmen—and however unpalatable the truth may be, it is full time that we realized that even among conventionally religious folk the instinct for worship, and indeed for prayer itself, has largely disappeared." What the Anglican acknowledges is also recognized by the Presbyterians, in whose book we read, "Let the church first set itself to a great enterprise of worship. The form is a small thing, compared with the spirit; but the form should express the spirit. Reverence, solemnity, devotion, dignity—these must be there." Both the essay and the address on prayer, which is rightly called "The Sword of the Saints," should be carefully studied. The alarming situation is repeatedly emphasized that the soldiers, who were but civilians yesterday, are pitifully ignorant of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. Our inadequate religious education in the Sunday school and by the pulpit is responsible for this barrenness. In this connection we refer specially to the essays on "Religious Education and the Training of the Clergy," "Personal Religion in Church Life," "Man to Man," "The Soldier's Religion," and "The Religious Difficulties of the Private Soldier." A few sentences are worth quoting. "In these days more than energy and spirituality is required of the ministry. Along with devotion there must be understanding of the world and its needs, understanding of the Gospel, which can satisfy the needs. There is great danger to-day in the exaltation of religious devotion and activity over love of the truth." "The fact seems to be that we have been teaching true and important things in such a way as to leave men with the impression that they do not matter." "The present moment is the church's opportunity of teaching men that the message of the kingdom of God does not stop short at churchgoing, but includes social and international righteousness, and an intelligent interest in the life of the nation as a whole. We cannot be reminded too frequently that it is the "indwelling Spirit which enables men to face the horrors and exhibit the heroisms of life. Two strong addresses on this subject are entitled, "What Garrisons the Heart," and "The Good Man." The spirit in which the men are fighting is illustrated by the sergeant in the base camp. He had been wounded twice and was returning to his unit with the presentiment that he would not

come back. To all optimistic prophecies he turned a deaf ear. "But," said he, "I don't mind. It's going to be a better world for the kiddies afterward." The stirring chapters in *Souls in Khaki* contain many instances of holiness and heroism which will help preachers to flavor their sermons and to make vivid the truth. These three books show the direction in which our thought should turn in getting ready for the day when the shadow that now rests upon the world shall disappear and the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.

*A Master Builder.* Being the Life and Letters of Henry Yates Satterlee, First Bishop of Washington. By CHARLES H. BRENT. 8vo, pp. xvi+477. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, \$4, net.

BISHOP BRENT has a worthy conception of biography. "I hold a biography to be a word portrait. It is more akin to a painting than to a photograph. But a biography is in one sense even a higher kind of art than painting, in that it is a moving picture of the man. The steady flow of his life and character is represented. The duty of a biographer, as I have tried to discern my own in this capacity, is not to suppress his own convictions, based on personal touch, but to keep them in due relation to all the material gathered. He must do more than chronicle bald facts. He must give them color and atmosphere. There are few facts or incidents that are their own interpreter. Moreover, and here it seems to me is the biographer's most dangerous and most delicate but imperious duty, he must dive into the deep sea of motives underlying principles." It is no small credit to say that this high ideal of duty is very nearly realized in the present volume. The author is *en rapport* with the subject of his biography and he writes with enthusiasm. "The book has been written under widely varying conditions—much of it, especially in its earlier stages, at sea, some in America, and most of it in various parts of the Philippine Islands, from Jolo, in the extreme south, to Bontok, in the extreme north of the archipelago. But I have seldom taken up my pen without forthwith forgetting, in the pleasure of writing, every anxiety and difficulty of the moment." The references to Bishop Satterlee's character are always intensely appreciative. "Opportunity to serve was all he ever asked. Sometimes he found it best in connection with conspicuous office, and made good use of it. But he was able to do this because, in his apprenticeship, he had learned that power and opportunity to do good work are dependent neither upon easy conditions nor being in the public eye. Those who serve best in high office are the men who have been trained, like him, to labor well in obscurity and hard conditions." In another place we read: "His was a warrior soul. He had to fight and wished to fight for the treasures he coveted. In later life he intimated to a dear friend how his very strength and health involved fierce onslaughts of temptation. Were he able to direct these written words, he would like to say to students of to-day that his virility was due to struggle, struggle which never permitted moral vacations or condoned occasional lapses from righteousness; that his self-respect was reached by toiling up the steep heights of self-conquest;

that he understood men, not with the theoretic sympathy of an onlooker peering out from some sheltered nook, but as a sharer in the common toll of the common day; as one who knew life's depths and heights from an intimate, inside experience." A friend told the writer of this notice that a young man was once introduced to Dr. Satterlee who when he knew that he was a student at Princeton at once asked him what he thought of the new football rules. This young man was so impressed that he attended the services in Dr. Satterlee's church and was won to the religious life. He was frequently known to stand on the sidewalk in front of Calvary Church, New York city, and welcome his congregation with outstretched arms. At the close of the evening service he would often hold an after meeting in a way that used to be common among Methodists. This friend, who knew him quite intimately, further said that there was nothing Dr. Satterlee would not do to win a soul. The life of such a man is truly worth knowing, more especially when it is written by such a profound analyst of character and life as Bishop Brent. Dr. Satterlee's conception of the ministry is found in the counsel which he gave his own son, who sought his father's guidance as to the choice of a vocation. "Be a character-builder," he said. "The character-builder in a village is the religious leader, who goes in and out among the people, and shows the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, how, in pursuing their trades, to be better tradesmen, better citizens of the commonwealth, better Christians and more faithful witnesses for Jesus Christ, in their several callings; who shows fathers and mothers that the Christian family is the unit upon which Christian civilization is built up, and thus prepares the way for the coming of God's kingdom." The son followed his father's advice. He was quite a successful minister and although he passed away early in years, he exercised a great and beneficial influence, as is seen in his biography entitled "A Fisher of Men." As pastor of a rural church, rector of a metropolitan parish, and bishop of a capital see, Bishop Satterlee was a convinced Prayer Book Churchman. This type he described as "an honest, straightforward churchman, who, whatever his Catholic or Protestant tendencies may be, has nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to apologize for; and who never, even in his inmost thought, puts his own Church second, and some other church or sect first. If truthfulness has been the characteristic of our own church for ages, so has disingenuousness been the sin most abhorrent to her clergy and her people." We differ from him in the last sentence and would refer to the *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke*, noticed in the last issue of the *METHODIST REVIEW*, for innumerable illustrations of just this defect in the Episcopal Church. It is, however, not in extenuation that we say that every church has had leaders who evaded the issues and in doing so became trimmers and timesavers. Such a deplorable fact does not excuse an inexcusable evil. There were four factors which induced him to accept the bishopric of Washington. To quote his own words, they were, "first the separation of the church and state, and the importance of creating the traditions of the diocese at the capital of the United States on this line; second, the solution of the problem how to Christianize the colored people, Washington being

the point where North and South meet; third, the desire, if possible, to mold a small diocese like Washington on the lines of the primitive, undivided church, in such a way that it would promote the cause of American Christian and church unity by combining all the elements of Catholic and Protestant life; fourth, the importance of making the cathedral a center of diocesan life and, if possible, a witness in the capital for all that the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States stands for." He certainly succeeded in partially carrying out his program, and has left a worthy example to leaders in every communion, who, however much they may disagree with his views of churchmanship, can yet recognize in him a true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He gave two reasons for pulpit failures. "You remember what Phillips Brooks said when the remark was made that Dr. So-and-So preached above the heads of his congregation. 'No,' was his reply, 'he is preaching beneath their feet.' When the question is asked why does the pulpit fail in these days, this is our first answer. It is because the preacher and the congregation are at cross-purposes. The people come, longing for spiritual food; they are given a stone. A second cause is sensationalism, advertising a subject that will catch the eye or pander to the public taste for excitement. The modern scientific training has created distaste for rhetoric. To-day men want the eloquence of facts and the clear statement of truths which all feel and recognize." Just before leaving Calvary Church for Washington, he addressed a letter to the vestry. One paragraph is worth quoting: "At first I thought that the greatest need of Calvary at this time was a rector with great preaching ability; but I have gradually come to see things differently. A popular preacher, in my experience, is seldom a deep man. There is a style of preaching that attracts by its spiritual fervor, its deep earnestness, its knowledge of the Christian life. But this is a very different style from that which is known as popular preaching. What Calvary wants is spiritual and intellectual preaching combined, and this is seldom or never popular." As to the secret of his ability to carry heavy burdens, we read: "As in the case of most big natures, he found recreation in the variety of work which claimed his attention. He had early acquired that blessed faculty of excluding, for the time being, all other interests except the duty of the moment. His intensity was at once exhausting and reviving. He gave to his work all that there was in him to give, and in return received from each separate task all the freshness, interest, and momentum it held in its gift." There are many letters from which apt quotations might be made, touching as they do on the several enterprises which claimed his thought and support. The chapter dealing with his mission to the late Czar on behalf of the suffering Armenians will be read with interest at the present time, when it seems as though this nation is destined for complete decimation at the hands of the "unspeakable Turk." In summing up his career Bishop Brent writes: "He has set a high standard of life and work, of devotion and loyalty, of character and citizenship, which cannot be lowered without loss, irreparable loss. The value of a saint is in his beckoning power, as well as in his pressure from behind. He kindles a beacon, the beacon of his ideals, which shines high up on the hills of to-



morrow, calling to our laggard feet to climb, climb, climb." It is refreshing, in the midst of life's clamor and conflict, to read of one who lived above these things, and indeed used them as means of grace for the furtherance of truth and goodness.

*Cyclopedia of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.* By DEETS PICKETT, CLARENCE TRUE WILSON and ERNEST DAILEY SMITH. New York and Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 55 cents.

"METHODIST Munitions for Moral Reform" would be a good title for this notable book. It is an arsenal, full of modern weapons, able to demolish modern citadels of spiritual wickedness in high places. No flintlocks and rusty bayonets, ancient and short-range field pieces here. The latest models have been selected—guns whose shots are not only heard but felt around the world. Do you wish to know about the temperance reform in Russia? Here it is—the historical, the scientific, the medical and industrial result of prohibition among 150,000,000 people occupying one sixth of the habitable globe, wiping out government revenue in time of financial distress of \$403,019,945—but producing unprecedented prosperity, astonishingly large sums in savings banks, increasing efficiency, health and morals, sorely disappointing the Kaiser, who said, "I was certain of crushing the Russians when they were freely given to drink; but now that they are sober the task is more difficult!" And he added in melancholy tone, "Who on earth could have foreseen the anti-alcoholic *coup d'état* perpetrated by Nicholas II?" At length a sober people pushed the Czar from his throne, adding political freedom to moral. Some of these guns were captured from the enemy, and may now be trained upon themselves effectively. What does the liquor traffic say about itself through its official press? Here are some samples: "The saloon as conducted is a nuisance—a loafing place for the idle and vicious," acknowledged the Wine and Spirit Gazette of August 23, 1902. "It is generally on a prominent street, and is run by a sport who cares only for the almighty dollar. From this resort the drunken man starts reeling home. At this resort the local fights are indulged in. It is a stench in the nostrils of society." "Any man who knows the saloons well can honestly say that most of them have forfeited their right to live," said the Wholesalers' and Retailers' Review of September, 1907. "There is not a licensed saloonkeeper in Illinois who does not lay himself liable to prosecution a dozen times a day," confessed the Champion of Fair Play, June 7, 1902. Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular of January 10, 1914, said: "I have heard a distiller and importer say that he would fight to the last ditch any attempt to establish a saloon in the neighborhood in which he resides. If the people engaged in this business feel that way about it they cannot find fault with others offering the same objections." The value of this arsenal of arms is its "get-at-ability." In actual combat no weapon is of use that is beyond reach. An alphabetical index puts every weapon at finger ends. Like a druggist's remedies, one can almost find them in the dark. What do range finders think of these projectiles? The Central

Christian Advocate of August 22, 1917, says: "The book has more than 400 closely printed pages of matter, answering fully every question that can be asked by anybody in the entire range of the temperance argument. It is invaluable for the minister, the writer, the teacher, the publicist, and all who want information and want it quick. The Central has three five-foot shelves of books on this subject; and it does not hesitate to say that this latest output of the Board of Temperance makes the majority of them superfluous—except that some of them may go into more detail." Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, Legislative Superintendent of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writes: "This is 'research' indeed. I wonder where and how you got such a fund of information. The book will be my constant companion." Zion's Herald, September 12, 1917, says: "To the Methodist Episcopal Church belongs the credit of publishing *The Encyclopedia of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals*, which is a most inclusive work in the information that it contains on temperance reform. There is scarcely a subject directly or indirectly connected with it that is not discussed and concerning which data is not given. The volume is a mass of information touching every phase of the question." The secret of the excellence and variety of these munitions is in the workmen that designed and assembled them. Such men as Dr. Lyman Abbott, America's greatest journalist; Dr. Abram W. Harris, leading our educational forces; Harry S. Warner, directing the notable study of the liquor traffic among college men and women; Dr. Clarence True Wilson, in the front trenches, conducting the fight; Deets Pickett, expert on sources and quality of munitions. And others of like ability. Here, too, are some of the strongholds of the enemy demolished which were thought impregnable. Here is "personal liberty" taken from the saloonkeepers and turned over to peaceful, law-abiding citizens. Here are the legal barbed-wire entanglements shot to pieces by judicial mortars and supreme court projectiles. Here one sees the great temperance tank move across the continent, making a path from coast to coast, without leaving a saloon in its wake. Here are thrilling battle scenes, driving liquor ads out of the press, hurling back the lawless brewer and distiller from violating the honor of prohibition States, and "going over the top" in Washington and planting the stainless flag on a boozeless capital. Even from far-off Alaska and Porto Rico the war dispatches are recorded telling of victory. Some of these munitions are hand grenades, which will explode if not hurled at the foe. See what the liquor traffic is doing for divorce, child labor, spoils politics, the Negro in the North, labor, the Sabbath. What fine scorn is here for the religious slacker, who will use none of these weapons because he is a conscientious objector and thinks it is useless war. See human slavery, piracy, lottery and the awful drug habit demolished by the weapons of Christian warfare. But here is more than a record of achievement. Here is a plan for the next campaign. Here is what each State has done. Here is what all States together must do. Methodism's big drive is outlined in this book, an immediate movement for action by the House of Congress for a constitutional amendment. Then a movement along the entire battle front to "put it across." A Methodist building fronting the nation's capitol is a

certainty. Read what this means to the remotest part of the country. Be introduced through this big little book to your forces commissioned to lead in your fight—General Clarence True Wilson planning the campaign and executing much of it, too, in person. John M. Arters, on the Eastern front, and Elmer L. Williams, on the Western. The staff at headquarters busy as beavers. The great war council, the biggest and best board of directors in the church. Here is the best fifty cents' worth of book published for its purpose. No wonder Annual Conferences buy all on hand and ask for more. Dr. Williams sold seventy-one copies at the Oklahoma Conference in five minutes. More than 6,000 copies have been sold to date. It is deservedly among "*the best sellers*." Let him who does not possess this weapon for Christian warfare sell his garment and buy one. We conclude with an extract: "God Almighty still rules. He has not vacated the throne of the universe. He carries out his will by human leaders. Nations are his grandest agents. They have no immortal souls. Their righteousness is to be rewarded and their sins punished in this life. Where, in all history, did a nation sin and escape its just penalty? What is the greatest sin against God and man in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? The turning of God's great gift, our dily bread, into human poison; the debauching and damning of the hundreds of millions by habit-forming drugs; opium for the Chinese, vodka for the Russian, absinthe for the Frenchman, wine for the Italian, beer for the German and Belgian, hasheesh for the Turk, the traffic in the whole blood-stained combination by the United States, and that climax of wickedness—legalizing this degrading thing to wrest revenue out of the ruined souls, broken hearts, wrecked homes and national shame. We do not understand God's purpose in this unspeakable world-wide war. But if it is to wipe the liquor traffic and all drug poison trades from the planet, may America speedily see the light, line up with the divine purpose and enact national prohibition before it is forever too late; lest, happily, by refusing, we should be found fighting against God. I tremble at the thought of what may be in store for us, when I see the greatest drinking nation of earth—Belgium—the first wiped off the map; the next offender, Germany, living for fifty years with one ambition—to conquer the world—destined to crushing disappointment, to be ground alive under the wheels of destiny till she will plead for peace to save utter destruction; Russia, the next offender, repenting in sackcloth and ashes, but unable to enjoy her dearly bought liberty because of a vodka-crazed populace; England and Scotland, sold to brewers and distillers, drinking the dregs of her bitter cup, even her proud church, the rotten remnant of a former pretense, pleading for continued rum rule. What must a just God will for our most highly favored Christian land, which for fifty years, since Lincoln died, has filled her bulging pockets with blood money and made a third of her national income of rum revenue? This much I know: Before we have paid our toll to this great war 'our covenant with death shall be annulled and our agreement with hell shall not stand.' It will be seen at last that the despised reformer, who tried to free us from this liquor blight and license guilt, was our true friend and real prophet."

*The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M.*, enlarged from original manuscript; with notes from unpublished diaries, annotations, maps, and illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by experts. Standard edition, Volume VIII. New York: Eaton & Mains (Methodist Book Concern), 1917, vii, 480. \$3 per volume.

SINCE the death of Tyerman in 1889 several indefatigable investigators have enriched Methodist history in Great Britain and Ireland, like Green, Simon, Telford, Crookshank, and the men who have contributed to the Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society, but it may be doubted whether any is worthy of greater honor than the tireless searcher whose unrivaled knowledge poured his information into all these volumes, though he did not live long enough to see the last two in their finished state, dying at Folkstone, November 1, 1915, aged seventy-five. The Rev. John Telford, B.A., adds an addendum on page 349, preceded by a fine portrait of Curnock, who will be forever associated with this definitive edition of the celebrated Journal. This reviewer has read every word of these eight massive octavo volumes (except sermon register and the ample 125-page index of volume 8, a veritable student's delight), and he has a right to speak of the perennial interest of the Journal and the copious out-of-the-way information of the notes. What Birbeck Hill did for Boswell's Johnson, Curnock did for Wesley's Journal. Yet Wesley might have made his work both more valuable and more complete. Many days and many important visits receive no mention at all, and even in this last volume there are such serious gaps as April 11-May 24, 1790, July 5-August 26, October 25, 1790, till his death, March 2, 1791. Wesley wrote his brief soldier-like short-hand diaries every day—diaries which in this volume accompany the Journal throughout—but the Journal he did not keep day by day, but wrote it up when he had time, sometimes days after the pertinent dates. And when he wrote it, why did he not give us more light on the actual social and religious condition of the places? No one knew the two islands as well as he, no one traveled them as he, and no one had better means of finding out conditions than he. He had not only his own keen eyes and ears, his own restless and inquisitive mind, but the best local experts always at hand. What was the condition of the Anglican Church in the place? How many attended services? How many services were held and when? The same questions in regard to the Nonconformist Churches. Then the social and moral conditions in each town. What a chance Wesley had to make a survey of Great Britain and Ireland which would be to-day of infinite value! But don't look a gift-horse in the face. Be thankful for all the glimpses he does give of that world in which he moved, and of which he was such an intimate part. The Journal and Diaries take up only 128 pages of this volume; the Drew Theological Seminary Wesley Diary, loaned for the purpose, is here deciphered by Curnock and printed in full (pp. 161-168), recently discovered fragments of the Journal are now for the first time available (pp. 147ff.); Elizabeth Ritchie's (later Mrs. Mortimer) simple yet affecting and eloquent account of his last days and

death is given in full; the marvelous Sermon Registry has been dissected and arranged chronologically (a tremendous work) by Curnock; many original documents of Wesley's Oxford and Georgia days are printed in full; his famous Lord North and Lord Dartmouth letter, against proceeding against the Americans, is given; his William Law correspondence (in which he comes off second best); Mrs. Delany's account of the buffoon parson, Tooker; that striking Benson-Fletcher correspondence of 1775 about organizing the Methodists into a kind of independent church in case the Anglicans still refused to ordain the preachers; the Deed of Declaration, and the Will, are all here. It's a noble volume, and it splendidly fills out the enterprise Curnock undertook ten years ago with such youthful enthusiasm, mature judgment and microscopic knowledge, and which he carried through with such tireless industry. Boswell has had several editors, the Journal only one to speak of, and that one has done his work so perfectly that it not only need never be done again, but it has conferred upon his name the immortality of the Journal. Be sure to enter the Corrigenda (viii, 477ff.) in your copy, and note the interesting fact that the portrait of that beautiful woman in volume I, page 17, is not the famous Susanna Wesley, but Lady Rodd, who married the brother of the wife of Charles Wesley. Note also that in volume vii, pages 174, 408 and 514, Wesley, by a slip of the memory, makes the mistake of one year too few for his age.

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#### A READING COURSE

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*Immortality.* An Essay in Discovery. Co-ordinating Scientific, Physical, and Biblical Research. By B. H. STREETER and four others. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

INTEREST in the future life has greatly increased since the war began. Many are asking with wistful spirit for some word of assurance as to the fate of their loved ones who were so abruptly taken away from their homes and who fell so tragically, albeit, heroically, on various fields of battle. For years Christian people have lived without any vital relationship to the world beyond. Preachers were no better, and except for an occasional sermon on heaven, suggested by the death of some member of the congregation, the whole subject was conveniently ignored. Discussions about it were almost wholly monopolized by those interested in spiritualism and psychical research. All this has been suddenly changed and the future has become very real. Let us, however, beware of a neo-Mohammedanism, which holds that all who die on the field of battle would go straight to heaven, regardless of the faith they had exercised or the lives they had lived. Quite a number of books have appeared recently on immortality and kindred themes. The volume of essays which we have selected for study this month is in many respects the best. Like the companion volume, *Concerning Prayer*, it is the result of careful deliberation and discussion. The writers reached the conclusion that the



belief in personal immortality rests on a wider and surer basis in reason than they had originally supposed; and that though a veil must always hang between this world and the next, it is not entirely impenetrable. The whole subject must, however, be thoroughly reconsidered, and here we have the sure guidance of the New Testament. Some of the essayists show themselves to be wiser than the sacred Book. One makes bold to say: "It is best, in fact, to admit quite frankly that any view of the future destiny of those 'on the wrong side of the line,' which is to be tolerable to us to-day, must go beyond the explicit teaching of the New Testament." We positively refuse to make any such admission. It would not only land us in the confusion of subjectivism, where each one is a law unto himself, but it would also shatter the authority of the Volume, whose voice will be heard speaking comfort long after its detractors are forgotten.

One of the ablest essays is that on *The Mind and the Brain*. The argument of the writer, Dr. James Arthur Hadfield, is that the tendency of the mind towards independence and autonomy suggests the possibility of its becoming entirely liberated from the body. As a surgeon of the British navy, he had unusual opportunities to test some of his conclusions. He found that hypnotism is the ideal anaesthetic if the patient is sufficiently susceptible to its influence. Most interesting are the cases of men who suffered from "shell-shock." *Christian Science* is sharply criticized because of its credulity and its unscientific view of life. In this connection, read page 279ff. on the anti-social sin of credulity; the remarks apply not only to psychical research, but to all investigations into the unseen. The two essays by Canon Streeter are in many respects the best in the book. One is on "The Resurrection of the Dead." He contends that "belief in individual immortality depends on our conception of the character of God. If God is at all like what Christ supposed him to be, personal immortality is completely proved." Accepting the principle of the conservation of value, he rightly contends that "death so far from being the end can only be a fresh beginning." The idea of the resurrection of the body, as understood by our Lord and Paul, was that the life of the future will be richer, not poorer, than this life, and that individuality, personal distinctions, will be preserved in the next life. Consider how much better such an interpretation is than any materialistic conception, and whether it does not do more justice to the spiritual glory of the gospel of life. Note what Streeter writes about space and time in the next life, and whether his ideas give a stronger grasp of the truth of immortality (96ff.). What do you think of his view that there is no interval between death and resurrection, and that for each individual the day of death is also the day of judgment? From numerous quotations it is shown that many of our traditional conceptions of heaven, hell, the resurrection, were inherited from pre-Christian Jewish apocalyptic writings. A careful investigation makes very impressive the independent insight of Jesus Christ. In the second essay, on "The Life of the World to Come," Streeter argues that there is no need for a half-way house between earth and heaven. Supplementing what he writes

(139ff.), read what is said in the essay on "A Dream of Heaven." It is not purging that we need, but enriching, to fit us for heaven. "The great tragedy of Christianity in modern times has been, not its failure to attract or retain the allegiance of the vain, the frivolous, and the materially blinded, but its failure to appeal to the idealist of to-day." Is this due to inadequate conceptions of immortality and the future life, or is it due to the curious self-satisfaction of the idealist, who is often wise in his own conceit? Note the attractive intellectual, moral, spiritual and social qualities in the heavenly society, where love will be of an intenser degree, lavish itself on a wider range of persons and be able to express itself more freely and in more divers ways (154ff.). The essay on "The Bible and Hell" is not an attempt to water down the idea of hell, but to reconcile it with our ideas of justice and the Fatherhood of God. Hell is defined as any state of punishment, whether bodily or spiritual, from which there is no longer any prospect of the soul deriving any benefit, and in which it suffers without hope for itself or profit to others. The New Testament has a clear division into two classes, of those who enter the Kingdom and those who will not. The relevant passages are carefully examined, but the author is hardly justified in his conclusion that the New Testament teaching was not a deliberate creation of our Lord and his followers, but was simply one of the elements taken over from contemporary thought. It would be more correct to say that our Lord elevated contemporary thought on this and on other subjects. The whole essay tends toward universalism, and while there are passages in the New Testament which support such a conclusion, there are many more which contradict it in the interest of ethical soundness and spiritual balance. No one who reads the New Testament aright can escape the truth that for those who sin wilfully there is a certain fearful expectation of judgment. The essay on "A Dream of Heaven" is exceptionally well written. Indeed, it is the most pleasant of all the chapters, not only because of the subject, but also because of the poetic charm in the treatment of it. "Heaven would be a universal and everlasting fellowship in the enjoyment of absolute values, a concert of all minds, of all thoughts, and all actions. . . . We shall have lost all our comfortable unrealities, our sense of status, our vulgarities, our formulae, and our hostile generalizations; we shall have no one to encourage us in our nonsense; and we shall be face to face, all naked and bare as we are, with that which here we call the beatific vision. The essay on "The Good and Evil in Spiritualism" is well written. Two points are well taken and should be constantly remembered: (a) It does not follow because a man or woman has won a reputation in some department—say, chemistry or electricity—that either their repudiation or investigation of occult matters will be scientific. (b) Because a man, even a scientific man, belongs to the Society of Psychical Research, it does not follow that he works with the temper and caution which have characterized the official work of the society. Note carefully the six objections to the spiritualist hypothesis. Professor William James is worth quoting: "For twenty-five years I have been in touch with the literature of psychical

research, and I have been acquainted with numerous researchers. Yet I am theoretically no further than I was at the beginning." Among the strong points in the doctrine of Reincarnation and Karma are that it is an attempt to solve the problem of pain and to affirm that the universe in the last resort is morally governed. It also recognizes the prevalence of the law of cause and order in the moral sphere. The serious weakness is the teaching that sin can be removed by suffering, when in reality it is possible only by a change of heart, which, again, takes place only by the conscious experience of a fresh access of love to God. Moral badness can be wiped out as it is replaced by moral goodness. The second part of this essay is a critical examination of theosophy. The claims of this cult cannot be sustained. Its profession to have occult knowledge is a species of barrenness; its declaration as to a common origin of all religions is exploded by the scientific study of comparative religion; its conception of personality is contrary to the best findings of psychology and does violence to the teachings of Jesus. The closing essay is on "The Undiscovered Country," by the same writer of the two preceding essays on Spiritualism and Karma. She argues in a very convincing fashion that assurance concerning the life beyond can be obtained more effectually by prayer which has the momentum of impulse and spontaneous desire; by a living theology which gives the accepted truths of Christianity a richer meaning; by the reinterpretation of Christian experience in the light of present achievements; and by a fuller consideration of the goal of existence in God. Note how these points are well developed and how far superior these ways are to the questionable and unsatisfying courses of spiritism and the like.

#### SIDE READING

*Immortality and the Future.* By H. R. Mackintosh (Hodder & Stoughton, \$1.50). A thoroughly reliable discussion on death, immortality, and eternal life. It is marked by clear exposition of Scripture, pertinent appeal to history and to the best literature, and by fine spiritual insight.

*If a Man Die.* By J. D. Jones (Doran, \$1). A message of solace to the stricken, based on the sure word of the living Christ, confidence in the justice and love of God, and the happy certainty of Christian experience.

*Faith and Immortality.* By E. Griffith Jones (Scribners, \$1.75). Handles the subject with sympathy and tenderness in view of the tragedies and losses of the war, and gives such a setting to the truth that it will satisfy the intelligence and heart of believing men and women.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

